AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, M. D.

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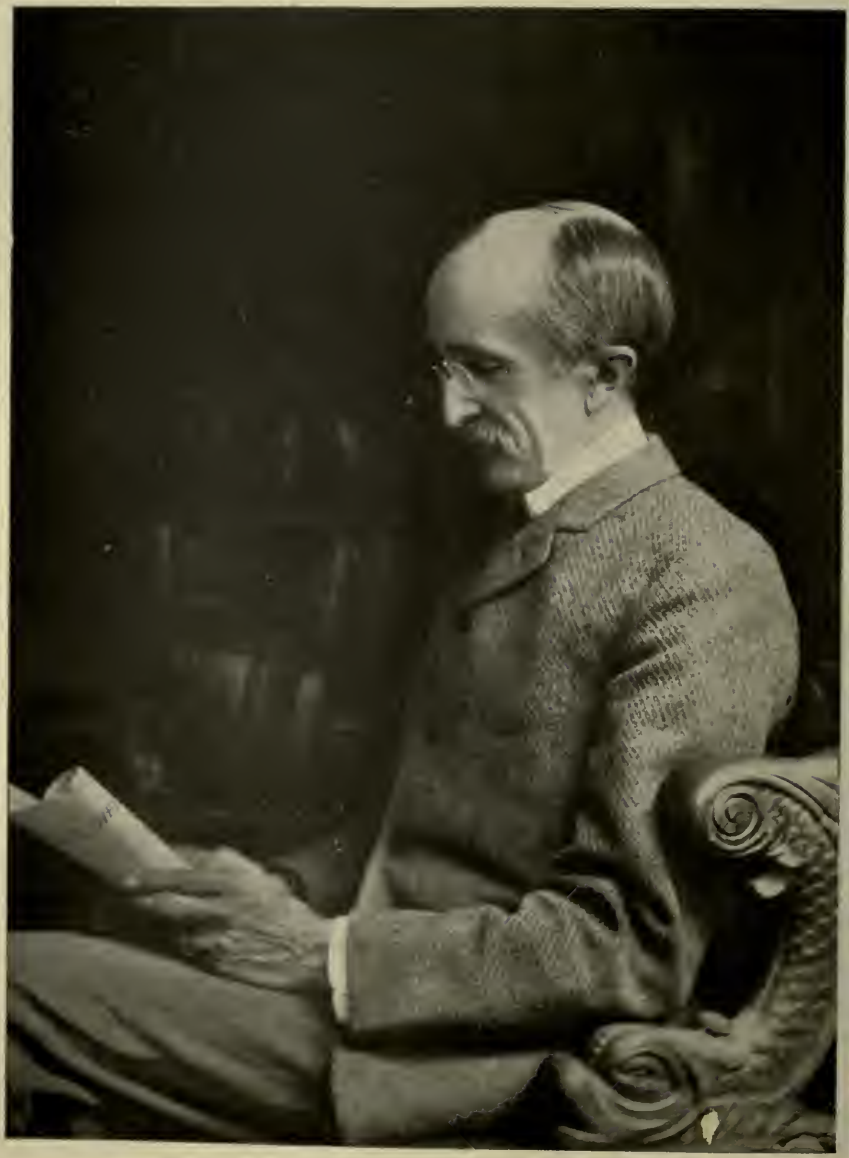

E. L. Trudeau

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, M.D.

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DEDICATED

TO MY DEAR WIFE

EVER AT MY SIDE
EVER CHEERFUL AND HOPEFUL AND HELPFUL
THROUGH THESE LONG YEARS
DURING WHICH

"PLEASURE AND PAIN
HAVE FOLLOWED EACH OTHER
LIKE SUNSHINE AND RAIN."

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FOREWORD

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in his review of Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson", says:

"When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, Mr. Graham Balfour tells us, he once made the following remark to his mother: 'Mother, I've drawed a man. Shall I draw his soul now'? . . . The only biography that is really possible is autobiography. To recount the actions of another man is not biography, it is zoölogy, the noting down of the habits of a new and outlandish animal. It may fill ten volumes with anecdotes, without once touching upon his life. It has 'drawed' a man, but it has not 'drawed' his soul."

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I

I HAVE never been very partial to autobiographies, and if there is one thing I thought I would never do, it is to attempt to write about my own life! Nevertheless here I am, falling into what in so many cases has seemed to me in others the great mistake of a man's trying to describe his own experiences and speak of his own work, instead of allowing these to tell their own story, or letting others tell it after he is dead.

Autobiographies must of necessity run perilously near the fatal precipice of egoism, and too many of those I have read have reminded me of the plain old ladies who so often tell us what belles they were in their youth, and what conquests they achieved.

Then why write? First, perhaps, because many autobiographies are certainly of intense interest, instructive and inspiring to others, and because the experiences they describe are in a great measure known to the writer alone, and must perish with him; and because many of my good friends, whom I trust, tell me that the main facts of my life are such as to be of interest to others, and to prove inspiring and stimulating

to younger men. In addition, I imagine another reason is that I am human, and that as a man nears the end of the earthly journey, and "the evening comes and the shadows lengthen," and "the work is done"; when there is no longer any future to look forward to in this world and much of the joy of life has disappeared from the present, he naturally turns his face not unwillingly to the past, and is not at all averse to living over again for others some of the days of sunshine and shadow, of pleasure and pain, and of strenuous activity through which he has passed.

I was born in New York City on October 5, 1848. I had a markedly medical ancestry. My father, Dr. James Trudeau, was a member of a well-known New Orleans family, and my mother's father, Dr. François Éloi Berger, was a French physician whose ancestors were physicians for many generations, as far back as they could be traced. My mother, Céphise Berger, was Dr. Berger's only daughter. I had a brother and a sister, both older than myself. My father and mother separated shortly after my birth. He returned to New Orleans with my sister, and when three years old I went abroad with my mother, my brother and grandparents, when Dr. Berger retired from his extensive New York practice, where for many years he held a very prominent place in the early medical history of New York City. While we were abroad my mother

obtained a divorce, and married a French officer, a Captain F. E. Chuffart. She and her husband lived in Fontainebleau together until her death in 1900.

I can remember little about my father. I know that during the great Civil War he was an officer in the Southern Army, and for a time had charge of Island No. 10; and that he was wounded and brought back to New Orleans, where he partly recovered and practised his profession for a few years before his death. Before the War he married a Miss Marie Bringier, who belonged to a well-known New Orleans family, and who survived him, dying in Baltimore in 1909.

After her death, Miss Félicie Bringier, her sister, sent me a large oil painting of my father in Indian hunting costume, which she said was painted in the early Forties by John J. Audubon. The distinguished naturalist was a great friend of my father's, who accompanied him on many of his scientific expeditions, and went with him on the Fremont expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1841. Miss Bringier states in her letters to me that my father often helped Audubon with the anatomy of his ornithology work, and drew illustrations of birds and eggs for him.

My father not only drew and painted well, but he had a marked talent for modelling in clay and making bas-reliefs, and I have in my possession some of his work cast in bronze. I remember my grandfather, Dr. Berger, often saying

that my father's talent for caricature had done him an immeasurable amount of harm professionally in New York, for he made a set of statuette caricatures of the medical faculty, which were so well done and such telling caricatures that many of the gentlemen never forgave him.

The love of wild nature and of hunting was a real passion with my father—a passion which ruined his professional career in New Orleans, for he was constantly absent on hunting expeditions. As mentioned in Miss Bringier's letters, in 1841 he spent over two years with the Osage Indians, who presented him with the buckskin suit in which he was arrayed when Audubon on his return painted the portrait which is now in my possession. This certainly could not have helped him retain his practice.

It would seem that from my father as well as from my mother's ancestors I must have inherited a strong leaning toward medicine as a profession, for after many vacillations and failures in early life, this inherited bent guided me to the choice of a medical career.

This same love of wild nature and hunting, which was a passion in my father, was reproduced in his son, for when stricken with tuberculosis in 1872 it drove me, in spite of all the urgent protests of my friends and physicians, to bury myself in the Adirondacks—then an unbroken wilderness, and considered a most dangerous

climate for a chest invalid—in order to lead an open-air life in the great forest, alone with Nature and those who were dear to me.

It is curious that this passion for the wild out-of-doors existence which wrecked my father's professional career, saved my life by enabling me to live contentedly in a wilderness during the first five years of my illness just the sort of life that was best adapted for my restoration to health.

Both of my sons apparently inherited the same leaning toward medicine and the love of wild nature that I did, for, in spite of my suggestion that they take up some other career, both chose medicine as a profession, and both have loved the woods and the hunting as their father and grandfather did before them; and some of the happiest days of my life have been spent in the woods with them and their mother.

The following extracts from letters of Miss Félicie Bringier contain all I know about my father's portrait now in my possession.

"Baltimore, Md., October 16, 1910.

"One of the things I mentioned to your boy was your father's stay with the Osage Indians during two years (in 1841), and about the portrait in Indian costume (painted by John J. Audubon), the one you write of. I will surely do all in my power that you should have it; none has more right to it than you and your

children. It is not in Baltimore, as we were compelled to intrust most of our belongings to the care of our relatives in New Orleans when we came here to visit my sister, not knowing how long we would remain. Our cousin Mr. L. A. Bringier has the portrait. I will write to him very soon. Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"FÉLICIE BRINGIER."

"HILLS FOREST, MD.,
"July 28, 1911.

"DEAR EDDIE:

"I was so delighted to hear that the portrait had got to you in good condition and was a source of pleasure. I am sorry I cannot tell you the date when it was painted; but from some statements of your dear father's that I recall, I should surmise it was in the forties, as he was with Fremont on his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and stopped on his return with the Osage Indians (where he remained two years), they having sent a deputy of their young bloods to meet and invite him to visit their settlement when they learned that a *Trudeau* was of the party. Your great-grandfather, Mr. Zénon Trudeau, when Governor of 'Les Illinois', in sailing down the Mississippi in his barge from St. Louis to New Orleans, had rescued an Osage chief who had been wounded in a fight on the banks of the river, taken him to his plantation, had

him cared for, and when restored to health, helped him to get back to his wigwam and friends. On leaving your parent he had said: 'Indian never forgets'; therefore your father was honored. He always mentioned that his stay with the tribe had been most agreeable and enjoyable, affording him an opportunity to study their customs and manners, learn their language (which he spoke quite fluently) and an ability to ride and use their arms as they did. The costume with which he is represented, was embroidered and presented to him by the squaws of the Osages, and may now be in one of the French Museums, if the 'Prince de Joinville,' who was quite a visitor and friend of your uncle, Mr. Jules de Gay Lussee (who was at the time a resident of New York City), kept his word and deposited it there. I have heard your father relate that he actually begged it of him for the purpose; as your father was loath to part with it, as can well be conceived.

"Audubon was also with Fremont's expedition; they hunted and painted much together. Audubon mentions your father frequently in his work; several birds are named for him. He often told us that most of the anatomy work of the ornithology was his. If my memory is correct, Audubon died in 1850; that is why I have come to my conclusions.

"Truly yours,

"FÉLICIE BRINGIER."

II

WE arrived in Paris in 1851, and my brother and I lived there with our grandparents for nearly fifteen years, when we all returned to New York in 1865 at the close of the war.

While in Paris my brother and I were sent to a French school, where I learned little in the way of lessons and a great deal that was bad for me. The influence of the French school at that time was upon the whole bad for the formation of the boys' characters. Cowardice, lying, cheating and deception of all kinds were in vogue among them and little frowned upon by the masters. The boys' main idea was not to get caught; it mattered not what methods you employed to escape that calamity.

Mrs. Louis Livingston, who in after years befriended me to such good purpose when alone in New York, brought her two sons, Lou and Jim Livingston, to Paris, and my grandfather, who thought she spoiled them and that they needed toughening, advised her to send them to the same school where my brother and I were. The Livingstons were a fair sample of wild American lads, and they soon had thrashed many

of the French boys so unmercifully that Mrs. Livingston was sent for by the principal and implored to place them elsewhere. I can well remember the scene: the indignant principal, the astonished and distressed mother, the lamb-like offenders. I remember the distracted principal saying:

"Mais, Madame, Monsieur le docteur Berger m'a dit que ces jeunes-gens étaient élèves dans du coton!! Eh bien, mon Dieu, ce sont de vrais sauvages!"

In after years the Livingston boys lived up to their early reputation for wildness, imparting some of it to me in the eyes of my staid New York friends and relatives, and it is true we had many thrilling adventures together as young men. They proved true friends, however, and when I was taken ill in 1873 it was Lou Livingston who took me to the Adirondacks and remained with me for a month. When he was obliged to go back to New York, Ed. Harriman and Jim Livingston each came up in turn until I was well enough to return to my family. From the first I have had the best friends a man ever had.

My grandfather's apartment was in the Rue Matignon, just off the Champs Elysées. It had a "porte cochère" entrance, after the manner of the better class of French apartment houses, where carriages drove in to turn around or to wait in the large courtyard at the back. We

were on the second floor; the first floor was always hired by the French Government as the residence of one of the Generals of the French army.

This fact was of great interest in my life, for the General's horses and orderlies, with all of whom I was always on intimate terms, occupied the stables at the back of the big square courtyard. Whenever a military review or any public fête took place, requiring the official presence of the General, the courtyard was suddenly thronged with cavalrymen of various types, generally lancers or "cuirassiers," and our excitement was intense when in the midst of the clatter of sabres and horses' hoofs the General's horse, caparisoned with gold trappings, was led out into the middle of the court. Shortly afterwards the General himself, resplendent in gold lace, covered with decorations and wearing white buckskin riding trousers, lustrous black boots and a plumed hat, would mount the prancing horse and the whole cavalcade would clatter out of the courtyard, through the "porte cochère," into the street—to our intense delight.

General Bazaine for many years occupied the apartment, and after the manner of boys, I grew as intimate with him as such a grave man would allow an admiring boy to become.

Those were halcyon days for General Bazaine as well as for his Emperor, Napoleon III, for the French Empire was in the zenith of its glory

at that time. General Bazaine, prancing at the head of the French soldiers at one of the gorgeous reviews in the Champs de Mars, where all Paris flocked to see the Emperor review the troops, was, however, more within his capabilities than when suddenly brought face to face with the grim game of war and such a formidable foe as the German army. When, in 1871, through General Bazaine's tactical errors or treachery, Sedan was cut off and surrounded, and Napoleon III and the French army surrendered to the Germans, leaving France and Paris at the mercy of the invaders, I could not but feel a pang of grief for my old friend, the General, who had seemed so magnificent and unconquerable to my admiring boy's eyes.

My grandfather must have rendered some distinguished service to some member of the Imperial Court or of the Imperial Family, for the Emperor decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor while we were in Paris. I was greatly excited one day when a gorgeous equerry rode into our courtyard and handed the butler a parcel: when I pressed the butler for an explanation he told me that it was a Cross of the Legion of Honor the Emperor had sent my grandfather. I was shown the wonderful cross in its box by my grandmother, and I noticed my grandfather afterwards always wore in his buttonhole a little red ribbon decoration. I never, however, learned just for what service he had received this distinction,

though I often asked him why he wore the red ribbon; but the old gentleman would only smile and say, "Pour faire parler les curieux, mon enfant!"

Our apartment was well fitted for small entertainments, and was a meeting-place for many Americans travelling abroad as well as for those who were living in Paris as we were. Cordial relations always existed between my grandparents and the American Embassy.

Our parlor was lighted with beautiful sperm-oil lamps on ordinary occasions, but when company was expected to dinner or in the evening the candles in the gilt candelabra in the center of the room were always lighted, producing a brilliant illumination. I speak of this because I remember distinctly some gentleman coming from the Embassy one day and showing my grandfather and grandmother a curious little glass lamp which he lighted, and everyone stood about and admired the clear, strong light it gave. The lamp was exactly like the common glass lamps one sees everywhere in country homes nowadays, even to the piece of red flannel in the oil; but to us it was a weird and strange object then and everyone was impressed with the bright light it gave. This gentleman told us that the lamp burned kerosene, which could be pumped from the earth in America in great quantity, and that many far-seeing men had predicted it would entirely supersede the sperm oil, as the supply was unlimited, its cost was trifling,

and the light much stronger than that of whale oil. My grandfather was dubious, however, about the safety of this new product, and we kept on with sperm-oil lamps and candles as long as we remained in Paris.

The Civil War brought all Americans in Paris who sympathized with the North closer together, and the American Embassy became more a meeting place for them than ever. Mr. Dayton was Ambassador at the time I write of. His son, a lad of my own age, "Ned" Dayton, I knew intimately and we, together with many American boys, met in the Champs Elysées daily and played games there together. Great were the discussions of war news, but as we were all on the Northern side there were no battles to speak of on the playground.

We never saw anything of any of the few American Southern boys then in Paris, except when we sailed our toy boats in the large basins of both the fountains in front of the Tuileries. There we had to meet, and the Confederate ships, which were greatly in the minority, were not, I am afraid, always treated strictly according to international laws of warfare by the owners of the more numerous craft which flew the stars and stripes.

My boat, in addition to a big cannon which fired real powder and shot with a fuse which hardly ever went off at the right time, carried at the tip end of its bowsprit a device which I thought calculated to damage greatly the enemy. It was a

large steel ink eraser which I had sharpened with the utmost care, so that when my craft ran afoul of the enemy the ropes and sails would be cut and torn by this sharp weapon. The great trouble with this arrangement, however, was that, as it was impossible to steer the little vessels accurately, my boat several times ran afoul of and damaged friendly vessels, and brought much trouble on its owner by so doing.

It was about the time I write of — 1864 — when Messrs. Slidell and Mason were sent over by the Confederate States to try to induce France and England to recognize them, and we all knew when these gentlemen arrived in Paris. We boys soon found out that Mr. Slidell late in the afternoon walked through the Champs Elysées on his way home from the Palais Royal, and we tried in a feeble way to express our disapproval of him by standing together with our boats under our arms and waving as much as possible the Stars and Stripes on the little boats as he went by.

Mr. Slidell, as I remember him, was a stout, elderly man with a florid complexion and a large white moustache. On one memorable afternoon we were returning from the pond with our boats when we espied Mr. Slidell coming toward us on his way home. As he passed we all waved the little flags on the boats violently, but more than this we dared not do. He walked by us with a scowl on his face, and we all giggled, of course. I was always somewhat more venturesome than my

fellows and frequently paid the penalty. After Mr. Slidell had passed us and was well down the block I put my boat hastily on the ground, took a dozen steps toward the retreating figure, and drawing from my pocket my trusty "catapult" —a weapon dear to all boys' hearts from time immemorial—I adjusted a large piece of hard putty in the little leather sling, drew the strong elastic as far back as I could, measured the elevation with my eye, and let go the sling. The projectile became invisible as it described a slight upward curve, and then to my horror I saw it bounce off the middle of Mr. Slidell's broad back. I was terror-stricken, and thrusting the sling-shot in my pocket I put on an unconcerned air and walked toward the boys, who had not noticed this episode. As I neared the group one looked up. I saw his face suddenly change, and he called out, "Run!" At the same moment a heavy hand seized me by the coat collar and a large umbrella came down on my head and shoulders with a resounding whack. Quick as a flash I wriggled out of the coat and ran. As I turned to look back I saw the excited old gentleman, purple with rage, beating my coat with his umbrella, and heard his sulphurous remarks to the boys who, too awed to laugh this time, kept at a respectful distance. I waited to see no more, but in my shirt sleeves sped straight home at top speed, seeing in my imagination the minions of the law in pursuit and a dungeon cell awaiting me.

When I reached my room in safety I began to reflect upon the enormity of my offence, and concluded I would say nothing about it at home unless questioned. It occurred to me, however, that it would be hard to explain the absence of the coat, which, with the tell-tale catapult in the pocket, was still in Mr. Slidell's possession; and then I remembered my grandfather was never very severe with me, so I decided to make a clean breast of it. I crept downstairs, and by peeking through the keyhole ascertained that the old gentleman was in his usual seat in the parlor, reading the newspaper; so I knocked gently, walked in and climbed up in his lap. The confession followed! I saw the corners of my grandfather's mouth twitch, while he told me I had been a bad boy and what I had done was very wrong; to go upstairs and he would decide what punishment I should have.

The punishment never came, and to my intense relief no reference was made to the incident at dinner. The following evening was Saturday, the usual reception evening at the Embassy, and my grandfather told me he wanted me to accompany him there. This gave me quite a shock, and I had some misgivings as to what was going to happen, but went as cheerfully as I could. When the door of the parlors of the Embassy was thrown open, and my grandfather was announced in a loud voice by the liveried butler, a hush at once fell over the assembled guests. Then Miss Dayton, in a beautiful evening dress, walked rapidly across

the floor, took me by the hand and said, "So you are the young man who shot at Mr. Slidell on neutral territory. Come and let me introduce you to my father!" Mr. Dayton received me very cordially, but he was too much of a diplomat to express any opinion as to what I had done. Many of the guests were not as cautious, however, and shook my hand and patted me on the back; and the men said, "Bully for you!" and the women smiled at me with every sign of approval. Certainly I was the lion of the evening on that occasion; but I never saw or heard anything more of my coat or of Mr. Slidell.

Shortly after this we boys had another war excitement. The news reached us that the United States Cruiser Kearsarge had attacked the famous privateer Alabama off the coast of France and sunk her. The next day, at the pond in the garden of the Tuileries, the United States vessels were in full force and more bedecked with Stars and Stripes than ever, but no Confederate ship put in an appearance on that day.

III

MY grandfather's health had been steadily failing, and after the end of the war we left Paris and came over to New York, where my grandfather had very many friends and my grandmother many relatives. Mr. James Aspinwall, my grandmother's brother, had always managed Dr. Berger's affairs and my grandfather was greatly dependent upon him. Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall and their family of two girls and three boys then lived on Eighteenth Street just out of Fourth Avenue, and for the remaining years of my grandfather's and grandmother's lives we resided in this neighborhood so as to be near them. We spent the winters in New York, and for the summer months we went to Nyack, on the Hudson, where the Aspinwalls had a country place, and much of my time was passed with my newly found cousins and their friends. When I arrived in New York I spoke only broken English, and I remember wondering why my girl cousins laughed when I said "Ze English language is a very hard language to prononciate!"

America was a revelation to me. Everything was new and full of intense interest. The thing

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that above all made the deepest impression upon me, however, was the freedom given to young people, and especially the freedom between young people of both sexes. Although I was seventeen I had known little or nothing of young girls in France. Whenever I met any of them or spoke to them it was always in the presence of some older person, but young men and women were never given any opportunity for free interchange of ideas and impressions, or allowed to enjoy harmless pastimes together. To find myself all at once thrown intimately and unrestrictedly with my girl cousins and their girl friends, in winter to walk and ride and dance and skate with them, and in summer to drive and sail and row and swim and dance again with them, was a new revelation to me, and I think I made the most of my opportunities.

Those were joyous play-days indeed, especially in the glorious summer time spent at Nyack, when I had a horse and wagon and a sail-boat, but no lessons, and the absence of all the young men during the daytime at their business in New York gave me an unrestricted field with the girls and brought my wagon and sail-boat into constant requisition. I had many love affairs, and I am afraid I was rarely off with the old love before I was on with the new. But they were not very serious love affairs, though they often seemed so to me at the time.

It was on a trip to Nyack that I met my wife. My cousin, Minnie Aspinwall, had frequently

described her dearest friend, Lottie Beare, to me in such glowing terms that I was impatient to meet her. My cousin Minnie and I had arranged that we should go up to Nyack together that day. When I called for her on Eighteenth Street I found her talking to a tall, very slender young woman, dressed in black, whom she at once introduced to me as Miss Lottie Beare.

Minnie informed me Miss Beare was to accompany us on the boat to Nyack to spend a few days with her at their country house, and we all started at once. On the boat I talked to both the girls, and though Miss Beare was pleasant enough I thought her cold and dignified. When we reached Nyack we decided to walk to the Aspinwall house, which was on a high hill. I seized Miss Beare's travelling bag with alacrity and we started. It was a hot afternoon and the hill was long and steep, the bag large and heavy, and Miss Beare did not seem to me very gracious. When we reached the house she at once went to her room, and my cousin rushed back to me and said,

"Well, what do you think of Lottie Beare?" and I answered:

"I don't know much about Miss Beare, but I can say positively that she has an enormously heavy travelling bag."

Nevertheless it was the tall, slender girl in black, with the heavy travelling bag, who soon inspired me with a love which made me in time give up all the wild mode of life into which I was fast slip-

ping in New York, and work for three years to obtain a medical degree, and for a lifetime to try to be worthy of her. I am often asked if I would be willing to live my life over again, and as I look back on most of it I can say very positively, "I have my doubts;" but that part which has been lived in contact with the "tall and slender girl with the heavy travelling bag" I would gladly live over again indefinitely. Miss Beare, however, did not for a long time look on my advances with favor, and I came perilously near going to the dogs in New York in the meantime.

My sister had come up from New Orleans and was living with us, and my brother soon found employment with a business firm. I began to think I must settle on some kind of work soon, and the glamor of the war must have still been in the air, for I decided, for some unknown reason, to go into the United States Navy. Another uncle of mine, Mr. William Aspinwall, at that time had influence with the Government in Washington, and in order to please my grandfather and also, I think, to get me away from New York, he promised to secure for me an appointment as midshipman. So it came about that I was packed off to a preparatory school at Newport, as the Naval Academy and the old ship Constitution, on which the cadets lived, were then at Newport. I was just about to enter the Academy when an unexpected event brought about an entire change in my plans.

My brother's health began to fail from the time he took the office position, and he was obliged to give up work. From childhood he had been delicate, having a congenital heart trouble, and any over-exertion, excitement or fatigue caused his heart's action to become irregular and his nails and lips to turn blue. For this reason, though some years younger than he was, I had always cared for him and helped him and fought his battles with the French boys at school, who took advantage of his lack of strength to torment him. He, on the other hand, was a very strong, unselfish and beautiful character, deeply religious, and constantly trying to help me in the straight and narrow path from which I was apt to wander. He always insisted on our saying our prayers and reading the Bible together daily, and it was through his influence that I joined him and that we were confirmed together in the American Episcopal Chapel in Paris by Bishop McIlvain.

We were much closer to each other than most brothers are, and as soon as he found he was ill he came straight to see me in Newport. I was shocked at his appearance, and when he told me the doctor said he had consumption I at once threw up my appointment and returned with him to my grandfather's house.

My brother had a rapidly progressive type of tuberculosis and my time was soon entirely taken up in caring for his needs. We had no trained nurses in those days, and I took entire care of

him from the time he was taken ill in September until he died on December 23, 1865. We occupied the same room and sometimes the same bed. I bathed him and brought his meals to him, and when he felt well enough to go downstairs I carried him up and down on my back, and I tried to amuse and cheer him through the long days of fever and sickness. My sister and grandmother often sat with him in the daytime and allowed me to go out for exercise and change, but he soon became very dependent upon me and I had to be with him day and night. The doctor called once a week to see him and usually left some new cough medicine, but the cough grew steadily worse. Not only did the doctor never advise any precautions to protect me against infection, but he told me repeatedly never to open the windows, as it would aggravate the cough; and I never did, until toward the end my brother was so short of breath that he asked for fresh air.

In the light of our present knowledge as to the mode of infection in tuberculosis, I shudder to think of what condition that room must have been in. Even my vigorous young body during the last month of my brother's illness began to show the ill effects of the constant confinement and the prolonged mental and physical strain. How strange that, after helping stifle my brother and infect myself through such teaching as was then in vogue, I should have lived to save my own life

and that of many others by the simple expedient of an abundance of fresh air!

I remember that during the last week he lived I had to drink green tea every night in order to keep myself awake, but I held out to the end. He died one night, and after all I had seen him suffer the first feeling I experienced was one of thankfulness that he was at rest.

This was my first introduction to tuberculosis and to death, with which I had never come in contact before. Little I knew then how many hundreds of such death-bed scenes I should attend in years to come, in a life which has been spent in the midst of a perpetual epidemic of tuberculosis.

It was my first great sorrow. It nearly broke my heart, and I have never ceased to feel its influence. In after years it developed in me an unquenchable sympathy for all tuberculosis patients—a sympathy which I hope has grown no less through a lifetime spent in trying to express it practically. Even now I love to think that my work has been in a measure a tribute from me to the brother I loved so well.

For many months, in spite of the buoyancy of spirits which was ever natural to me, I felt like one who is stunned by a blow on the head, and I tried to forget my heartache by plunging into all sorts of occupations and amusements. My cousins did all they could to cheer me; my good friend, Mrs. Louis Livingston, invited me to her house

and was like a mother to me in her efforts to console me, and my friends, the Livingston lads, took me on wild expeditions and adventures in their efforts to divert me. After all, however, I got more help from the visits I paid to Miss Beare at her home on Long Island than from anyone else. Miss Beare's mother and sister had died a couple of years before, and she and her father, an Episcopal clergyman, who had been in charge of the church at Little Neck for nearly forty years, lived in the little rectory cottage on the turnpike to New York.

As time passed, I found that the hours spent in the little cottage by the roadside, inhabited by the saintly old clergyman and presided over by his charming daughter, who helped her father with his parish work, played the organ on Sunday, and was beloved by the rich and poor of the neighborhood far and wide, brought more peace to my sorrowing spirit than I could find anywhere else.

My grandfather died February 1, 1866, and my sister and I continued to live with my grandmother at Nyack during the summer, and in New York in a house on Twentieth Street during the winter.

All this time I was trying to get some occupation and settle on some career. I studied for three months in the School of Mines, took a position for awhile in a broker's office, and tried various other occupations spasmodically, but soon gave them up, as I was a failure at everything I under-

took. This, I think, was due partly to my lack of interest in, and fitness for the work I started on, and partly to the constant temptations to amuse myself with my friends the Livingstons, who did not have to work and were only too glad to have me go about with them. Had it not been for my love for Miss Beare, and the religious ideals imbibed from childhood from my good brother, which had been fanned into new life by the influences at the Little Neck cottage, I should certainly have fallen into a life of amusement and dissipation. I realized, however, that if I was ever to win the girl I loved, I must demonstrate my ability to be steady enough to make some sort of career for myself and earn some sort of living.

It was about this time that I had a rupture with my grandmother which brought things to a climax. The old lady and I had never got on well together, and had had many battles royal. She knew that I was dependent on her, for my grandfather had left most of his property in trust to her for her lifetime. By his will a small trust had also been created for me, which gave me about seven hundred dollars income a year, but this was only about enough for my clothes and spending money. One day I came home and found someone had taken what seemed to me unwarrantable liberties with some of my personal property. I taxed my grandmother with having done it, and she admitted it and told me she intended to

do as she pleased in her own house; that I was entirely dependent upon her and would starve without her. I certainly was in a white rage that day. I told her I would get out of her house within an hour, and that I never would take another cent from her as long as I lived; and I never did.

I went straight to Union Square and hired a truckman to come for my trunk, which I packed hastily, and we walked from house to house looking for a boarding place, until on West Eighteenth Street I found a hall bedroom on the fourth floor at eight dollars a week, which I took at once. Within an hour I was sitting on my trunk in the little boarding-house room, wondering what to do next. I decided to go down to my friends, the Livingstons, and tell them what had happened. The young men were out, so I went up to Mrs. Livingston's room and told her. She was as kind as ever to me. She told me she owed a debt of gratitude to my grandfather she could never repay, and that she would be only too happy if I would come and make my home with them. I was overcome with gratitude, but too proud to accept such an offer; so finally she pressed on me an arrangement which I was only too glad to acquiesce in. She told me she wanted me to have some sort of home influence, and that she would always have a place set for me at her dinner table, and I could come or not as I chose to do each day. Mrs. Livingston's confidence and motherly interest, the many interviews with her

in the little sitting-room, when she encouraged me to open my heart to her, and the remembrance of the seat always ready for me at the table, many times recalled me to my better self and helped steady me in those days of reckless youth, when so many other places seemed more attractive than the little hall bedroom in the boarding house.

Ever afterwards, although I frequently visited my grandmother at her home and the old lady in the kindness of her heart did all she could to have me return there, I always declined as graciously as I could. She pressed money on me repeatedly, even to leaving it on my table in an envelope in my little hall bedroom at the boarding house; but though I needed it badly I always returned it with thanks. We never had any more quarrels, and our relations were very cordial until she died suddenly March 27th, 1870.

IV

I WAS a member of the Union Club all this time and had many friends there besides the Livingstons, who led easy, gay lives, and I made up my mind that unless I did something radical soon I never should "pull out" or do any work. I knew no doctors or anyone connected with a medical college, but I often did things purely on impulse, which came to me as a sort of auto-suggestion, and perhaps the blood of my ancestors was the cause of the auto-suggestion this time. Be that as it may, in the fall of 1868 I decided to become a student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and matriculated.

So little faith did my friends at the Club have in my doing any work at all that I remember when my decision to study medicine was announced to a group of men in the Club, Mr. Dan Moran said, "I bet five hundred dollars he never graduates;" and no one was found to take the bet!

The requirements for a medical student in those days were of the simplest. There was no entrance examination. All the student had to do was to matriculate at the college and pay a fee of five dollars, attend two or more courses of

lectures at the college, and pass the very brief oral examinations which each professor gave the members of the graduating class on his own subject. In addition, the law required that every student enter his name with some reputable practising physician for three years as a student in his office—a rather hazy and indefinite relation, for which he paid the physician one hundred dollars each year. If these requirements were met the long-hoped-for sheepskin was forthcoming, and the new M.D. was turned loose on the world to meet as best he could the complicated responsibilities of a medical career.

I chose as my preceptor Dr. H. B. Sands, who then lectured at the college on surgery, and that gave me the great privilege of being a member of the Professor's Quiz, which was composed of all the Professor's own students, and they were examined once each week by every professor on his own subject.

When I returned from my first visit to Dr. Sands, after entering my name in his office as one of his students, I carried under my arm a new Gray's *Anatomy* and, wrapped up in a piece of brown paper, two venerable human bones Dr. Sands had given me to study. By their dark appearance and high polish they had evidently been already used by generations of medical students, but I felt quite proud of them nevertheless. In after years I often brought much more unsavory and objectionable anatomical curiosities

home for study, until finally my landlady objected. One of these dark yellow bones I decided at once was an arm bone, but the other, which looked like the flange of a propeller, I was utterly at a loss to place anywhere in the human body at first. Finally with the aid of my Gray's *Anatomy* I concluded it must be a shoulder blade, and began to try to memorize the extraordinary names of its parts and processes and of its muscular attachments, until they finally overcame me and I went to bed. This was the first step in my medical career, and the turning-point between an easy life of pleasure to one of work and responsibility. After this my evenings were generally spent in the little hall bedroom with my anatomy instead of at the Club with my boon companions.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons was then a not very imposing institution on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, and very appropriately had a drug-store and an ice-cream saloon occupying the basement of the high-stooped three-story brick building which was devoted to the uses of the College. The dissecting-room was on the top floor.

There was very little clinical or bedside teaching in those days, although the professors of medicine held public clinics occasionally at Bellevue and the New York Hospitals, and all the students were notified of the daily operations by a notice on the bulletin-board of the College.

The teaching was all done by lectures and charts on the wall. The charts, which were hung up just before the lecture by the professor's pet student—often under a pitiless fusilade of missiles—were generally of a gigantic size and strikingly and vividly drawn and colored. I can see some of them distinctly now, so strong an impression did their exaggerated characteristics make on my receptive mind.

The lectures on Practice of Medicine and Surgery were didactic and descriptive. What the professors taught was well taught, especially the clinical side, and was up to the knowledge of the day; but there was much less to teach then than now, and theories were accepted and taught without proof when definite knowledge was lacking, as laboratory and animal experimentation were still in their infancy.

Pathology was taught by the Chair of Medicine as a side issue. No laboratory microscopic studies were required of the students. The theories as to the causation of disease were discussed and criticized in the lectures, as well as the classification, which was based entirely on the gross and microscopic pathology; but the exciting causes of these diseases remained necessarily theoretical.

This was true of tuberculosis. Dr. Alonzo Clark taught that it was a non-contagious, generally incurable and inherited disease, due to inherited constitutional peculiarities, perverted humors and various types of inflammation, and

dwelt at length on the different pathological characteristics of tubercle, scrofula, caseation, and pulmonary phthisis, and their classification and relation to each other. How absolutely different is our present conception of the disease, owing to the light thrown on its causation by animal experimentation and bacteriology! But bacteriology was an unknown science in those days.

The clinical side of medicine, however, was wonderfully accurate and well presented, and the treatment, based on the lecturer's personal observations, could not be criticised.

While in the College one of the students developed symptoms of tuberculosis of the lungs, and, with my brother's case ever before me, I felt deeply for him and wanted to help him. I decided to brave Dr. Clark in his office and lay my friend's case before him. The interview, like all interviews with Dr. Clark, was a brief one and to the point. He listened to me attentively as I described my friend's case, and then rising from his chair said, "Tell your friend to go to the mountains and become a stage driver for a few years. Good evening." If Dr. Clark's teaching seems obsolete to us now, his treatment certainly was up to date. Driving a stage in the mountains means an open-air life, rest, and a good climate, and embodies the main features of our modern treatment of the disease.

We had some most distinguished men on the

faculty: the venerable Dr. Alonzo Clark, Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. John Dalton, Dr. H. B. Sands, Dr. William H. Draper, Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Dr. Fessenden W. Otis, with whom I subsequently entered into partnership in New York, Dr. James L. McLane and Dr. H. B. St. John. I have most pleasant recollections of all the professors whom I grew to know personally during the two and a half years when I sat on those hard benches and heard the lectures. My favorite lecturer was Dr. John Dalton, and his lectures on physiology seemed to me, and really were, wonderfully thorough and well presented. Dr. William H. Draper was my ideal of an educated and refined physician and gentleman, and for Dr. H. B. Sands, my preceptor, I had unbounded admiration, and he was, I think, the most popular professor with the students at that time.

Dr. Alonzo Clark was admired for his learning, though feared by the students on account of his gruff, short manner, and his, at times, pitiless irony. The other professors all quizzed their students once a week at their offices, but Dr. Clark always held his weekly quiz in the upper lecture-room at the College and invited the entire class to be present. We were all in dread of being called up, as our mistakes were commented on sometimes in what seemed to us an unnecessarily severe manner. I was fortunately never specially held up to ridicule, but I resented Dr. Clark's apparent unfriendliness to the students.

I remember on one occasion the laugh of the class was turned on a timid friend of mine, a man by the name of Little; and this aggravated my antagonism to Dr. Clark. It was a public quiz evening, and as Dr. Clark called out Little's name he added, "'Man wants but Little here below nor wants that Little long'; so make your answers as brief as possible, Mr. Little." Poor Little was covered with confusion and failed in his answer. I remember I nearly got myself into trouble by trying to get even with Dr. Clark. He was lecturing on dysentery the next day, and in speaking of the treatment inadvertently said that "ice injections into the bowel should be used." Questions were often written out and passed up unsigned to the professors to answer. So under cover of my note-book I wrote on a piece of paper, "What kind of a syringe do you advise for injecting ice?" The paper was passed up to the Professor, who put on his glasses, looked at it, tore it up and went on with his lecture. I thought, however, he suspected me, for his keen black eyes gave me a sharp look.

When I came up for final examination Dr. Clark's manner was so severe and his questions so searching that I made up my mind he guessed that I had been the offender on that occasion. I was almost in a tremor with fear when I was admitted to his bare and dusty sanctum under the stairs of the college. The old gentleman sat with his fur-lined coat on his knees and nodded to

me as I entered, then began to look down his list of the student's names. In my anxiety to be on pleasant terms with him I volunteered, "My name is Trudeau, sir." "I know it," was the only reply, followed by a dreadful pause. Then he said, "Mr. Trudeau, what is pain a symptom of?" At first I was floored and did not know what to answer: then I pulled myself together and began with the inflammations, neuralgias, etc., and mentioned as many as I could. Another pause. "You have omitted one long pain." "Sciatica," I answered. "Well, Mr. Trudeau, what is hemorrhage a symptom of?" and then, "Well, Mr. Trudeau, what is fever a symptom of?" and so on. I was glad to escape when the ordeal was over, but as no other student reported having been asked such searching questions, I have always felt the old gentleman had been getting even with me for trying to poke fun at him about the ice injections.

As fellow-students with me in Dr. Sands's office I came in contact with many men who made their mark in medicine afterwards: Dr. William T. Bull, Dr. John G. Curtis, Dr. Francis P. Kinnicutt, Dr. Matthew D. Mann, and many others whose names became well known as great physicians and surgeons. I formed a strong friendship with Dr. Luis P. Walton, an English student, a personal friendship which lasted throughout his life. Among my intimates were William T. Bull, Francis P. Kinnicutt, Matthew D. Mann, Allan McLane Hamilton, Thomas R. French,

and Luis P. Walton. We formed a little clique with a few other members of the Professor's Quiz, sat together at lectures, and knew very little personally of the rest of the students.

William T. Bull, John G. Curtis and Francis P. Kinnicutt were the star students in the Professor's Quiz. We were not much awed by their knowledge, however, for I can remember that William T. Bull did all Dr. Sands's dissections, and when the dissected body was brought into the lecture room, followed by the lecturer, in whose wake, with a smile upon his handsome face, walked W. T. Bull who probably had sat up all night doing the dissecting, we greeted him generally with cat-calls and a shower of cigarette stumps, paper balls and other missiles. This was the medical student's method of showing approval and admiration, as he was certainly the most popular man in the class. Many years afterwards the echo of the wonderful operations he had done reached me even in the midst of the Adirondack wilderness, and I had him come up from New York in consultation once on a distant lake in a case of shotgun wound of the hip-joint.

The change in my mode of life and breaking away from my old associates was very hard at first, for my former companions did their best to induce me to go to entertainments, theatres and parties with them. When they found, however, that I really meant my refusals they soon let me alone to do as I pleased. My

finances had improved since my grandmother's death and I received more money from my grandfather's estate, so I took a better room on West Twenty-first Street and went for my meals to the Club. I found this no more expensive, if my orders were moderate, than eating at restaurants, and the food was much better.

I still kept up my friendship with the Livingstons, who looked upon my study of medicine as a passing fancy, and I often occupied the seat Mrs. Livingston kept at her dinner table for me. The summers were spent almost altogether at Grassmere, the Livingstons' country place near Rhinebeck, and I went as often as I could get invitations to the Little Neck cottage.

Though slender, I was quite athletic, very active, and had wonderful endurance. I owned a racing shell boat and rowed a great deal with the Livingstons and their friends on the Hudson River. At times I kept my boat in New York on the Hudson River side, and, undeterred by the dangers of the crowded harbor, on Saturdays in the Spring I would row around the Battery, down through Hell Gate to Little Neck for a visit to the Rectory. My shell boat, like all such racing craft, would carry almost nothing but its owner and on one occasion, I remember, this proved awkward. I had rowed down to the Rectory in the boat one Friday afternoon, and on Saturday we all had an invitation to dine with Mr. John A. King and his family, who lived in

their country place on King's Point, at Great Neck. It was arranged that Miss Beare and her father should drive down in their little carriage and I was to row down in my shell boat. All I wore in the shell was a pair of trousers and a thin, sleeveless undershirt, so I put the rest of my clothes in a bag in the little carriage with the clergyman and his daughter, with the instruction that they should send the things down to the boathouse as soon as they got there. It was a beautiful day and I rowed along at a good rate. When I reached King's Point, Mr. King, who had seen me, was standing on the shore waiting for me. He told me Mr. and Miss Beare had not arrived yet, but he urged me to come ashore and wait for them. I came ashore, but explained to him that as I had no clothes with me it would be impossible for me to go up to the house and see his wife and daughters. My helplessness seemed to amuse him greatly, and he told me it was absurd how dependent we were for our dignity upon our clothes. Had I ever thought how undignified a gathering the House of Bishops would be if deprived of their trousers? My bag soon came, however, and I was able to present a reasonably dignified appearance at dinner.

From Rhinebeck I rowed at different times from almost one end of the Hudson River to the other with the Livingstons and their friends, and no matter what happened on those trips they

always developed situations and adventures which to us brought fun. The summer holidays after the hard work of the winter were full of pleasure to me. The joy of life and youth certainly ran in my veins then—as it always has, more or less, for the matter of that, in spite of years and the ills of the flesh—and I might well have said, "Give me youth and a day and I'll make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

On one of our trips I gave my companions a real fright for a time, though when we got home we all reached the conclusion that on the whole we had had lots of fun. On this occasion we decided to go for a long row down the river and return next day. The two Livingstons, Billy Remsen and Harry Olen rowed a four-oared shell, and I went in my single scull. We got off late, and when we reached Poughkeepsie, fifteen miles down the river, we landed for a little rest and had our tintypes taken in scant rowing attire. We got into our boats again, and by sunset had reached New Hamburg, where we decided to stop for the night. After supper at the little hotel we smoked our pipes and then all turned in. I had a little room to myself; the other four men occupied a big room with two double beds across the hall.

I was tired and was soon asleep, but it must have been a couple of hours when I was brought back to consciousness by a strange tingling feeling in many places of my tired body. I got up,

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lit the light, and a search of the bed revealed the unpleasant truth that it was full of vermin. That ended all idea of rest for me, so I put on my clothes and ventured into the dark hall. I saw a glint of light coming from the room occupied by the other men, so I gently opened the door and looked in. All four men and the lamp were on the floor, on which was pinned a sheet with charcoal lines on it. They never noticed me, so intent were they on their amusement which consisted, I gathered from their remarks, in racing the little insects they had obtained from their beds for a dollar a head from one black mark on the sheet to the other. Jim Livingston's racer was in the lead, and he was prodding it on with his scarf-pin and offering five to one on his winning when, in his zeal to hasten the insect's imperceptible advance, he jabbed the scarf-pin through its body and thus lost the race and his money, to the noisy delight of his antagonists!

I waited to see no more, but shut the door gently and walked out into the night and down to the boat landing. It was a glorious night; a full moon was reflected from the broad river and covered the landscape with its silvery sheen. Too good a night to waste, I thought; and after some difficulty I succeeded in getting at my boat, and was soon in the middle of the river, rowing down stream.

What a gorgeous night it was! I remember

distinctly now how the river glittered in the moonlight, and the dim and graceful outlines of the hills stood out on either side in their hazy softness. Lights were twinkling in the streets as I went by Newburg but, fascinated by the grandeur and stillness of the beautiful scene, I went on until abreast of West Point, when a streak of light in the east caused me to turn in to the little landing at Garrison's, forty miles from our starting-place the day before. I pulled out my boat, went up to the hotel, got a room and was soon asleep. I slept until about half-past three in the afternoon, when I decided to leave my boat and take the train back to Rhinebeck. As I boarded the train I ran into Jim Livingston, who greeted me with expletives which were more forcible than parliamentary. Where in H—— had I been? They had been running up and down the river all day in a tug-boat looking for me but could find no trace of me, and thought I must have upset my shell and been drowned.

However, we all reached Rhinebeck safely on the train.

I was a very fast walker, and had often proved my speed and endurance on short races. During my second winter at the College the Livingstons, who had a good opinion of my athletic capabilities, induced me to walk against time on one occasion. They had made the wager of a dinner with a number of men at the Club that I

could walk from Central Park (Fifty-ninth Street) to the Battery inside of an hour. I had had no practise and had lived an indoor life most of the winter, but I wanted to prove that their confidence in my powers was not misplaced. So one night at midnight we all went up in carriages to Fifty-ninth Street and I started. I had not realized my want of condition nor what a test such a long walk at top speed would be. By the time I reached Twenty-third Street I was in great distress. I remember the lights of the Fifth Avenue Hotel all looked red in my eyes as I raced by, but I kept on. At any rate, I held out until the Battery was reached, and covered the distance, I believe, in a little over forty-seven minutes; but it did me up badly and for a long time afterwards I felt ill.

I finally went to a doctor who examined me and found an abscess beginning to form, which he thought was the result of the strain of the walk. It proved to be a cold abscess and had to be operated upon several times before it healed, as all such abscesses do. In those days the relation of such cold abscesses to tuberculosis was not understood, and no one even hinted to me that it was of the least importance. Had they done so I should have known that it was the first manifestation of tuberculous infection, and I could have altered my mode of life and regained good health.

Many years afterwards, on one of my visits to

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New York, my friend Dr. Walter B. James asked me to speak to his class at the College of Physicians and Surgeons on the subject of tuberculosis. Hoping to save others from the same mistake, after describing the usual symptoms of early tuberculous infection, I emphasized to the students that if a patient came to them with a dry pleurisy, blood-spitting or a cold abscess, it was wise to consider him as tuberculous and treat him as such until the contrary could be proved. I hope some of the young doctors who listened to me on that occasion saved some of their patients from the same error that I was allowed to commit through ignorance.

I had evidence that some of the students listened and that my appeal for an early diagnosis made some impression. About fifteen years later I was in bed at my home with one of my exacerbations of fever which were then becoming more and more frequent, when the servant came to my room and told me there were two gentlemen downstairs who wanted to see me for an examination. I asked if she had told them I was sick in bed and could see no one. She said she had, but that one of them replied that they had come all the way from Australia to see me and must see me as soon as possible. I thought if they had come from Australia to see me I certainly must see them, and so they were admitted. It proved to be a doctor with his patient, a young Englishman. The doctor told me that fifteen

years ago he had been a student at the College and heard my lecture, and that it had made a strong impression on him. After graduation he went out to Australia and had been in practice there ever since. Two months before he had been sent for to examine the son of a very prominent English resident. He found the young man showed evidences of tuberculosis. The father asked the doctor what he considered the best chance to save his son's life, and the doctor advised that the young man be sent to my care at Saranac Lake and said that was what he should do were he in the patient's place. The father made an arrangement that the doctor should come at once with his son to Saranac Lake to consult me, and they had just arrived. The young man stayed in Saranac Lake two years, and the last I heard of him was a post-card saying he had gone from Australia to the great European war.

In some of my frequent visits to the Little Neck Rectory during the first winter I studied medicine, I found that Mr. Beare's horse had given out and that if Miss Beare wanted to drive or ride she had to use a poor horse, and one I did not consider safe. I had always been rather familiar with horse-flesh through my friends the Livingstons, who always kept trotting horses, and bred horses on their country place at Rhinebeck; and the idea occurred to me that by strenuous

saving I might be able to give Miss Beare a surprise on her birthday in the shape of a good horse.

The Livingstons had a wide-awake young Irish coachman who was known to us only by the name of Patsy and had been with horses and horsemen since he was a child. I confided to Patsy my ambitious plan to buy a good horse for Miss Beare, told him I wanted the horse to be perfect, and that two hundred dollars was all I thought I could possibly raise. I didn't see how such a perfect animal as I wanted could be bought for any such sum, but I had great faith in Patsy's ability to produce any kind of a piece of horse-flesh from his many horse-dealing acquaintances; and he certainly lived up to my expectations. One day he came to me and told me he had found a perfect horse, a beauty, and one without a fault, worth at least one thousand dollars, but that his friend was hard up and he thought it could be bought for five hundred. The horse was described in such glowing terms that in spite of the fact that the price was far beyond what I could afford I couldn't resist the temptation of looking at him. Patsy's friend brought him to the Livingstons' stables, and he certainly seemed perfect in every way. He was a beautiful bay with black points and a tail that touched the ground. I asked the privilege of trying him, so he was saddled and I went out in the park for a ride on him. He seemed perfectly broken for a lady's saddle horse; would

single-foot, lope, trot or gallop at the rider's will, and was very gentle. I pictured Miss Beare's delight when she saw him, and how she would enjoy riding him. I made up my mind I must have him if it took my last cent. To my sorrow, however, I found that three hundred dollars was the very utmost I could possibly hope to scrape together. I confided this unfortunate circumstance to Patsy, who told me he would see his friend and find out what could be done. After much talk he told me that he had seen his friend who, he thought, in view of all the circumstances, could be induced to take three hundred dollars; so my last cent went in a check for that amount and the horse was bought.

Miss Beare's birthday was the following week and I wrote her I would ride down and spend it with her, but never said a word about the horse. I was so joyful in anticipation of Miss Beare's pleasure when, after she had admired my mount, I would tell her that the horse was for her birthday, that I could hardly wait; and many times went down to the Livingstons' stable and looked at the beautiful animal with my friend Patsy.

It was a fine, clear day when I started on horseback for Little Neck and I was bursting with pleasurable anticipation. I rode slowly for the first few miles; then the exhilaration of the circumstances got the better of me and I decided to try my handsome animal's speed. I called

on him and he responded by a fine burst of speed, a test I had never put him to before. As I reached Flushing, five miles from Little Neck, I began to think his gait was not as easy as it had been. I rode a little further; surely, he was lame. I got off, looked at his front legs, but could see nothing. The lameness was in his shoulders. The dreadful truth flashed upon me then. Patsy and his "horsey" friend had "done" me! The beautiful animal, had he not been a patched-up, foundered horse, could never have been bought for three hundred dollars. The burst of speed had brought out the truth, and a more bitter disappointment I never had in my life. He grew lamer and lamer, and as I went up the Little Neck hill I had to get off and lead him. Miss Beare met me at the Rectory gate—but how different from the meeting I had so long anticipated! The only comfort I could get was that, when I told her my story, she was so full of kindness and sympathy that she made up to me for much of my bitter disappointment.

The horse had been well doctored up, but he never was good for anything again and I exchanged him for a common, useful animal, getting only seventy-five dollars for the handsome bay.

A year before I was graduated from the Medical School Miss Beare allowed me to announce our engagement. Her friends and family evidently thought she was sacrificing herself, and

treated me very coldly. My friends and my uncle's family, I know, wondered how she could take such chances as to marry a man who went with such a fast set and had little prospect of earning a living, but their disapproval didn't worry me in the least. I was certainly carefree in those days, and the horizon and the future were always brilliant and rose-colored.

About this time I unexpectedly received a payment of twelve hundred dollars from my grandfather's estate. Lou Livingston had for two years owned the finest pair of little mares I had ever seen. He drove them to a light Brewster trotting wagon, and the turnout had long been my admiration and envy. Many were the good drives we had had together behind the beautiful little pair, both in the summer at Rhinebeck and when in New York through the Park to Harlem Lane, where we raced with the best and stopped at Johnny Florence's, near High Bridge, for refreshments. Lou Livingston, I knew, was very hard up and had talked of selling his turnout, and when the money came in unexpectedly it seemed to me the most natural and satisfactory use I could possibly make of it would be to buy Lou's turnout with it. I pictured to myself how pleased and proud I should be to take Miss Beare out driving behind these fine animals. The turnout had cost Lou Livingston over two thousand dollars, but I bought it for my twelve hundred. The cost or its future maintenance didn't weigh at all heavily

on me; that would take care of itself somehow. And it did, as I received more money from my grandfather's estate a few months later.

When I went to the hospital I kept the mares near by, and when Miss Beare was in town at her aunt's, would call for her there on fine afternoons and take her to the park with my new turnout. I imagined with what disapproval her staid friends and family must have looked on when she appeared in an up-to-date trotting rig with me; but as the little mares picked their way through crowded Fifth Avenue, and later when we flew up Harlem Lane at a two-forty gait, no one could have been prouder or happier than I was.

When we were married, from Mr. William P. Douglas's place at Little Neck on June 29, 1871, the little mares, harnessed to a borrowed coupé and driven by my Irish boy, James Burke, in livery, took us to New York on our wedding journey.

One of the little mares broke down two years later and I sold her to old Mr. Livingston as a brood mare; the other I took to the Adirondacks with me, and she drew our cutter on a memorable trip from Malone to Paul Smith's when I brought my little family into the mountains in January, 1875. Six of the seven horses in our party gave out in the deep snows and had to be unharnessed and left to follow as best they could, but the little mare held out and drew my wife

and me in the cutter, coming in with her head up on the night of the third day, when we reached Paul Smith's.

As I reached the end of my college work I could not make up my mind to try for a hospital position at the New York Hospital or Bellevue, for that involved eighteen months of service and I really could not wait eighteen months longer to be married. I was in a state of indecision as to what I should do, when Dr. Sands told me a Mr. Kaiser had built a small hospital on the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue A, called The Strangers' Hospital, which was to be opened on January 1; and that as it was a new hospital, all three positions—House Physician, Senior and Junior Assistants—would be open for competitive examination and the positions awarded at once, according to the standing of the successful candidates. Although I was not to be graduated until March 1, I decided to try for this hospital. If I got the position of house physician or senior assistant I would serve, as the first would be for six months and the second for one year only. If, however, I got the junior's assistant's place, which would keep me eighteen months, I would resign it and get married without a hospital experience.

The examinations were to be given orally at the offices of the four physicians who composed the Visiting Staff—Dr. William H. Draper, Dr. H. B. Sands, Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, and Dr.

Fessenden Otis. It required all the courage I could summon to ring the doorbells of these prominent men and, when shown into the office, to announce calmly that I was a candidate for the house staff of The Strangers' Hospital. I lived through the ordeal, however, and Dr. William H. Draper, who was the first one I called upon, was especially kind to a terrified young man and conversed with me a few minutes to put me at my ease before asking me any questions. I was much elated when, a few days later, I received an official note stating that I had passed the best examination and had first choice of the open positions. Of course I took the one of House Physician, which would keep me on duty only six months. Dr. Matthew D. Mann got the place of Senior Assistant and Dr. Hugo Kunstler that of Junior Assistant.

V

THE Strangers' Hospital covered half a block on Tenth Street and had been built by remodelling and converting former business buildings into a hospital building. It accommodated about a hundred and twenty patients; had two wards for surgical cases, in charge of Dr. H. B. Sands; two for medical cases, which constituted Dr. William H. Draper's service; a genito-urinary ward, a ward for diseases of women and a lying-in ward as well, under the charge of Dr. Fessenden Otis and Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas respectively.

When I qualified as House Physician, January 1, 1871, I had not yet passed my examination for M.D., which took place in March. I found myself at once in charge of all the wards, and yet it is quite true that I had never before that time had the slightest practical experience in seeing and treating illness and injuries at the bedside. I realized my unfitness for the place the first time I was called up by the night nurse in the women's ward for a case of hemorrhage. As I entered the ward a stream of blood was running across the floor from under the woman's bed, and I had never seen anything of the kind before. I remem-

bered, however, what I was to try to do, and whether I did it, or nature was kind to me and the patient, I don't know, but the hemorrhage stopped, and I was quite pleased with myself as I left the ward.

The patients may have suffered somewhat, but I certainly got a good deal of valuable experience during my six months in the hospital, because I was thrown on my own resources and had to do the best I could in emergencies with no other aid in most cases at first than my assistants, neither of whom had any more medical experience than I had.

The hospital work was at times pretty strenuous, but after the last attending physician had taken his departure, I would several times a week rush down to Little Neck and spend the evening with Miss Beare. This necessitated a five-mile drive back to Flushing at twelve o'clock at night to catch the one o'clock train to New York, and often on returning to the hospital I would find Dr. Mann asleep in my room, while a newly made ether cone and a box of instruments on the table showed me he was waiting for my return to do some operation or put up a fracture, and I wouldn't get to bed before three or four o'clock A.M.

All this constant and intense activity, loss of sleep and indoor life began to tell on my health, and I was very thin and worn out when I ended my hospital service. I must have had excellent

resistance to have kept perfectly well so long, under such trying conditions, after the positive evidence of tuberculous infection given by the cold abscess eighteen months before.

The rules at the hospital gave the resident physicians two weeks' holiday every six months. I was so anxious to get married at as early a date as possible that I took my holiday at the end of my service, left the hospital about the twentieth of June and we were married on the twenty-ninth.

Mr. W. P. Douglas, whose country seat was at Little Neck and who had known Miss Beare since she was a child, offered his beautiful place at Douglaston to Mr. and Miss Beare for the wedding reception. The rectory was part of Mr. Douglas's estate and only a short walk from his country home, where he entertained constantly. Miss Maxwell, my Aunt Aspinwall's sister, presided over the Douglas Manor household, as Mr Douglas was her nephew. From childhood Miss Beare had been a great favorite of Miss Maxwell's and she was constantly invited to all the dinners and parties at Douglas Manor—festivities in which I was also often invited to share.

A more attractive place for a country wedding could hardly be imagined. The grounds stretched along the shore of Little Neck Bay up to the fine old-fashioned mansion, which commanded a beautiful view of Long Island Sound.

Willie Douglas's yacht, the "Sappho," was often anchored at some distance out, as the water in

the bay was too shallow; but we young people had some good trips on her when Miss Maxwell would ask my girl cousins and Miss Beare, as well as her inevitable young man, on sailing trips. To me, who loved every rope in a good boat, every minute on such a grand yacht as the "Sappho" was a keen joy.

I remember during one of Dr. Clark's lectures in my last year at college when, having already listened to four lectures that day, life seemed rather wearisome, I was handed a brief note from Willie Douglas, and life suddenly became anything but wearisome. The note read as follows:

"The 'Sappho' is to race with the rest of the Yacht Club tomorrow against the English yacht 'Cambria' to defend the America's Cup in the International Race. Would you like to go? If so, be at Forty-second Street, North River, at 8:00 P.M. where a boat will meet you."

Would I like to go? I thought Dr. Clark's lecture never would end, but it did finally and at 7:00 P.M. I was on the deck of the "Sappho" at anchor in the Horseshoe. We had a pleasant evening, and the next morning before daylight I was up on deck conversing with the captain. The challenging English yacht "Cambria" and all the boats of the Yacht Club that were to take part in the race were anchored about us, and one by one I saw them trip their anchors, make sail and drop down the bay to the starting-point off the light-ship. I began to be impatient, and

appealed to the captain. Why did we not start? He informed me Mr. Douglas was still asleep and he could not start without Mr. Douglas's order. I dove down the companion-way, and Willie Douglas was soon awake. He came on deck in his pajamas, looked around for a few seconds, told the captain to get under way, and then went back to bed.

When we reached the Sandy Hook lightship the wind was rising, and the blue sea was covered with all the yachts of the Club under their towering white canvas. Most of them, including the "Cambria," had already started, and to my chagrin we were the last boat to cross the line. When I expressed my regret at this to the Captain he only smiled, and said twenty miles to windward was a long bit and we wouldn't be the last to turn the windward stake-boat.

Soon we were on the open ocean; the sheets were trimmed flat and the great schooner, then the fastest sailing vessel in the world, heeled over on her side, with her lee rail awash as the strengthening breeze filled her big sails. The twenty men who composed her crew lay flat on the deck under the windward rail; the hiss and rush of the waters drowned our voices, and the spray flew over us as we dashed through the great swells at top speed. At every tack we dropped several yachts, and long before reaching the stake-boat, which we had to turn before heading back, we passed the "Cambria." After we turned and

began to run for home before the wind, we had only two yachts just ahead of us—Mr. James Gordon Bennett's large schooner "Dauntless" and Mr. Osgood's "Fleetwing." The big balloon kites were crowded on, and within half an hour we were well in the lead, and the "Sappho" crossed the line a very easy winner.

The next morning I was on the College benches as usual, wondering if it had all been a dream.

The wedding came off on the twenty-ninth of June, 1871, in the Little Neck Church whose Rector Mr. Beare had been so long, and was a grand affair. Not only did all the Long Island people come—old and young, poor and rich, who had known Mr. Beare and Miss Beare for many years—but my friends and the Aspinwalls' friends came from the city on a special train. Douglas Manor was decorated with the flags from the "Sappho" and the yacht herself was decked out in bunting. After the wedding breakfast in the large dining-hall at the Manor, my wife and I stood up for two mortal hours and shook hands with, and were kissed by, scores of men and women of all classes and ages. I drew the line only at big, black Eliza, who wept very wet tears as she kissed "Miss Charlotte," whom she had cared for from childhood, and who seemed on the point of including me in her muscular and voluminous embrace.

My wife, however, finally escaped, soon re-

appearing at the foot of the stairs in travelling dress. My little trotting mares, with white rosettes in their head-stalls, attached to a little coupé borrowed from Mr. Douglas's stable and driven by Jim Burke resplendent in a borrowed livery, were waiting at the door. We raced to the coupé amidst a shower of rice and old slippers, and were soon making good time toward the city on the New York turnpike; and this was the red-letter day of my life!

After a short trip to the White Mountains we sailed for Europe on the Cunarder "Russia," returning in October on the "China." We went to London first, and then to Paris, Switzerland and Germany. While in Paris I took my wife to show her my grandfather's apartment in the Rue Matignon where my boyhood had been spent. The porte cochère and the courtyard looked just as they did when we left for America. The concierge's wife had died but he was still living, a decrepit, deaf old man. When I told him who I was and introduced my wife he turned to her, and putting up both hands said, no doubt referring to me and my friends, "Ils étaient tous mauvais—mais celui là!!"

My wife was delighted with everything she saw, as she had never been abroad, and we both greatly enjoyed the three weeks we spent in Switzerland. Heidelberg was full of interest, but neither of us could speak German and the people did not seem especially cordial, so we made a very short stay in Germany.

Our return voyage on the "China" was a very trying one. We had a series of gales from the time we started and were fourteen days in crossing. My wife was terribly frightened, I know, but with her usual wonderful self-control never gave any evidence of it. At one time we shipped so much water that our little steamer trunk floated about the stateroom. We were both standing then on the little lounge to escape the water. I jumped down and put the little trunk in the upper berth. My wife merely remarked, "What did you do that for? We shall never want it again!" Soon the water ran out under the door and I heard a steward in the hall. I called to him, and he seemed much amused to see us both standing on the lounge. I asked him if the ship was going to the bottom. A broad grin overspread his jovial British face and he said, "Go to the bottom, sir?—Why, don't you know you can't sink a Cunarder!"

After that we had better weather, but between my general run-down condition and fourteen days of seasickness I was a wreck when we reached New York.

While in England I had had some swelling of the lymphatic glands on the side of my neck, but so ignorant were we about the mechanism of tuberculous infection at that time that this symptom gave me no alarm. My wife, however, urged me to see a well-known English physician in Liverpool. He told me the glands were an

evidence of a run-down condition and a tendency to scrofula; advised me to paint them with iodine, eat plenty of bacon at my breakfast, and gave me a tonic with iron in it. This second warning of tuberculous infection went as unheeded as the first, and I never realized that I was already infected with the same disease that had run so rapid and fatal a course in my brother's case.

As we both loved the country we hired the little cottage at the gate of Mr. Douglas's place and I decided to try to get some practice on Long Island. My wife had some money of her own, and by that time I had received all that was coming to me by my grandfather's will, and we could live comfortably, though very modestly, in the country on our joint income. Our little daughter Charlotte, always known as "Chatte", was born in the Douglas Cottage, and we spent a very happy and peaceful year there. I soon tired, however, of the monotony of country practice and the lack of opportunity for advancing in my profession, and a year after our return from Europe we moved to New York.

I realized that we could not live in New York on our income, but decided to spend some of my principal until I got started in practice. After a long time I secured a three years' lease of a sixteen foot house, No. 8 West Forty-sixth Street, as the price was low, owing to its being next to a livery stable, but the location was excellent.

We furnished it, and had not been settled there two months when one of my attending physicians at the hospital, Dr. Fessenden Otis, offered me a partnership which I gladly accepted. He was retiring from practice and would send me in his place whenever he could, giving me one-half the fee which he collected. I was soon making from three to six calls daily for him, and had a class for diseases of the chest at the Demilt Dispensary with my friend Dr. Luis P. Walton, where we examined and prescribed for patients together for two hours, three times a week. Besides, I attended clinics at the hospital.

While at Little Neck I had had on two or three occasions attacks of fever, but as nearly everybody had malaria I was told it was malaria and took quinine which, however, did little good. After we moved into town I felt tired all the time, but thought it was the confinement of city life and paid but little attention to it. One afternoon I was at the dispensary with Dr. Walton, and he insisted that I looked ill and took my temperature. To my astonishment it was 101.° Walton advised me to go to Dr. Janeway and have my lungs examined, but I laughed at the idea. Of course there could be nothing the matter with my lungs! His insistence worried me, however, and next morning as I went by Dr. Janeway's office on West Fourteenth Street the idea struck me that I would go in and have my lungs examined, so that next time Walton berated me about my health

I would be able to tell him there was nothing the matter.

Even at that early date Dr. Janeway's great skill in physical diagnosis was recognized, and he had a class at Bellevue for physical diagnosis to which I belonged. He received me cordially and began the examination at once. When this was concluded he said nothing. So I ventured, "Well, Dr. Janeway, you can find nothing the matter?" He looked grave and said, "Yes, the upper two-thirds of the left lung is involved in an active tuberculous process."

I think I know something of the feelings of the man at the bar who is told he is to be hanged on a given date, for in those days pulmonary consumption was considered as absolutely fatal. I pulled myself together, put as good a face on the matter as I could, and escaped from the office after thanking the doctor for his examination. When I got outside, as I stood on Dr. Janeway's stoop, I felt stunned. It seemed to me the world had suddenly grown dark. The sun was shining, it is true, and the street was filled with the rush and noise of traffic, but to me the world had lost every vestige of brightness. I had consumption—that most fatal of diseases! Had I not seen it in all its horrors in my brother's case? It meant death and I had never thought of death before! Was I ready to die? How could I tell my wife, whom I had just left in unconscious happiness with the little baby in our new home? And my

rose-colored dreams of achievement and professional success in New York! They were all shattered now, and in their place only exile and the inevitable end remained!

How little I could have realized then how many thousand times it would fall to my lot in a long professional life to tell other human beings the same dreadful truth! I think my own experience that day in Dr. Janeway's office was never forgotten and helped, every time I made a positive diagnosis of tuberculosis, to make me as merciful as was compatible with truthfulness and the welfare of the patient. Besides, it was not many years before a new hope, a hope which it was part of my life's work to help develop and demonstrate, could honestly be held out to patients; for the diagnosis of tuberculosis does not now carry the sinister meaning that attached to it in the early seventies.

VI

I WAS still stunned when I reached home, and though I tried to make the result of Dr. Janeway's examination as encouraging as possible, my wife soon realized the ominous import of what he had found, and together we discussed the future calmly. We were in the month of February and Dr. Janeway had advised me to go South at once, so we started for Aiken within a few days. I had been told to live out of doors and ride on horseback, and no doubt I made matters much worse by the horseback riding, for I developed daily fever and was no better when I returned to New York early in April.

I was allowed and even urged to exercise daily, in the misguided belief that it would improve my appetite and keep me from losing strength; but the result naturally enough was that my fever kept up and that I lost weight and strength steadily.

Another baby was expected soon in our household and we decided to make no plans for the summer until after its arrival. My friend Dr. Walton was a great help in these days, and by his interest and daily calls did what he could to cheer us both. I had to give up work, however, and

as sickness was a new experience to me at that time I rebelled and struggled against it and was thoroughly unnerved by it. I have had ample opportunity in the past forty years to get used to illness and suffering; but it took me a long time to learn, imperfectly though it be, that acquiescence is the only way for the tuberculous invalid to conquer fate. To cease to rebel and struggle, and to learn to be content with part of a loaf when one cannot have a whole loaf, though a hard lesson to learn, is good philosophy for the tuberculous invalid, and to his astonishment he often finds that what he considers the half-loaf, when acquiesced in, proves most satisfying. It was many years, however, before I learned this great lesson, but when once learned it made life fuller and happier.

Lou Livingston did all he could to cheer me up in his own way, which was generally to take me off somewhere and amuse me. I remember on one beautiful spring day he called with the stirring announcement that I was to drive down with him to Union Track, Long Island, where a wonderful shooting match was to take place between Paul Smith, the well-known guide and hotel keeper, and, as I remember it now, a gentleman called Harry Park, who was prominent on the Stock Exchange. Neither of the contestants, both middle-aged men, had ever shot a bird on the wing, and the match was to be for one thousand potatoes, and followed by a dinner and a general

pigeon-shooting sweepstakes, open to all comers at the entry of five dollars, "miss and out." Lou Livingston was a crack pigeon shot and expected to take part in the sweepstakes and win some money.

On a trip to the Adirondacks two years before with my good friend Mrs. Livingston and Lou Livingston, I had been at Paul Smith's and knew him personally; so though I felt miserably ill I got into the trotting wagon with Lou Livingston and we started. A goodly collection of sports had gathered on the main track for the event, and much fun was occasioned by Paul Smith's and Mr. Park's futile efforts at stopping the swift pigeons as they flew from the traps. Liquid refreshments were in order, and a glass of champagne seemed to obliterate my ill feelings. I had never shot pigeons from a trap, and had no idea as to whether or not I had any skill with a shotgun, except that I had killed a fair proportion of ducks and snipe on the few occasions I had been hunting with the Livingstons. Mr. H. D. Polhemus, a big, warm-hearted sportsman whom I had met at Paul Smith's on my trip to the Adirondacks two years before, seemed very sympathetic as to my evident illness, and insisted that I take a wonderful gun he had and enter the sweepstakes with the rest, and finally I consented. It was a handicap match, and as I had never shot pigeons before, I was put at sixteen yards, while Lou Livingston had to stand at thirty-two yards from

the traps. It was five dollars for each man to enter, and as soon as a man missed his bird he went "out," the last man "in" taking the stakes. From eight to ten men entered the first sweepstake and, to my astonishment, the "miss and out" business didn't seem to apply to me, for I didn't miss any of my birds and was handed the stakes, much to Lou Livingston's and Mr. Polhemus's delight. I was moved four yards back and we began another sweepstake, which ended in the same way. I was so weak I could hardly stand, but the excitement of my unexpected success and an occasional glass of champagne seemed entirely to steady me, and it appeared to me easy to cover the fast flying pigeons.

After I had won the third sweepstake I was put back six yards further. Lou Livingston came to me and said some of the men thought he had played a trick on them by presenting me as a novice while I probably was an old hand at the traps, and he advised that I should spend the money I was winning as freely as I could for food and drink for the participants. I announced that food and wine would be free for the rest of the afternoon, and, with assurances from Mr. Polhemus and Paul Smith, who knew me, good feeling was again restored. I shot one more sweepstake and won that and then we went home. Although I won a number of matches in my life afterward, I don't think I ever shot so well as I did on that day, sick as I was.

Of course I was exhausted the next day and had to remain in bed with a high fever. I grew steadily worse and had to keep my bed most of the time. My doctor friends all urged an immediate change to the mountains, but I decided to stay until the baby was born and my wife safely through the ordeal. Lou Livingston stood by me as usual, and said he was ready to take me to Paul Smith's as soon as I would go and stay with me until I was better.

Our boy was born on May 18, 1873, and a week later Lou Livingston and I set out for Paul Smith's. Dr. Walton was the greatest comfort at that time, and assured me he would look after my wife and "those dreadful little Trudeau brats", and he certainly kept his word. After my wife and babies were moved down to her father's rectory at Little Neck, Walton all through the summer made regular pilgrimages to Little Neck and reported to me of their welfare, while assuring me what a nuisance it was to have to look after another man's family. His friendly watchfulness of my dear ones and his letters were the greatest comfort.

I was influenced in my choice of the Adirondacks only by my love for the great forest and the wild life, and not at all because I thought the climate would be beneficial in any way, for the Adirondacks were then visited only by hunters and fishermen and it was looked upon as a rough, inaccessible region and considered a most inclement

and trying climate. I had been to Paul Smith's in the summer on two occasions before on short visits with my friend Lou Livingston and his mother, and had been greatly attracted by the beautiful lakes, the great forest, the hunting and fishing, and the novelty of the free and wild life there. If I had but a short time to live, I yearned for surroundings that appealed to me, and it seemed to meet a longing I had for rest and the peace of the great wilderness.

It was a sad home-leaving, as my wife and my friends considered me most seriously if not hopelessly ill, and she was still in bed with the baby at her side and little Chatte in the nurse's arms. Dr. Walton saw me off and comforted me by his promises to look after "the wife and kids", and help my little family to move down to the rectory at Little Neck for the summer. I finally tore myself away and was helped into the cab by my friend Lou, who at once began to dilate on what sport we should have at Paul's; but my heart was heavier than it had been since by brother's death.

The first day we went to Saratoga by train and rested there overnight, and the next day by train to Whitehall and by boat through Lake Champlain, reaching Plattsburg at supper time. I had a raging fever all day, went to bed at once on reaching the Fouquet House, and was too ill and weak the next morning to attempt the long trip into the wilderness to Paul Smith's, so we

had to wait at Plattsburg two days. Lou Livingston told me afterwards that the hotel people had tried to dissuade him from taking me on such a long journey and to such a rough and remote place as Paul Smith's, and had urged him to induce me to return home. Whenever he hinted at a return home, however, I was evidently so upset at the idea that he decided to go on with me.

On the third day we started on a little branch iron-ore road for Ausable Forks where the mines were, and from there we had to drive forty-two miles to Paul Smith's, most of which was over a rough corduroy road. While I was resting Lou hired an old-fashioned two-horse stage-wagon, put a board between the seats, and with a mattress and a couple of pillows arranged me so that I could lie down all the way quite comfortably. All day long we crept up the hills at a snail's pace, and trotted down the hills and on the level road until I thought we must have gone fifty miles at least. I stood the jolting pretty well until afternoon, when the fever and the fatigue made the rough shaking of the wagon almost unbearable. Lou Livingston smoked innumerable pipes, conversed with the driver, with whom he made friends over occasional little nips from his flask, and they seemed very happy and comfortable; but for me it certainly was an afternoon of misery.

The sun was just setting as I caught sight of the great pines around Paul Smith's, and in a

minute we were driving up to the door of the hostelry, a swarm of guides and fishermen were clambering off the steps and the horse-block, and many hands extended in welcome. Fred Martin, Mrs. Paul Smith's brother and one of the most splendid, sturdy specimens of manhood I have ever seen, was about to give my hand a squeeze that would, no doubt, have finished me, when I whispered to him I was sick and wanted to be carried up to my room. He picked me up as if I had been an infant, and went up two flights of stairs, two steps at a time, opened the door of a room I had occupied before, and put me down on the bed with a pained expression and the comforting remark,

"Why, Doctor, you don't weigh no more than a dried lamb-skin!"

We both laughed, and indeed I was so happy at reaching my destination and seeing the beautiful lake again, the mountains and the forest all around me, that I could hardly have been depressed by anything Fred Martin could have said.

During the entire journey I had felt gloomy forebodings as to the hopelessness of my case, but, under the magic influence of the surroundings I had longed for, these all disappeared and I felt convinced I was going to recover. How little I knew, as I shook hands with the great, strong men who came up to my room that evening to say a word of cheer to me, that forty-two years later most of them would be dead and that I should still

be in the Adirondacks and trying to describe my first arrival at Paul Smith's as an invalid!

Soon Katie Martin, Mrs. Paul Smith's pretty sister, came in with a word of welcome and cheer and a tray on which were eggs, brook trout, pancakes and coffee, and I ate heartily and with a real relish for the first time in many a long week.

Paul Smith's at that time was a very different place from what it has become in these days of Pullman trains, automobiles, speed launches and parlor camps. Things were very primitive but most comfortable. There was no running water in the hotel, and a trip to the spring under the bank with a pail supplied the drinking water; but Mrs. Paul Smith's influence was seen everywhere in the house, in the clean and comfortable rooms, the good beds, the excellent cooking which she did or supervised herself, and the feeling of welcome and home with which she impressed all her guests.

Paul Smith's strong personality also pervaded the place. He had a keen, incisive sense of humor and was a jovial host, abounding in jokes and good stories which he told at the expense of guides and sportsmen alike. He divided his time then between his duties as host, and, especially during the hunting season, his duties as guide. His duties as host sat very lightly on him, however, as he had learned that with Mrs. Smith at the helm his responsibilities need give him no anxiety; but he derived much pleasure from his guiding

experiences, not so much because he was keen about the sport as because he enjoyed the companionship, the peculiarities and the mistakes of the city sportsmen he guided, whom he looked upon as curious specimens of mankind. I can see him in the center of the little dining-room, after having put out his hounds in the morning hunt, beaming with good nature and standing in his shirt-sleeves, with four or five dog-chains still slung over his shoulders, carving the venison or roast for his guests and joking with everybody around him. This was before his shrewd land transactions had made him a rich man; but his riches never altered his personality in the least.

Paul Smith was no respecter of persons, though he was very fond of his fellow-men. He was always inclined rather to laugh at their faults than to condemn them, and this was because his estimate of humanity was not very high. He thought that in most men, as in most things in life, there was a good share of humbug. Most men might be honest or might think they were, but as a rule his estimate of his fellow-beings was like that of the Irishman who said his friend was "perfectly honest but would bear watching".

He had little respect for the learned professions: clergymen, lawyers, doctors were in his opinion more or less inclined to humbug the public. He had little faith in any of them, or in high education. He thought a man was born "smart" and that no amount of "book-learning" could make him smart,

though it might enable him to hoodwink the public into thinking him so and thus redound to his advantage. His low opinion of "book-learning" was admirably shown one day when a gentleman well known in New York society—who had been graduated from several universities and had every advantage education could give him—came up to us as we sat talking on the verandah, and began to point out to Paul what mistakes he had made in the management of several matters connected with his business and how he could rectify them. Paul shut one eye and nodded his head in apparent acquiescence; but when the gentleman had gone he turned to me and said, "Doctor, there is no fool like an educated fool". Paul, though not highly educated, was certainly no fool, and his business ventures proved him a match for the shrewdest and best-trained minds.

His land speculations and his buying of all the water powers on the Saranac River before anyone else had suspected their value, was a striking example of his far-sightedness.

A man of unusual physical strength, he was rather apathetic and indolent in temperament, but when once aroused, the personification of vigorous and forceful activity. In a memorable journey through the snow from Malone, in 1875, with my family, had it not been for his resourceful energy we certainly would have all suffered terribly.

When death and sorrow came to us, and Chatte and Ned were taken, Paul and his sons made us feel they were indeed true friends. My wife and I will never forget their acts of friendly and helpful sympathy at these times.

Paul Smith's was then only a sporting hostelry, the resort of hunters and fishermen, and few ladies and no children were ever seen among the guests. When Lou Livingston and I reached there about the first of June, W. C. Prime and his friend, W. Bridge, two picturesque sporting figures, were at their usual post doing their spring fishing; and most entertaining companions they proved to be, for Mr. Prime had travelled all over the world and had seen many strange countries.

I slept well and woke full of hope and anticipation and interest in my new surroundings. The first thing I did was to secure a guide, and Warren Flanders was engaged by me and George Martin by Lou Livingston. The old Adirondack guides were most striking personalities and an interesting lot of men, like children about many things, a happy, easy-going lot, who took no care for the morrow and enjoyed life for life's sake. Although as in all other callings there were good guides and poor guides, they generally knew their business pretty thoroughly in those days. Some of them, however, never could learn to find their way in the woods, as this seems an attribute that a man is born with, which cannot well

be learned. In one well-known family at St. Regis several of the young men were good guides in every other respect, but not one of them could "put out dogs"—that is, travel in the woods all day in constantly varying directions and return at will. On the other hand, some of the most uneducated seemed to know always just where they were and in which direction to travel to reach camp in a straight line. Most of them carried compasses to help them keep their direction I had a guide the first winter I spent at Paul Smith's who, like many of his mates, would occasionally drink more than was good for him. So keen was his sense of locality that several times while hunting for me, after walking for half a day, starting each dog after a separate deer and celebrating each event by a drink from his flask, he would be overcome by his indulgences and could walk no further. He would then lie down and sleep wherever he happened to be late in the afternoon, but he never lay out all night. He would come straight back, through miles of unbroken forest, guided only by an instinct which was born in him and which even his confused wanderings while under the influence of alcohol could not efface.

He was a strange personality, always poor, and thoroughly ignorant and superstitious. A good idea of his reasoning powers and methods in life was shown by the way he treated his hounds. I noticed during the winter I was at

Paul Smith's that the six dogs he had were very thin and always ravenous, and I spoke to him about it. He gave me, as a perfectly good reason, the information that his wife always baked one pan of corn-meal each day for the dogs. Last year he had only three and they did very well, but this year he had six and the corn-cake cut in six pieces made a thin meal for the hungry hounds; but then he said, "You know if my dogs can't live on that pan of corn-cake, why they can starve if they choose!" I don't think it ever occurred to him to cook two pans of corn-meal instead of one when he had six dogs.

Each guide had his specialty. Some were better fishermen and others, who were the real woodsmen, better hunters. A really good guide could contribute greatly to the success and comfort of a hunting or fishing trip, while a poor guide would make it a discomfort and a failure. Really good guides were certainly experts at their business, and easily earned their two and a half or three dollars a day. A good guide was first of all a truthful man whose word could be relied upon; he was a skilled oarsman, and often carried his boat on his back for miles from one lake to another; a thorough woodsman, with all that implies of fishing, hunting and wood-lore; a good cook, resourceful in emergencies, and an excellent companion. One or two of them—Fitz Greene Hallock and Albert McKenzie—besides possessing all these qualities to the full,

have been for a lifetime the best and truest of personal friends to me.

Warren Flanders came to my room after breakfast and told me he had fixed the boat "comfortable" with balsam boughs and blankets so that I could lie down in it, had put my rifle in, and if I felt up to it we would row down the river to Keese's Mill "kind of slow" and see what we could see. My hunting blood responded at once and I was soon in the boat. It was a beautiful sunny June day, the sky and water were blue, and the trees resplendent in their spring foliage; and as I lay comfortably on the soft boughs in the stern of the boat, with my rifle in reach across the gunwale, my spirits were high and I forgot all the misery and sickness I had gone through in the past two months.

The guide kept looking ahead from time to time. All at once he stopped, suddenly turning the boat sidewise. On a point about two hundred yards away I saw two deer: a buck and a doe were feeding. I never sat up, but rested my rifle on the side of the boat and fired at the buck who, after a few jumps, fell dead at the edge of the woods. Warren went ashore, loaded the deer in the boat and we returned to the hotel. If any game laws existed in those days they didn't apply to the Adirondack wilderness, for it was the custom to shoot game and catch fish at any season, provided they were used as food and not sent out of the woods for sale.

I got back quite triumphant to the hotel, and Lou Livingston, Paul Smith and the guides, who were very sympathetic about my illness, seemed delighted that I had had such good sport on the first day of my arrival.

VII

THIS was my first personal experience as a patient in the Adirondacks, and rather different from the first day spent by most patients who come now to Saranac Lake as ill as I was then! The change, the stimulus of renewed hope and the constant open-air life had a wonderful effect on my health. I soon began to eat and sleep, and lost my fever. At that time we had no idea of the essential value of rest, but as I often spent the entire day in the boat, fishing or being rowed about from place to place or watching the lake for deer, I unconsciously was kept at rest. My anxiety about my family was entirely relieved by frequent letters from my wife and good friend Walton, who sent me regular reports of "the brats" every two weeks, in which he fulminated, after his usual manner, on the nuisance of having to go out into the country to see them; but the reports were all good, and my improvement day by day became more manifest.

At the end of July Lou Livingston had to return home. I saw but little of this good friend of my youth in after life, though he came to see me for two days during the winter we spent at

Paul Smith's. He continued to live in New York for many years and as far as I know never had a day's illness, but died suddenly of heart disease. How different our experiences in life! This strong man, who never came in contact with illness or knew what it means to be ill, has been dead many years, while I have spent forty years in the midst of the sick, ever in poor health, and for the past ten years so ill as to be entirely incapacitated for months at a time.

Another friend of mine and the Livingstons, E. H. Harriman, offered to come up and look after me and spend most of the month of August with me. A telegram which read, "Head me—here I come. E. H. H." preceded his arrival by a few hours. Paul Smith had purchased somewhere a gilt ball which with great pride he had had placed on the flag-pole in front of the hotel. I told Paul that I knew if Ed Harriman caught sight of that ball when he arrived the first thing he would do would be to shoot at it. As the stage stopped Ed Harriman jumped out, rifle in hand, caught sight of the bright ball at the top of the flag-pole, and put a bullet through it before shaking hands with us all.

This was before Mr. Harriman had begun his wonderful career as a railroad organizer and a great financier—for I believe he still was a clerk in the office of D. C. Hays & Company at that time—and a more light-hearted and better companion and friend I could not have had. Many

were the joyous, beautiful summer days we spent floating over the lakes in our boats, hunting, fishing, and camping together wherever we fancied to stop for the night. Mr. Harriman was an excellent shot with a rifle and we soon became rivals, especially in the sport of loon hunting. The loon is a sort of avian submarine when hunted from a boat, never flying, but diving and coming up unexpectedly at constantly varying distances, and then showing only his head above the water for a few seconds before diving again. The loon is as elusive a mark to shoot at with a rifle from a moving boat as anybody could possibly wish for.

We were both light-hearted young men in those joyous days, and little did either of us know what responsibilities and struggles the future held in store for us and how absolutely divergent would be the paths Fate had marked out for us to walk in. Many years afterwards, when the financial and railroad world was ringing with Mr. Harriman's name, he came to Paul Smith's in his private car to see me, and at Dr. Seward Webb's invitation he went down to inspect some of the lakes on Dr. Webb's wonderful forest preserve, taking me along with him. A special engine was sent up by the New York Central at his order to take the car wherever he wanted to go, and Dr. Webb's guides and saddle-horses were to meet us when we arrived. As I remarked upon the beauty and

comfort of his car some recollections of the old days must have crossed his mind, for he looked up at me with his keen smile and said,

"This is not half as much fun, Ed, as the way we travelled about in the old days that summer at Paul Smith's." And he was right, for it certainly was not.

However divergent our paths and interests in life proved to be, and in spite of the fact that we saw each other only at rare intervals, the old friendship between us through a lifetime ever remained the same, and he never neglected an opportunity to show me that it was so. In spite of his fame and power and riches, his manner toward me never changed in the least. If I called on him when I went to New York, and found as usual many influential financiers and great railroad presidents waiting for an interview with him, he would keep them all waiting no matter who they were, until he had taken time to greet me and hear how things were going in the Adirondacks. His friendship for me was always expressed in deeds and not in words. At intervals in life when great sorrows swept over me and nearly crushed me, I felt at once his helpful hand and strong and sustaining personality, and all that a good friend could do to help he quietly did for me.

When my health broke down almost completely in 1902, he urged me to go to California in February for a two months' trip. He placed at our disposal

a private car, in charge of one of the best stewards on the Union Pacific Railroad, provisioned it thoroughly, put orders on board to other roads to convey us wherever we might want to go, and told me to go and rest and amuse myself awhile. Unfortunately I was taken ill in Redlands, and though we enjoyed every minute of the trip, it seemed to do my health little good.

Beset on all sides by keen enemies who plotted his overthrow, and by seeming friends who were too often ready to betray his confidence, Mr. Harriman no doubt learned the wisdom of keeping his own counsel and trusting very few men. He showed me, however, on many occasions that he trusted me, and I believe he never had any reason to think that his confidence had been misplaced. People often tried to learn his views on financial matters by questioning me, but I could always tell them frankly, what was really true, that if there was one thing that we did not discuss when together it was his business and his railroads.

He had a keen sense of humor, and I think was often much amused at my ingenuousness about business matters. We both belonged to a little hunting and fishing club at Little Rapids, with two other friends of mine. Mr. Harriman rarely went there, but insisted, as did my other two friends for the same reason, on holding his membership for many years, paying his share of the expenses of the little Club, because he knew I loved to go there with my family for rest and

recreation when the strain of my work was too much for me. On one occasion I wanted to add to our small land holdings so as to get more hunting and fishing ground, and asked him if he would care to invest a few thousand dollars in such wild land. He said he would, and listened to me as I enthusiastically dilated on the advantages of the proposed purchase. When I ended by saying, "It seems well worth the money to me, but you must decide, as I don't want you to 'get stuck' if you buy it," he smiled as he touched me on the arm and said, "Ed, don't you ever worry about my getting stuck."

He left for Alaska a few days later with the expedition he had organized, which he had invited Mrs. Trudeau and me to join, taking my son Ned with him. To show how keen his memory was for detail and how good a friend he was to me, in spite of the pressure of the great responsibilities to be adjusted and arranged for before his departure for so long an absence and the cares of preparation for his large expedition, he did not forget me. A few days after his departure I had a note from his secretary, saying Mr. Harriman had left instructions that if I decided to buy any land I could draw on his office for any sum needed up to forty thousand dollars. I was afraid of "getting him stuck," however, and did not avail myself of his friendly offer.

I never knew a calmer or more self-contained man than Mr. Harriman, and until physical com-

plications broke down his health he seemed absolutely unruffled by the stress and strain of the great business struggles in which he constantly took so prominent a part. I remember I happened to be in town on the day before Wall Street's great panic in 1907, and I got a telephone message from him saying he was going down to his country place at Arden early in the afternoon to stay over night, and asking me to accompany him and we could have a good drive together. We spent the afternoon driving and the evening smoking and talking, and at ten o'clock started for bed. Not a word had been said about business, but I knew from scare headlines in the newspapers that a panic was imminent. As we parted at the foot of the stairs I said,

"Good night to you; I hope you will have a good night's sleep and that things will straighten out in Wall Street tomorrow." He smiled, and said,

"Ed, I never stayed awake a night in my life about business and I'm not going to begin now."

Next morning at the breakfast table he was as fresh and cheery as usual, though he knew better than anyone that the very foundations of great business concerns and of Wall Street itself would totter on that day, and that ruin might come to the most powerful.

He became a trustee of the Sanitarium at my request in 1891, and remained on the board until his death in 1909. He always gave the work while on the board his time, interest, advice and sup-

port, and on several instances induced his friends to join him in subscriptions to the Endowment Fund. He loved a joke, and always pretended to me that his responsibilities as a trustee of the Sanitarium were a great burden—greater than any others he had—and that he must sacrifice all other business to be present at these meetings, which he nevertheless always found time to attend no matter how pressing his engagements. He would always make it a great point to come from New York to Paul Smith's to attend the summer meetings which were always held in the Adirondacks, and after the meeting he usually remained and visited me for a few days. On the one occasion when he was in Japan during the summer he sent me a cable on the day of the meeting which was characteristic of him:

"Sorry I cannot come to meeting. It is a long way around to you, but not so far in a straight line through the earth. Best wishes."

Mr. Harriman was obliged to return to his business in New York toward the end of August, and James Livingston volunteered to come up and take his place in looking after me, though by that time I was feeling almost well again. Jim Livingston remained with me three weeks, and about the end of September I decided I was so well that I would go down and join my wife and babies at the Prospect House, Catskill, where she and her father had gone for a little

change. I was sunburned, had gained fifteen pounds in weight, was apparently in my usual health, and was so anxious to see my little family again that I could hardly wait for the day set for my departure for Catskill. It was a happy reunion at the Catskill hotel, where I became better acquainted with little Chatte and Ned and the faithful nurse, Annie Gaffney.

After we all got back to town again I tried hard to get my physicians and friends to let me stay at home, but a return of the fever soon showed me the folly of such a course. The doctors decided for some reason to send me to St. Paul, Minnesota, which was considered by some an excellent place for pulmonary invalids in the winter on account of its large proportion of sunny days, and we started at once. The winter at St. Paul was not a success, and as I was allowed to drive and walk and go duck hunting when I felt equal to it, I had some fever most of the time. By spring I was nearly as sick as the year before and the Adirondacks seemed my only hope; so we left St. Paul in May, and early in June, accompanied by my wife, the two children and two nurses, I arrived at Paul Smith's to my intense joy, for I always loved the place.

Of late years on several occasions I have been taken to Paul Smith's from Saranac Lake in the spring so ill that my life was despaired of; and yet little by little, while lying out under the great trees, looking out on the lake all day, my fever

has stopped and my strength slowly begun to return. Last spring—1914—at Saranac Lake I was so ill and weak that I had ceased, for the first time in my life, even to care to live any longer. I arrived at Paul Smith's at the end of June on a mattress, which had been placed in the automobile of a good friend, and the same feeling of hope and courage came back when I was carried up to my airy porch in the little cottage, with the stillness of the great forest all about me, the lake shimmering in the sunlight, and a host of recollections of many happy days and many good friends crowding in on me from every side. Again, imperceptibly the fever began to fall, and strength—and with it the desire to live—to return. During the previous two months in the spring at Saranac Lake I did not want to live from day to day; much less did I ever dream I should be willing to live over again in retrospect the long years of the past and write about them. The magic spell of the old place, however, seemed again able to restore the failing spark of existence, and must be responsible for whatever may result, even my writing my autobiography.

Many of the sportsmen at Paul Smith's criticised me for bringing such young children to so rough and remote a place, but the children seemed to thrive all summer. It was different with me, and this time I did not improve as I did the first summer. The fall found me still having fever and able to do very little.

It was then that I first met Dr. Alfred Loomis, who was in camp with a hunting party at Bay Pond. When he returned to the hotel on his way to New York I asked him to examine me, and his report was most discouraging. I told him I was tired of going from place to place; that I loved the Adirondacks; that I would like to stay all winter and take my chance. He seemed to think there was no reason why I should not try it, and told me he had advised a Mr. Edgar, who was a patient of his and wanted to stay through the winter, to remain also. I heard indirectly afterwards that he felt little or no hope of my recovery and thought I might as well spend the remaining days of my life where I was happiest.

I lived, however, to induce him to become a trustee of, and to examine patients in New York for, the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, when I opened that institution in 1884 at Saranac Lake. He always took a keen interest in my experiment, and gave the Sanitarium the support and approval of his great name up to the date of his death in 1895.

The good result of the winter's stay in my case, as well as in that of Mr. Edgar who stayed at Saranac Lake during the same winter I spent at Paul Smith's, drew Dr. Loomis's attention to the value of the Adirondack climate for tuberculous patients and induced him to advise other such patients to remain through the winter. In 1876 he published a paper in *The Medical Record*, draw-

ing attention for the first time to the climatic value of this region for pulmonary invalids.

When with some hesitancy I proposed to my wife my plan of our remaining in the Adirondacks all winter she acquiesced at once, though in those days wintering in the Adirondacks was much like wintering in the Klondike now. I never realized until later how selfish my decision to remain in such a remote place was, and how hard it must have been for her. If this plan were carried out, not only would she be cut off from all intercourse with friends, but in my precarious state of health she knew if I were taken very ill no help could be secured, and she must carry the anxiety alone. The nearest doctor was at Plattsburg, a sixty-mile drive, often through unbroken roads. My wife, however, has never been the nervous, over-anxious type, but always self-contained, meeting quietly and bravely all the ills and sorrows that have come to us in life. We were young and happy together with our children, and were not inclined to borrow trouble; thus it came about, thanks to her quiet courage, that we decided to face the terrors of an Adirondack winter, sixty miles from a doctor or a railroad and entirely cut off from all connection with the outside world. We could, however, send for the mail, which was carried by a stage sleigh three times a week to Bloomingdale, a ten-mile drive from Paul Smith's.

The first difficulty we met in carrying out our plan was a positive refusal from Paul Smith and

his wife to take us for the winter. The little hostelry usually closed at the end of October, when the last hunter took his departure. Paul and his wife, their three little boys, Henry, Phelps and Paulie, a man to look after the barn and a woman to help Mrs. Smith with the cooking and housekeeping, were the only human beings who remained through the winter. No "outsider" had ever passed a winter at St. Regis Lake before.

The truth, I imagine, was that Mrs. Smith feared I never would live through the winter, and I know they both thought it a most rash and foolish thing for such a sick man to do. In those days the belief that cold and storm were the two things to be avoided by the consumptive, and that he should in winter seek a warm and sunny climate, was so general and deep-rooted that my staying in so rough a climate seemed to them little short of suicide.

First I got Paul to say that he was willing to keep us if Mrs. Smith would consent; and then I got my wife, whom Mrs. Smith was very fond of, to do her best to win her over, and finally she gave a reluctant consent.

Mrs. Smith was a wonderfully fine character, a very hard worker, capable, just, and with fine ideals which she certainly lived up to. Before the winter was over we both had learned to respect and love her, and she did all she could to help us and make us comfortable. We found Paul Smith an excellent companion, always taking everybody and everything in life as a joke.

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VIII

ABOUT this time I received a letter from my dear mother, who for many years had lived in her little cottage home in Fontainebleau, saying she felt most anxious about me and would take the next steamer and come and spend a month or six weeks with me, wherever I might happen to be. Such a long journey in the beginning of winter was at that time a great undertaking for a woman alone, but Mother was a brave woman. The ties of affection in spite of separation had ever bound us to each other very closely, and I looked forward to seeing her again with the keenest anticipation. My wife was to go down with the children at the beginning of November and visit her father at Little Neck, and my mother was to come up and spend six weeks with me while they were all away. This plan we carried out; and what a pleasure it was when, after what seemed to me an interminably long wait, my dear, brave, little mother drove up with Paul Smith and I helped her out at the old horse block!

She had lived in France so long and travelled and seen so much that she was a perfect type of a refined French lady, and a most agreeable com-

panion. In a few days she had completely won Paul and his wife over, so that they came into my room every evening to listen to her, and she would entertain them with stories of her experiences and her travels in foreign lands. They formed the habit of coming every evening after supper, and we would play whist until bedtime. These whist parties were continued throughout the entire winter, after my mother left and my wife returned, and I still have most joyous recollections of those happy evenings when, by a big wood fire in the cozy little room, the great snow-covered wilderness extending for miles around us and the mercury many degrees below zero, we would play cards and listen to Paul's yarns. Paul was a keen whist player, but he did not hesitate to cheat a little if he thought he could do it safely. I found this out for the first time on one occasion when we had played whist all the evening, and it suddenly occurred to me as I was going to bed that I had not dealt once that evening.

My mother was delighted with the wild beauty of the snow-covered woods and mountains, and as she had a good deal of talent and had painted all her life she at once got out her paint tubes and palette. The first thing she painted was the old hostelry as it was then, with the gigantic pines on all sides of it and the frozen lake in front of it. Mrs. Smith took such a fancy to the picture that Mother gave it to her, and it still hangs in the parlor at Paul Smith's.

Of course I thought I should like to paint also, and Mother, after the manner of mothers who readily see an embryo genius in their sons, gladly began to teach me, so that every day we had painting lessons together. She kept a hideous white hare which was my first production, and I still have an absurd painting of St. Regis Mountain at sunset which I executed at that time, and which I prize for its association and for its very ugliness.

We had very many happy days together, Mother and I, in our wild and remote environment, and it is well we had. Their recollections warmed my heart for many years afterwards, for after she left Paul Smith's and returned to Fontainebleau I never saw her again. In spite of an enforced and unbroken separation of nearly a quarter of a century which followed, however, the ties of affection never loosened between us, and I wrote her a long letter, describing our interests, our sorrows and our joys every Sunday night, with only one or two exceptions, through all those long years, until she passed away in 1900 in her little cottage at Fontainebleau.

My love for hunting had free play from that winter on, as the Adirondacks then were a real hunter's paradise. I tried all the hounds in the neighborhood and bought the best one of them, a beautiful, long-eared black and tan with a voice like a fog-horn; and every morning I would walk right out in the woods about the house, start a big white hare with him almost at the very door

of the hotel, and stand about, changing my position a little from time to time, until he drove the game in sight.

It is a good long stretch of time from those days in the winter of 1875, when I stood every day almost in sight of the hotel and listened to the music of my hound as he chased the big white hares over the new snow, to November, 1913, when I killed my last deer at Little Rapids from a chair in which I had been carried to my runway. I had hunted whenever I could manage to do so during those forty years. I never lost my keen interest in hunting, and it has remained an ever-enduring pleasure and relaxation of which I did not allow my physical infirmities to deprive me. As an instance of this, when I killed my last deer, in 1913, I had been brought so low by months of continuous fever that an operation which collapsed one of my lungs was done, and although it stopped the fever at once, I was so short of breath, as I could use but one lung, that I could not walk or move about to any extent. When the fall came, however, and I knew my old friend Fitz Hallock was waiting for our usual fall hunt together at Little Rapids, I could not resist the temptation of going.

The guides tied poles to an old rocking chair and carried me to the different watch-grounds by this comfortable but unsportsman-like method of progression. Fitz had told me that morning that he had tracked a big buck that had crossed

a lumber road and gone into the swamp, and prophesied that at sundown the buck would cross the lumber road again at the same place while starting out for a night forage. The guides carried me to the lumber road and I sat for two hours in that rocking chair just where Fitz placed me, and he behind me. As usual neither of us said a word, and I enjoyed to the full the melodious stillness of the great forest, while the sun began to slant and then disappeared behind the tree tops. It was beginning to get dark and I had given up all hope of a shot that day, when right in the middle of the lumber road a ghost-like looking deer suddenly appeared in the gathering twilight, as if by magic, just where Fitz had told me to watch. The old thrill went through my nerves. I raised my rifle slowly, put a bullet through the point of the buck's shoulder, and he dropped right in his tracks. Fitz, beaming with pleasure, said, "Well, Doctor, you must love to hunt, and you haven't forgotten how to do it yet!"

I hunted hares by myself that first winter at Paul Smith's, and when I varied that sport by fox hunting I usually sent for Ben Monte. He would appear with three lean and yelping hounds and we would have a fox hunt together. I found, however, I could not walk enough to stand much chance for a shot without feeling sick and feverish the next day, and this was the first intimation I had as to the value of the rest cure, which in

after years I applied so thoroughly and rigidly to my patients. I walked very little after this, and my faith in the value of the rest cure became more and more fully established.

I had brought with me to Paul Smith's one of the little trotting mares I had bought from Lou Livingston, and Paul had a trotter of his own, so we had a track cleared of snow on the lake and we trotted many races without any audience but the tall pines on the shore. We were entirely cut off from the world, except that one telegraph wire from Plattsburg reached over the sixty miles of wilderness to us; but in the fall, after the summer operator had gone, there was no one to use this wire. I decided, therefore, that I would learn the Morse alphabet, and wrote the operator at Plattsburg soliciting his interest and help. He had little to do in winter evenings, and consented to practise with me for half an hour after the business of the day was over. I soon grew moderately proficient, and my evening talk with Plattsburg brought us all the outside news of any interest.

Coasting, snow-balling, reading, painting, telegraphing, playing cards, hunting, fishing through the ice for trout and driving the little mare, in all of which Mother joined, made the days fly, though we never saw a face from the outside world until Christmas, when my friend Lou Livingston turned up for a couple of days to take a look at me and have a little hunt. When he

left us he went off on a snowshoe trip somewhere with the guides, and it was many years before I saw him again, and then only for a few minutes in New York.

Finally, about the middle of January, the day fixed for Mother's departure came. I was to drive her in my cutter with the little mare to Malone, a small station on the Ogdensburg Road, a good forty miles away and we were to wait there until my wife and family arrived the next afternoon. Paul was then to come for us with two sleighs, and the whole party, after Mother's departure, was to return to St. Regis. I have often wondered why Paul was not afraid to start Mother and me off in a cutter by ourselves on a forty-mile drive through such a wilderness, for the roads were almost unbroken and for six or seven miles in places not a habitation—not even a wood-chopper's cabin—was to be encountered. Had I got in a drift, upset or broken the cutter or harness, neither of us would ever have been able to reach shelter! But I was young and never borrowed trouble in those days; and so we started.

The drive through the many long miles of snow-covered woods, in a country dotted with lakes and mountains, wild in their loneliness, impressed my mother deeply, and she often referred to it in her letters in after years.

No accident happened, and we reached Malone safely about dark. The next day my little family arrived and we had a very happy reunion, as

Mother had never seen the children before. Paul and the teams turned up that evening and Mother took the train that night. This was the last time I ever saw her, but three weeks later I had a letter from her, written in Fontainebleau, saying she had reached home safely.

IX

THE weather had been threatening and the wind rising. That night it stormed and snowed all night, a veritable blizzard; and next morning the snow looked very deep in the streets of Malone. On account of the snow we decided not to start back until afternoon and then to go only to Duane, a comfortable, farm-like hotel fourteen miles from Malone, and spend the night there. Paul drove the two black horses and carried in his sleigh the children, the faithful Annie Gaffney, who had cared for little Chatte since she was born, and another nurse who never went by any other name than Mary and who looked after little Ned, not yet two years old. Brink, the teamster, drove two big horses to a pair of lumber sleds on which the trunks were placed, and the little Livingston mare drew me and my wife in the cutter.

We were in high spirits and made a brave start, but little did we know what was before us. As we drew clear of the houses and began to climb the hills I noticed the wind was rising and that it was getting colder. Once or twice Paul's team, which led the party, seemed to get into deep snow, and we had to walk a great share of the way.

At that season it begins to grow dark about four o'clock in the Adirondacks, and I was just wondering how much farther we had to go, when the teams ahead stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill. Paul and Brink got out and trampled the snow ahead of the horses, then tried to start them again, but it was no use; they were soon wallowing up to their shoulders and could go no farther. The icy wind was drifting the fine snow into our eyes. The horses had been covered with sweat and in a few minutes they were covered with ice, and I had hard work to keep my face and ears from freezing. The children began to cry, and the nurses—or rather Mary—began to wail and call on the Saints for help, when Paul strode up to the cutter and said,

"Doctor, the hill is solid with snow all the way up. If we don't get these children in shelter they'll soon freeze. Brink and I will dig a place in this drift, put you all in, and we will unharness the horses and do what we can to get them through the drift. We can leave the trunks where they are." And then as usual a twinkle came in his eye and he said, "I don't think anyone will steal them trunks before morning."

The horses were blanketed, shovels were produced from the baggage sleigh, and the two men soon had dug a large hole in the side of the drift away from the wind. Robes were put in this improvised cave, and we all were glad to take shelter there from the bitter wind that was blow-

ing. The children stopped crying, and we were quite comfortable while inside the big drift. Meanwhile Paul and Brink unharnessed the horses and, each man leading a horse, they struggled to the top of the hill until the four horses had been taken through the drift. Then they managed to drag Paul's sleigh, which was a light one, to the top, taking advantage of the track they and the horses had broken. Returning to the drift where we were, they each carried a child in their arms and the nurses followed in their footsteps as best they could. As I saw the track was pretty well broken by these maneuvers my wife and I got in the cutter, and though the little mare floundered and stopped several times we managed to get to the top of the hill in safety. By that time it was dark and snowing fast. The horses were harnessed to Paul's sleigh, the crying children and frozen nurses were put in and wrapped up as well as possible. Brink rode one of his horses and led the other, and so we moved on. Paul upset his sleigh twice in the drifts, and the darkness added to our troubles; but to my great relief we soon saw a light through the trees, and before long we were all in front of the hospitable Duane Farm and willing hands were carrying the children into the warm sitting-room where a big fire was blazing. The children's spirits as well as our own soon rose, and it was a happy party that sat down at the supper table half an hour later. I don't think any dwelling ever seemed to

me as comfortable as that hospitable Duane Farm did that night.

We all slept like tops, and the next morning broke clear and cold (twenty degrees below zero). Paul thought it would be foolish after our experience with the snow the day before to start without knowing something about the condition of the road. It was therefore decided that we should remain at Duane through the day, and that Paul and Brink should get a fresh pair of horses from the farm, go over the road for ten or twelve miles and dig out any bad drifts, so as to facilitate our progress the next day. When they returned in the evening they reported the snow deep, but they had had to dig out only one or two drifts; and so next morning we all started again.

The distance to Paul Smith's was about twenty-eight miles. The first ten miles were mostly through the woods where the snow did not drift, and we made fair but rather slow progress. After we passed Meacham Lake the road showed that no one had travelled it since the storm, two days before, and the snow was very deep; but we finally reached McCollum's Farm seven miles from Paul Smith's by one o'clock, had dinner, rested the horses an hour, and then started on. For six miles from McCollum's the road ran across recently burned ground, and we began to encounter drift after drift. It seemed as if we had no sooner struggled or dug the horses through one than we were stuck in another.

Paul's sleigh with the nurses and children upset constantly while in these drifts, and yells from the children would announce the fact. I would stop the mare, wade through the snow, comfort them, and put them back in the nurses' laps, there to remain until another upset occurred.

Finally the progress became so slow that I saw Paul was getting anxious. Brink's team was now plodding along breaking the road, as one of Paul's blacks had shown signs of giving out. Paul told Brink to drive the blacks, and jumped up on the baggage load in an attempt to carry the big team through if possible. We were then nearing Barnum Pond and within three miles of Paul Smith's Hotel, but it was snowing hard and growing dark.

I can see Paul's huge figure, clad in a big buffalo coat with a red woolen sash tied around his waist, standing on top of the trunks and urging the horses on; but as they drove down on Barnum Pond the load stopped, and I got out of the sleigh to find out what was the matter. The big horses had both simply given out and were lying on their sides, breathing hard. One of Paul's blacks was lying down also. Paul got the whip, loosened the big horses' traces and neck yokes and beat them several resounding whacks, but they took no notice: they had done all they could. I confess I was anxious as to what was going to happen to us now when Paul, turning to me, said,

"Doctor, don't you know Napoleon said 'The dark regions of Russia is only fit for Russians to inhabit'?"

Then he laughed and lit the stump of an old cigar. His cheerfulness helped me wonderfully. He told me the horses would lie there for awhile and when rested would get on their feet again, but that none of them would be good for another drift, and we were still two miles from home.

Half a mile from Barnum Pond a guide named Lant Wilcox lived, and he had a team of horses, so Paul left us all on Barnum Pond and started to get the new horses. It was a long wait, but the children slept in the nurses' arms, and we all kept as warm as we could until, to our relief, a lantern appeared through the woods. Paul and Lant Wilcox had harnessed the new team to the front bobs of a lumber sleigh; the nurses and children were placed in this sleigh, which Paul drove himself. I followed with the little mare; behind us straggled at long intervals as best they could the poor, worn-out horses, whose instinct taught them they were not far from shelter and food; and thus we reached Paul Smith's at ten P.M., three days after we started from Malone.

My little mare was the only one of the horses that drew her load from start to finish. We were all thoroughly worn out, chilled and hungry; but oh, so thankful to see Mrs. Smith and the hospitable old place once more!

Next morning I drove down with Brink to

Barnum Pond to get the trunks, and we found the loaded sleigh where we had left it in the dark the night before, within twenty feet of a big air hole.

Many times in late years I have travelled in an hour on the New York Central from Malone to Paul Smith's, and as I looked out of the comfortably heated Pullman over the same snow-covered wilderness I have thought, though not without pleasure, of how different the journey was when I brought my little family to Paul Smith's in 1875!

The snow in February became deeper and deeper, and by the end of the month was five feet deep in the woods. The man who took care of the animals had to put on snowshoes to go to the barn, and we could drive to Bloomingdale no longer, but sent a guide on snowshoes after the mail once or twice a week.

Mrs. Smith made us all very comfortable in our quarters, and as she was a wonderful cook the meals she gave us were excellent. We always had venison, trout and partridges which the guides were only too glad to dispose of, and as long as the roads were available Paul's team would bring in a load of provisions once in ten days—beef, mutton, eggs, chickens, groceries, etc.

The children would often cry with cold hands and feet while playing on the floor, but they were perfectly well all winter and had none of the troublesome colds which they constantly suffered

from in the steam-heated apartments in St. Paul the winter before. I kept well and rarely had any fever, and on the whole I think my wife and I had a very happy winter in spite of our rough and remote surroundings.

We began to long for the spring, however, and the advent of a face from the outside world; and when in the early part of May I heard over my wire that a fishing party was coming in on a stage-wagon, we were full of excitement and anticipation. The party turned out to be Edmund and William Hall Penfold and their sister. I soon became acquainted with them, and my wife with Miss Penfold. They were astonished to hear we had wintered at Paul Smith's. We all seemed most congenial, and they have told me many times since that I talked with great fluency and seemed eager to know any news, which is not to be wondered at. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship between our two families; the kind of friendship that grows deeper and stronger and closer with long years, and which nothing ever can shake. They came to the Adirondacks every summer and sometimes in winter, and we visited them in their beautiful home in New York during the winter months.

William Hall Penfold was one of the first trustees of the Sanitarium, and served on its Board until his death in 1912. He was one of the closest and best of the many good friends I have had in life. His brother was elected a trustee of

the Sanitarium in his place, and is a member of the Board now.

The hotel began to fill up and the regular summer guests to arrive, and many of these also became life-long friends of ours, and helped me financially through long years when I was trying to build and develop my Sanitarium.

Up to this time I had almost forgotten I was a doctor. I neither read medical literature nor practised my profession, except on the rare occasions when some of the guides were injured or sick and could get no other medical aid. I was so imbued with the idea that life for me was to be a short experience that I had apparently lost all interest in perfecting myself in a profession I should never live to practise. The summer guests at the hotel, however, occasionally needed a physician, and I got a supply of medicines and began to do a little more work as time passed.

X

MY health did not improve the second summer and the fever came back. When Dr. Loomis came in for his hunting trip in the fall I asked him to examine me, and he said I was no worse than the year before, but had made no material progress toward recovery. He approved of my remaining another winter, and he evidently was surprised that I was no worse.

We found we could not remain at St. Regis another winter, however, as Paul Smith bought the Fouquet House at Plattsburg that fall and he and Mrs. Smith were to leave St. Regis to a caretaker and run the Plattsburg house through the winter. This was a great blow to us, and I began to look about for some place to spend the winter. Finally we decided my wife should go down to her father's with the children in October, and I would go into camp for a fall hunt; then I would look about, and when I had found a place in the Adirondacks where we could spend the winter, she would join me there. I had as guide at that time Douglas Martin, Mrs. Smith's brother, and Paul had offered to let me take a couple of his horses wherever I went for the winter; so when I returned from the hunting camp,

Douglas and I drove about the country looking for a place where I could bring my family.

We tried Bloomingdale, but no suitable house was to be had there, so we drove on to Saranac Lake. At that time Saranac Lake village consisted of a saw-mill, a small hotel for guides and lumbermen, a school-house, and perhaps a dozen guides' houses scattered about over an area of an eighth of a mile. There was one little store kept by Milo B. Miller where flour, sugar, a few groceries, tobacco and patent medicines were sold and where the clerk was the telegraph operator. The two best houses were owned by "Lute" Evans, an old guide, where Mr. Edgar, Dr. Loomis's patient, boarded; and opposite was a fairly comfortable little clapboarded house owned by Reuben Reynolds, also a guide. This was about the only house in the place at that time large enough to take in my little family, and I managed to hire it for twenty-five dollars a month, unfurnished, for the winter. Mrs. Paul Smith had promised to help us out if we needed some furniture, so I sent Douglas over to St. Regis with the team and he returned with a generous load of furniture, bedding and crockery, which made the little cottage quite habitable.

That afternoon, after we unloaded the furniture, I remember I went out with "Dug" rabbit hunting and killed a big hare ahead of my hound, exactly where the station of the New York Central Railroad was built in later years.

It was in November, 1876, that my little family joined me at Saranac Lake, and we have lived there ever since. This was the beginning of the now famous health resort known as Saranac Lake, which developed at first through a few pulmonary invalids that Dr. Loomis sent me from time to time to try the effect of the winter climate, and subsequently through my founding at Saranac Lake two institutions, the first of their kind in this country—the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, and the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis. The pioneer work of these two institutions for the study and treatment of tuberculosis was not without influence in initiating the great tuberculosis crusade in the United States, and helped to focus the attention of the medical profession and the public on Saranac Lake as a health resort.

We had a quiet and uneventful winter in the Reynolds cottage. I raised a subscription to subsidize the two-horse stage to Ausable Forks, which Fitz O'Brien drove in those days, to run daily instead of three times a week, and in this way we got the mail regularly, except in the early spring when the roads were almost impassable and the stage ran somewhat irregularly.

For forty years my wife and I have spent the winters at Saranac Lake and (with only one exception, when my daughter was very ill) the summers at Paul Smith's. I began to gain in weight and strength, and practised medicine a little

more as the years went by. In winter I had a few tuberculosis cases Dr. Loomis had sent me, and in summer I did a good deal of work among the guests at Paul Smith's and the other hotels of the region, as I became better known as a physician.

It was early in May of this year that our third baby was born. Although we had no nurse, and Mrs. Smith, the cook and I were the only available attendants, my wife was as calm as ever. It had been a very dry season in the woods and forest fires had been of unusual severity and very close to the hotel. The baby was three days old when a strong south wind one morning began blowing the smoke and the flames toward the hotel. By noon the smoke was so thick that it was quite dark and nothing could be seen of the lake. Paul and Mrs. Smith were alarmed, and thought the hotel, which was surrounded on two sides with woods, surely must burn, and they began moving their more valuable things to the edge of the lake. I certainly was anxious enough that day. I got Fred Martin to put my big boat on the edge of the lake, and made him promise that he would stay there and keep little Chatte and Ned with him as long as there was any danger. My wife was as calm and self-contained as usual. I told her the children were safe; that I didn't want to disturb her unless it was absolutely necessary, but that if the hotel caught fire anywhere, two of the guides whom I could trust had promised to come straight to our room and carry her to

the boat. Then I sat by her side and we tried to make talk as best we could. From where I sat I could see the sparks falling on the barn roof, and the guides on the roof throwing water on it, and I feared the house must soon go. Just about that time the wind began to veer into the west, the sparks ceased to fall, the smoke began to blow away, and Paul came in and said he didn't think the old place would burn this time; and he was right, for although it has been on fire from within several times in the past thirty-nine years, the same wing where my wife and little baby lay through that awful afternoon is standing just as it did then.

I kept pretty well that summer, and in the fall when we moved over to Saranac Lake we went straight to Mrs. Evans's cottage, where we boarded with her for the next seven winters. The cottage was very comfortable, though somewhat primitive in its arrangements. Of course we had no running water in Saranac Lake in those days. A big barrel was kept behind the kitchen stove, from which with a dipper we filled our pitchers, and from time to time "Lute" Evans would walk down to the river with two pails suspended from a neck-yoke and replenish the barrel. I built a large fire-place in the sitting-room, and many long, happy winter evenings we spent around that fire-place with the children.

Mrs. Evans was an excellent housekeeper and cook, and became very fond of the children.

She disliked dogs intensely, but she was so good to us that my hounds were always allowed in the house, and permitted to sleep, after their return from a long hunt, in front of the fire-place in the parlor. These first Saranac winters were all hunting winters, and I always kept two or three hounds.

The next summer we spent at Paul Smith's again. I was quite miserable at times that summer, and had fever a good deal of the time, so did little hunting and fishing.

During the long winter at Paul Smith's my wife and I greatly missed any opportunity to attend church services. So strong was my desire to supply this need as far as possible for the guides' families, that during the long winter months I used to go to the little school-house on the road to Bloomingdale and hold Sunday School for the children. I don't believe I was a very competent teacher, but it quieted my conscience to try to do something to carry the blessed message to those children who had so little opportunity to hear it.

Through the summer months the Reverend W. A. Leonard, Reverend Boyd Vincent, both bishops now, and Dr. John Lundy held services in the parlor of the hotel, during their visits to Paul Smith's, for the guests and guides. The possibility of building a chapel near by, where any clergymen who came to the hotel during the summer could officiate, was discussed from time

to time, and in the fall of 1876 I started a subscription list for a little log chapel. I also wrote to my old friend, Mrs. Louis Livingston, who I knew loved the place, and asked her to help. She responded by holding a fair in her parlors in New York, and sent me fourteen hundred dollars as the result of her efforts. The rest of the money came from appeals to the guests.

This was the beginning of a lifetime of begging money from my friends, an occupation I have carried on unceasingly, and, thanks to the constancy of their friendship, rather successfully for forty years.

Paul Smith gave the land and the logs—and what logs they were!—the finest of white pine, of full growth. Mrs. Rosman donated the chancel window; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Low, an end window in memory of an old guide; the Reverend T. C. Norton, the bishop's chair; Mrs. R. M. Townsend, the bell; the Reverend W. A. Leonard, the reading desk; Miss Rosman, the surplice; and the communion service was given by the Reverend and Mrs. John P. Lundy. Other gifts, such as a brass book-rest, linen, a font and an organ, were added as years passed.

The little chapel was designed by Mr. Hathorne, a New York architect, who gave the plans. The exterior was of oiled logs with a shingled roof, almost square, with a chancel at the north end. The interior walls were stone-colored plaster, wainscoted with black walnut, and the roof a

dome, tinted in dark blue. The chancel window, which was single, was given by Mrs. Rosman as a memorial to her only child, and is now the central one of the three chancel windows.

When first built the little chapel seated only about forty people, and services were held only when a clergyman was a guest at the hotel or when one could be secured; but finally the Reverend C. S. Knapp, an invalid clergyman, was put in charge for the summer. When completed the property was deeded to the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, and was consecrated on September 13, 1877, by the Right Reverend William C. Doane, D.D., who preached, as I remember, from the text, "Lo, we heard it at Ephrata and found it in the wood."

Soon the congregations outgrew the seating capacity of the little chapel, and it was decided to alter and enlarge it. I succeeded, by appeals to the guests and my friends, in raising the necessary funds. The carrying out of this rather delicate architectural problem was intrusted to my cousin, Mr. J. Lawrence Aspinwall, who gave his services and who made a striking success in the transformation of this unique log chapel. All that remains of the original little chapel is the nave at the north end. Mr. Aspinwall added a transept on each side and enlarged the chancel, so that the chapel is now cruciform and can seat one hundred and fifty worshippers comfortably.

St. John's in the Wilderness is known far and wide for the originality of its construction and the beauty and simplicity of its design. An excellent effect is produced in the appearance of the interior by the contrast between the simplicity of the church-like and gracefully arched white wood beams, the unvarnished, shingled walls, and the varied and rich tones of some of the fine stained-glass windows which have been put in by loving friends as memorials of my children, and of their dear ones gone before.

I have been warden of the mission ever since the original little chapel was erected thirty-eight years ago, and the Bishop has left the administration of its affairs in my hands during all these years. Every Sunday my wife has herself cared for the adornment of the church, with flowers or autumn leaves, and prepared the altar for service. Here many great divines have preached sermons which have opened glimpses of the Heavenly Vision to crowded congregations.

On July 7, 1914, my son, Dr. Francis B. Trudeau, brought his bride, Miss Helen Garretson, of Morristown, New Jersey, to the altar of the little log church, where he had worshiped since boyhood.

On July 25 of the following year, 1915, the young married couple brought their baby boy, Edward Livingston Trudeau, 2d, to the font of St. John's in the Wilderness for baptism. My good friend, Dr. Edward R. Baldwin, and Miss

Josephine Garretson stood as godfather and godmother for the smiling infant, while, seated in the body of the little rustic edifice, the grandfather and grandmother pondered on the great and mysterious meaning of existence!

Three of my children are buried under the pines near the eaves of the little building, and when my wife and I sleep "the long sleep" it will be, we both hope, in this peaceful spot, teeming with tender memories, which has meant so much to us both through the storm and stress of life.

It was not in the remodeling of St. John's alone that my cousin Mr. Aspinwall came into my life, but ever since those early days, through many, many long years, he has done all that the very best friend could do to carry my burdens for me.

When we returned to Saranac Lake that fall several invalids who had consulted Dr. Loomis were there for the winter, and the place was beginning to grow.

Our baby boy, Henry, had always seemed well, but during the winter he was taken suddenly ill with convulsions and died two days later. This was the first great sorrow my wife and I had to meet together, but not the last. We laid the little body at rest under the tall pines in the churchyard at St. Regis.

During the winter I did more practice, not only among the visitors, but among the guides also. I never charged the guides or their families,

however, and owing to this and a common interest in the hunting, we were always on the best of terms. They were constantly taking me out for hunts where they thought I would have a good chance. In 1879 the Saranac Lake men "chipped in" and gave me a fine Waltham gold watch, which I now have, and which Al McKenzie had written and asked Mr. Harriman to purchase for them. Al wrote, "We want to give the Doctor a gold watch, as he has only an old tin one now." On the inside of the hunting-case cover is the simple inscription, "E. L. Trudeau, from the Saranac boys, 1879."

When, in 1883, I made up my mind to attempt to build a sanitarium at Saranac Lake for patients of moderate means, the guides again "chipped in," and having found out from Fitz Hallock the piece of land I wanted, they bought sixteen acres and presented me with the deed.

It was during those early years at Saranac Lake that I met the well-known Adirondack guides, Fitz Greene Hallock and Albert McKenzie, and this was the beginning of many happy days spent in the woods with them, and of a life-long friendship. On the subject of hunting we certainly were a congenial trio, and I am sure they enjoyed those days as much as I did. I remember the first winter I was at Mrs. Evans's, I had hired Al McKenzie for the entire year and so Fitz was free in the winter. I told him I would recommend him to a gentleman, one of the first

patients Dr. Loomis had advised to stay through the winter, and he received a position with this gentleman at once. Shortly afterwards he came to me and said he had decided not to hire out this winter; that this gentleman, he thought, didn't really love hunting, and that instead of working for him he would just board in the village and hunt with Al McKenzie and me when we went out.

Al McKenzie, after a few years, went West and bought a ranch there, and I have never seen him since. I was able, however, very unexpectedly, many years after he left Saranac Lake, to be of help to him at a most critical period of his life. For many years I had heard nothing from him, when, in 1912, I received a most pathetic letter from him, written in a tremulous hand. In it he told me he had now suffered with neuralgia of the face for years; it had grown steadily worse, and recently he had suffered the tortures of the damned. He had spent all his money on doctors: everything had been tried, even the injection of alcohol into the nerve as it emerges from the skull; and this had paralyzed his face on one side but had not relieved the terrible pain. He feared he would kill himself while in a bad paroxysm, and was writing to say good-bye and to tell me how he had thought of the happy days we had spent hunting together in the Adirondacks.

I realized the situation at once. Light-hearted, joyous Al McKenzie, my old friend and companion on so many hunting trips, always cheery,

always happy, was stricken with the most terribly painful disease known. He evidently had the real "tic douloureux", a disease which is due to changes in the root of the nerve as it emerges from a small ganglion (the Gasserian ganglion) situated at the base of the brain, and which causes such frightful suffering that twenty per cent. of its victims take their own lives. The only hope of relief is a most difficult and dangerous operation by which the ganglion is laid bare and the root of the nerve cut. So difficult is the operation that only the great specialists in brain surgery care to attempt it, for it requires great skill and experience to reach and destroy this little deposit of brain substance without doing irreparable or fatal injury to the surrounding brain tissues. All this I knew well, and I knew that one of the few men who could save my old friend was Dr. Harvey Cushing, who was then doing brain surgery at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

I wrote to Al by return mail and told him not to give up; to trust me and do what I said, and he would surely get relief. I told him to write to my son Francis, who was at the Johns Hopkins Medical School completing his course there, inquiring how soon, and by what train, he could reach Baltimore from the West, and that my son would meet him and tell him what to do. Then I wrote Francis, enclosing Al's letter, and told him to read it to Dr. Cushing and let me know what he said. I got a prompt answer from

Francis, saying, "Dr. Cushing said, 'Tell your father if he wants me to I will operate on his guide without any charge.'" Meanwhile I had received a letter from the ranchman urging me to do something soon, as Al was getting desperate. He said Al had little ready money left, but that a Mr. Z. Hollingsworth, who lived somewhere in or near Boston, was devoted to Al and would help him financially if he knew the critical circumstances.

I was sick in bed with fever when I got this letter. How could I reach Mr. Hollingsworth without any address? Next to my bed, however, was the telephone, and with little hope of succeeding I called up Central and said I wanted to speak to a Mr. Z. Hollingsworth "in or near Boston." In less than three minutes the answer came back "Mr. Hollingsworth is on the phone." The initial "Z" must have saved the day. I told Mr. Hollingsworth of Al's desperate condition; that he needed money; that if Mr. Hollingsworth would send him a check I would see to the rest, and that I thought Al could be saved only by prompt work. Mr. Hollingsworth was most responsive and generous. Al had guided him out West many times. He promised he would send a check at once, and he sent a very generous one.

When my son met Al upon his arrival in Baltimore he found him in a pitiful condition and took him to the hospital at once. The pain was so bad he had neither eaten nor slept, but he tried

to smile in his old way when he saw the six-foot-four man he had left a child in the Adirondacks. When they reached the hospital Francis was so moved by Al's appearance of terrible suffering that he went at once for Dr. Cushing and brought him to the patient's room. Dr. Cushing told Francis he never did but one such operation a day, and that he had five patients on his list ahead of Al; but he said, "I cannot let such a man suffer that long. I'll operate tomorrow." The next day he exposed and destroyed the nerve as it emerges from the Gasserian ganglion after a long and delicate operation. The following morning Francis went to see Al, who looked up at him with his one unbandaged eye, smiled a broad smile and said, "Those doctors have got my head tied on, but I have no more pain." And he has never had another attack since, though three years have passed.

I know few things that have happened to me in life that have given me more pleasure than this incident, and I shall always be grateful to the great surgeon whose wonderful skill could save a human being from such intolerable suffering and who gave it so freely, without money and without price. Al McKenzie returned to Colorado, where he is living at present.

I wrote and asked Al if I could write this episode about him in my book and got a characteristic answer: "Yes, you can say all the mean things you choose about me!"

XI

UP to 1880 I did little but hunt and fish, but after that my interests and activities began gradually to be divided equally between medicine and hunting. In the nineties I hunted only when I could get away from my work and, later, on the rare occasions when we all went down to Little Rapids for a few days' rest and sport.

I have often been asked how I could hunt so much without fatigue or injury to my health, but I rarely had fever then unless I tired myself, and the hunting required only slight exertion and kept me out of doors all day. In winter I would hunt foxes or rabbits every day with Fitz Greene Hallock, and in the fall Al McKenzie and I would join some friend from Paul Smith's and go into camp, deer hunting. Fitz Hallock would occasionally join us also on these trips.

The deer hunting in those days was done with hounds, which drove the deer to inlets, lakes and runways, and as I was usually rowed to my watch-ground I rarely had any walking to do or tired myself at all. In the winter Fitz and I drove in a cutter to the hunting ground and I

moved about only a little. I remember one winter, besides innumerable rabbits, we killed twenty-one red foxes ahead of our hounds, and the next winter, twenty-two.

When the snow lies thick and white in the woods and every green bough in the swamps is powdered with white flakes, hunting the Adirondack hares with a hound is first-rate sport. The scenery is like fairy-land, every twig sparkles, and the musical notes of the hound echo on the stillness of the frosty air, while the big white rabbits appear and vanish like ghosts in the openings of the dense snow-laden evergreens.

Many good days did Fitz and I spend hunting rabbits in the long winter months. The first requisite is a good rabbit hound, and they are rare. Any dog may run a rabbit, but few ever reach perfection; and of this I have had ample experience. The first requisite is that the dog must pay no attention to a fox track; and the second—a rare quality—he must not shift rabbits, but having started one he must keep to that one, no matter how many fresh tracks of other rabbits he crosses. I had many dogs, but the best dog in all these years was a cross between a beagle and a fox-hound, called "Bunnie." He was absolutely perfect. He would not look at a fox-track, and when he started one rabbit in a swamp full of other rabbits he would never change, but run that particular rabbit all day. This enables the hunter to choose a stand intelligently, and not

merely trust to accident, as when a poor dog stirs up a fresh hare every few minutes.

When temporarily off the scent I have often tried to start Bunnie on a fresh rabbit I had seen a little while before; but after one or two careful sniffs he would refuse to follow the track, go back to where he lost his game and work it all out patiently until he was in full cry again. I owned him from the time he was a puppy until he died of old age, and I hope in the place where good dogs go the ghosts of the hundreds of hares I killed ahead of him do not haunt him.

During the winter of 1880 the visitors formed a little gun club, and on fine afternoons we often used to shoot pigeons and glass balls from a wooden stand back of Mrs. Evans's house. One day someone proposed that we make a rabbit sweepstakes, and the proposition was enthusiastically received. Each sportsman was to put five dollars in a pool, and as there were eight of us the total reached forty dollars. The club was to offer this as a prize to the man who killed the biggest rabbit from January 1 to April 1. Everyone in the village entered into the spirit of this curious competition. The rabbits were all weighed at the store by the store-keeper, Milo Miller; the figures as to the weight were written on a little placard with the name of the successful sportsman and attached to the rabbit, which was then hung in full view of the village in front of the store.

Curiously enough, we seemed to begin with

small rabbits—three and a quarter; then a week, and three and a half pounds was reached; then a month, and three pounds eight ounces was for a long time the champion. The competition seemed to lie between Mr. E. J. King, Mr. E. Curtis and myself. We all killed many rabbits, but it was March 15 before King killed a four-pound rabbit. Curtis and I crept up by ounces—four pounds two ounces, four pounds three ounces, four pounds five ounces; and on March 28 Curtis took down my rabbit, which tipped the beam at four pounds five ounces, and to my great disappointment hung up a rabbit weighing four pounds six ounces. Everybody said this would take the prize. It was the biggest of hundreds of rabbits killed during the contest. Fitz was terribly disappointed; he thought our four-pound-five-ounce rabbit would never be beaten; but we wasted no time, and hunted almost all day for the last three days. Both of my best rabbit dogs were worn out and their feet, cut by the crust on the snow, were bleeding and sore, but Mr. Curtis's rabbit still hung up as the champion.

I can see Fitz now during those last three days: a little hatchet in one hand with which, after I had chosen my stand, he cleared some of the brush and boughs which obstructed my view; a spring scale in the other hand with which to weigh the rabbit; his face stern and set as he listened to the music of the approaching hound. Curious as it may seem, this was earnest work for us both, as we certainly wanted to win, and Fitz was

hardly on speaking terms with Mr. Curtis's guide. Fortunately I missed few shots in those days, but I never got any commendation from Fitz but once, when I killed a rabbit that bounded most unexpectedly across a little opening in the thicket to my right. I had no time to aim, and I shot without even putting my gun to my shoulder. Fitz sprang forward to weigh the game. I heard him mutter, "I don't see how he does it!" and that was enough for me, though the rabbit turned out to weigh only a little over three pounds.

On the morning of the thirtieth of March, Fitz brought the sleigh to the door, with Bunnie lying on the robe licking his feet, and we started. During the drive Fitz informed me that John Benham had told him of a little swamp at the foot of a side hill of poplar trees; that the rabbit tracks in these poplars were the biggest he had seen, and that was the place we were bound for. Bunnie's feet were so sore he could hardly walk, but as soon as he got scent he forgot all about his feet and drove his game in his usual vigorous style. I had shot two rabbits on the side hill and they both turned out small. It was snowing and I was cold and discouraged, but dared not suggest to Fitz our going home, when Bunnie started a third hare. After a little turn in the swamp the rabbit took to the side hill, and such a long turn did he make that the dog was soon out of hearing. Fitz moved me to where they had left the swamp, and there we stood, I shivering and wishing myself

home, Fitz just as intent as ever. The dog was just coming in hearing again when I caught sight of the rabbit bounding down the hill. It seemed to me I never saw a rabbit take such long jumps, and as he went by me I killed him. Fitz was on him in a minute. I saw him raise the spring scale to his eye, then in a most commanding voice he simply said, "Come on!" and strode toward the place where the horse was tied. I followed as best I could. He had the horse unblanketed and was in the cutter when I reached there. He handed me the reins and said, "Run your horse; he is the biggest rabbit yet." We flew home, as the rabbit was bleeding. As we entered the village on the run the guides came to their doors, guessing something unusual had happened, and many of them were waiting on the porch of the store, into which Fitz disappeared at once. He soon reappeared among the laughing, shouting men, with my rabbit, to which was tied a tag with my name and the legend, "Four pounds eight and a half ounces."

That was a proud moment for Fitz and for me! That afternoon and for many following afternoons the entire side of The Berkeley Hotel was decorated by a gigantic white paper rabbit on which was written "Four pounds eight and a half ounces." This was done by a friend of mine, Mr. A. W. Durkee, to celebrate the great event and must have been a puzzling sight to visitors, but everybody in the village understood it.

Fox hunting with a good hound is a fine sport, for, as Fitz used to put it, the fox has all America to run in, and the hunter has to use judgment and experience to decide which stand to choose, and skill to be near enough for a shot. A red fox in such a wild country is rarely pushed by the hound, and is full of the most cunning tricks to throw the dog off the scent. A first-class hound with plenty of experience is generally a match for him, but occasionally an old fox proves too cunning for the best of them. When the snow is deep, running a road is an old trick of the fox's, for a frozen, beaten road carries no scent.

On one of our hunts we heard the hound come straight into the travelled road and then stop barking. We went to the place where he struck the road, but although the snow had fallen recently neither of us could discover where the fox left the beaten path. Meanwhile the old hound, after the manner of all good hounds, went back to where he had lost the scent, then began to run in widening circles, knowing that in this way he must soon cross the track somewhere. After a long hunt, however, he came back to us, and sat in the road and howled and howled his perplexity. Certainly we were all at fault that day; and yet, as Fitz said, the fox could not have flown, and if he hadn't he must have left the road and made a track somewhere in the fresh snow; but we found no track. The following day we solved the mystery! Fitz put me in a field where I could

see the place where the fox came to the road, and he went up on the hill with the dog. Soon the echoes of the hound's bark told me he had again started the fox. I saw the cunning old Reynard come to the road, run down the icy, beaten track about a quarter of a mile, then take a flying leap from the road and land on top of a rail-fence without ever touching the snow. He then ran on top of the fence two or three hundred yards, jumped to the ground, and disappeared behind a little knoll. To my delight, however, he came in sight again, jumped up on a big rock about sixty yards from where I stood, curled himself up comfortably and lay down, deliberately facing the direction from which the dog was coming. I could see his ears and his head move as, from the retreat which had in the past no doubt saved him from many a troublesome hound, he followed the sound of the dog's bark and waited to see the hound's discomfiture. There was such a crust I did not dare move, as one jump would land him out of sight, and sixty yards is a long shot; but I slipped in a thread-wound cartridge and ended his enterprising career on the spot.

It is easy to see why Fitz and I could not find in the snow any evidence of his having left the road, and why even the old hound's cunning failed; for though his widening circles crossed the fox's track, the dog went through the rail-fence and the track was on the top rail.

Another trick of an old fox is to run on a frozen

river, and at every opportunity take in the very edge of the swift-running water where the ice is necessarily very thin. The fox weighs about seven pounds and the dog between forty and fifty, so that the ice is pretty sure to give way with the dog and the swift current to carry him under the ice. The intention of the fox is plain, for he goes out of his course to take in every air hole.

This happened one day when Fitz and I were hunting near the river. The fox took to the ice and all at once the baying of the hound stopped suddenly. Fitz knew what had happened, and we climbed into the cutter and ran the horse to the swift water. Sure enough, there was our old hound in the rapid water, struggling helplessly to get up on the thin ice again. I begged Fitz not to venture in such a dangerous place, but his only answer was, "Hold my gun." I watched him lie flat and crawl out carefully on the treacherous ice, reach for the dog's collar and steady him enough to enable him to climb out. The old dog shook himself, rolled in the snow a few times, struck the trail again, gave a long, joyous bark and was off at full speed. We had the satisfaction of killing the fox an hour later while he was trying to lose the dog by running the road.

The characteristics of the hounds make just as interesting a study as those of the fox. I had two hounds once whose hunting was so different that the appearance of the fox ahead of them would have told me at a glance which dog was chasing

him even if I had not known the difference in their bark. "Scream" was a long-eared, silver-tongued, crooked-legged harrier, that ran true every inch of the track and never neglected to put a good round measure of music with every step he took. Foxes were apparently not in the least afraid of him; they knew just where he was all the time by his constant music, and I have seen a fox he was chasing run out in a field, listen to the dog a little while, then jump on a stray mouse and run off with the mouse in his mouth! Old "Watch," on the other hand, was a tall, strongly built, pure white hound with a black patch over one eye. He barked only occasionally, but he ran so strong and steadily that when the fox came in sight his tail was generally dragging, his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. Old Watch had short runs, for the fox either had to get to his hole, which he generally did as soon as possible, or he ran the risk of getting caught.

On the other hand an old fox soon knows when a puppy is after him, and I have seen the puppy get discouraged and start for home, and the old fox run toward him as though to persuade him to keep on with the chase.

My dogs were always a great pleasure to me and if I was ever tempted to extravagance it was in the purchase of a noted hound. Dogs have passed entirely out of my life with one small exception. A good friend of my wife's gave her, five years ago, a most beautiful Pekingese pup,

and, as I have been confined to my room and much of the time to my bed during these years, "Ho Yen" became my devoted companion. Lying on a soft bed suited him admirably, and a master who was always in bed was to his mind the kind of master to tie to. So it has come about that for the past five years I have never moved without this absurd little play dog. I never saw anything incongruous in doing so until one day last winter, wrapped up in furs, I sat in the sleigh with the little fellow in my lap as usual. Billy Ring, one of my old hunting guides, walked by. He stopped, and taking his pipe out of his mouth nodded at the little dog and said, "Have you come to that, Doctor?" Certainly circumstances alter cases, for in the old days I should have despised such a little toy dog, who now is a real pleasure in my bed-ridden days.

XII

IN answer to the demand for winter accommodations the first step in the upbuilding of Saranac Lake had taken place, and a small hotel, facetiously named The Berkeley, had been built on the main street and Charles Gray put in charge of it. The Berkeley accommodated fifteen or twenty guests, and for a long time was adequate to care for all the visitors at Saranac Lake. The first guests were Mr. E. J. King, Reverend and Mrs. John P. Lundy, D.D., Mrs. Ogden Hoffman and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morris, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tytus.

The Reverend Dr. Lundy held Episcopal services through the winter in the parlor of The Berkeley, and not only the visitors but many of the Saranac Lake residents attended them. Dr. Lundy and the Berkeley colony started a subscription to build an Episcopal church during the winter, and many of the residents subscribed money, labor, and material. Again I was made treasurer. A committee of the visitors to which I belonged had many meetings that winter to discuss just what steps should be taken to erect the chapel, but opinions on many essential points differed so that nothing was decided by early

spring, when the visitors all separated for the summer. One gentleman had held out that he would have nothing to do with the building of the church until every cent necessary for its completion was subscribed. I told him that he would never build the church in that way, and that if it was started the money was sure to come in. But I failed to convince him, and the project was abandoned.

After the visitors had scattered for the summer a committee from the residents and the guides called on me and offered to make good their subscriptions and add to them if I would undertake the building of the church. About half the necessary funds had been subscribed then. I told them I would do as they requested under one condition, namely, that I was to have entire charge, and that I was to be allowed to build the church steeple downward and the foundation upward if I saw fit. This they agreed to. When I told my wife of this she smiled, and said she had often noticed that I was fond of having my own way. My own way seemed to answer the purpose, however, for the work was begun at once, the money forthcoming, and the church built within a few months without the slightest friction.

I began at once to beg money from my Paul Smith friends. Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Brooklyn, gave me five hundred dollars, and many others, smaller sums. Work was begun May, 1878, and the church was finished January, 1879. The

first service was held January 12, 1879, and the Church of St. Luke the Beloved Physician, was consecrated July 10 of the same year by the Right Reverend Wm. C. Doane, D.D., Bishop of Albany. The property was transferred to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Albany. Mr. R. M. Upjohn, the celebrated church architect, gave the plans. The three stained-glass chancel windows, representing the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, were given by Mrs. R. M. Townsend in memory of her husband, who died at Saranac Lake. The front window was the gift of Miss Susie Paton. All the other windows are of ground glass, with a colored border.

The land was given by Miss Arvilla Blood, of Saranac Lake; the bell by Mrs. Edgar, of New York; the altar and priest's chair by the Reverend and Mrs. John P. Lundy; the Communion linen by Miss Mary King, while Mrs. Ogden Hoffman gave the font, and the organ was presented by the young people of Saranac Lake.

The first minister in charge was the Reverend C. S. Knapp. For the past thirty-five years services have been held continuously at St. Luke's, and its ministrations have meant much, not only to the residents but also to the thousands of invalids who, sick, far away from their homes and friends, have sought health in Saranac Lake. I have been warden of the vestry ever since the church was built.

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After the building of St. Luke's, new houses began to spring up in the village and a few more people stayed during the winter months. The number of summer visitors at Paul Smith's increased. I had more patients to attend, and began to take more interest in my profession. I subscribed to *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, the *Medical News*, the *Medical Record*, and Dr. Walton sent me, after he had read them, his copies of the *English Practitioner*, edited by Anstie. My health improved steadily; I lost my cough almost entirely and gained weight, though my endurance to fatigue never became normal and any active exercise made me very short of breath. This was well shown by Al McKenzie's spontaneously given opinion of my physical condition at that time. We were hunting together and trying to get to a road we expected the fox to cross. It was a little uphill, and the hound's bark was getting nearer and nearer. Al was ahead, but I had to stop constantly as my breath had quite given out. Al saw we were going to be too late to intercept the fox, but resigned himself with the remark, "Oh, Doctor, if you were only half as good as you look!" How true this is of many cases of arrested pulmonary disease!

It was that fall that Mr. C. M. Lea, who had brought his wife to the Adirondacks during the summer for her health, decided to have her remain through the winter. Mrs. Lea was a most attractive and refined young woman, and she and my

wife proved very congenial companions. The Leas had one little girl, Marjorie, and were a great addition to our winter colony. Mr. Lea was devoted to his young wife and daughter, and though he managed in some way to keep up his active interests in the large publishing business of the firm of Lea Brothers & Co., the well-known medical publishers, he spent much time in Saranac Lake. This necessitated constant trips back and forth, but his devotion never faltered at obstacles, and many times through the long winters he drove in an open sleigh either sixty miles from Plattsburg or forty-two miles from Ausable Forks, through blizzards and snowdrifts and intense cold, to spend with his wife and child the few days he could snatch from his business engagements.

He and I had many interests in common, especially medicine and hunting; he knew all about doctors and medical books, and was the only man with whom I could discuss medical subjects. On the other hand it was no doubt a comfort to him to leave Mrs. Lea with such friends during her enforced absence. A strong friendship grew up between us—the kind of friendship that is one of the best things in life, and that neither time nor space nor prolonged separation can obliterate; a friendship which continues as warm today as it was thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Lea was one of the four original trustees of the Sanitarium, and he and I are the only ones

now living. From the first he encouraged me and helped me to carry out my plan, which then seemed quixotic enough to almost everybody else.

The idea of building the Sanitarium originated on my reading, in 1882, in Anstie's *English Practitioner*, which Dr. Walton sent me regularly, an account of a visit to Brehmer's Sanitarium in Silesia and a discussion of Brehmer's views as to the value of sanatorium treatment in pulmonary tuberculosis. Brehmer was the originator of the sanatorium method, the essence of which was rest, fresh air and a daily regulation by the physician of the patient's life and habits. Brehmer, however, had an idea that tuberculosis of the lungs was somewhat dependent on, or at least related to, a small heart, and after the fever had fallen he attached much importance to graded climbing exercises for his patients to strengthen the heart.

Dettweiler, a patient and pupil of his, built a sanatorium at Falkenstein in Germany, where he followed Brehmer's method, except that Dettweiler was an ardent advocate of complete rest, and he did not believe that a small heart had any special relation to pulmonary tuberculosis.

I was much impressed with the articles I read on the subject in the *English Practitioner*, and though I saw no reference to either Brehmer's or Dettweiler's work in my American journals, I became desirous of making a test of this new method in treating some of my tuberculous patients.

I was also much impressed at that time with the difficulty of obtaining suitable accommodations in the Adirondacks for patients of moderate means. The rich and well-to-do could hire one of the few guides' cottages in Saranac Lake or pay them well for taking them to board, but there was absolutely no place for the working men and women who came here with short purses. It therefore occurred to me that a good piece of work could be done in helping these invalids, for whom my sympathy ever since my brother's death had always been keen, by building a few small cottages where they could be taken at a little less than cost, and where the sanatorium method could be tried.

With my usual enthusiasm about money matters, it seemed to me it would be quite easy during the summer at Paul Smith's for me to induce some of my patients there to subscribe something toward the running of such an Adirondack institution, and, as I decided from the first to give my own work free, I could ask for money to carry out my plan.

About this time Mr. D. W. Riddle came to the Adirondacks for his health, which was most seriously impaired, and became a patient of mine. I talked over with him from time to time my sanitarium project, and from the first he took a great interest, and offered to help in any way in his power. As he was a good business man and had had much experience in building, his help

proved to be most practical and acceptable. He was familiar with the part of the work about which I knew nothing. He recovered his health in a great measure, and for thirty years gave me his efficient help whenever called upon.

This was the beginning of a strong friendship between us which lasted unbroken to the day of his death; a friendship which even now is helpful to me to look back upon on the many occasions when I miss his presence. He brought his family and took up his residence continuously in the Adirondacks, while all my other friends who were trustees only came occasionally, and he was thus ever on hand and available to assist me in any emergency during the early struggles of the Sanitarium, and in meeting the practical problems of finances, building and administration which were constantly coming up. From the very first to the day of his death in June, 1913, he was Treasurer of the Sanitarium, administered its finances, kept its books, and presented the accurate and careful financial reports which I published with the general report each year.

One of the greatest services Mr. Riddle rendered the Sanitarium was to watch over its finances, especially in the early days when the existence of the struggling little institution seemed to everybody most precarious. In the very early days, and later with the assistance of Mrs. Charles R. Armstrong, who gave the institution her most devoted work for many years as Superintendent,

Mr. Riddle so conserved the slender resources of the institution that it was saved from financial wreck: a calamity that I fear would have overtaken it without their painstaking watchfulness.

In after years, when I began to raise an endowment fund, I would often approach Mr. Riddle as to the advisability of taking some of the interest of the fund for some cherished plan or improvement that I had in view; my old friend would always say he would do as I pleased, of course, but that if I took his advice the interest of the endowment fund should be allowed to accumulate if the institution was ever to be established on a firm, financial basis; and this advice, in spite of constant needs for money, I followed for twenty-five years. Today the Sanitarium is reaping the benefit of his good judgment and friendly insistence.

My friend, Mr. George S. Brewster, consented to step into the breach left by Mr. Riddle's death, and to my intense relief became Treasurer, shouldering cheerfully this thankless and not inconsiderable burden of responsibility and work.

In the summer of 1882 I again met Dr. Alfred Loomis at Paul Smith's, and told him it seemed to me too bad, owing to the high prices and the lack of cheap accommodations, that some of the poor sick people in cities could not have the chance of improvement I had had by coming to the Adirondacks. I then unfolded to him my plan of building a few cottages at Saranac Lake, where such an

opportunity could be given these patients at less than cost, and where I could test Brehmer's and Dettweiler's rest, open-air and sanatorium methods as well. He approved at once, and said he would be glad to send me such patients as they applied to him in the city, and that he would examine them free of charge. This he did to the day of his death in 1895, and gave the institution the support of his great name.

I also spoke of my plans to several of my patients and friends, and they took an interest and offered to help me in a general way, but the first subscription I received was from Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes. It was a beautiful September day, and we were sailing back to my camp on Spitfire Lake in his boat, the "Delos". We spoke of the wonderful, bracing character of the air and the beauty of the woods, the mountains and the lakes, and I expressed the wish that some of the poor invalids shut up in cities might have the opportunity for recovery which the climate offered and which had done so much for me. I then told him of my plan to build a little institution at Saranac Lake where such cases could come for less than cost and remain as long as necessary. He seemed much struck with the idea, and told me that if I carried out my plan I could call on him for five hundred dollars at any time. This was the first subscription I received, and from that time I got a little book and solicited subscriptions at every opportunity—and am still doing it. In 1900 Mr. Stokes became

a trustee of the Sanitarium, and served in this capacity until his death in 1913.

Mrs. Stokes always gave the institution her most loyal support and substantial help, and by her efforts in raising funds relieved me for many years of harrassing financial anxieties in meeting the yearly deficit in running expenses. The summer after my conversation with Mr. Stokes in the sail-boat she held an open-air fair at her camp for the benefit of the institution, and established a precedent for an annual fair at Paul Smith's—with the help of Mrs. A. J. Milbank and a band of ladies, all loyal and devoted friends of the Sanitarium—which was held for many years and from which always has been derived the principal support of the growing work. Later, as the necessity for trying to accumulate an endowment fund became more and more manifest to me, I spoke to Mrs. Stokes of this essential need, and she at once undertook to raise money for this fund, and through her influence and her efforts many substantial subscriptions were added to it.

We all began at this time to go to New York for a visit of about two weeks, once or twice each year, usually in the fall and occasionally in the spring also. When I went down that fall I took my little book with me and, putting my pride in my pocket, called while in town on all the people I thought would be likely to help me and asked them for a subscription. Most men would have shrunk from such a disagreeable task, but I was

always keenly interested in everything I undertook and was by temperament an optimist, so I never hesitated. As a matter of fact I had no unpleasant experiences, and a few very pleasant ones. Most people couldn't understand just what I wanted to do, because, they always argued, consumption couldn't be cured; an aggregation of such invalids would be so depressing that no one would stay in such a place, and besides, the region was so inaccessible—forty-two miles from a railroad—and the climate so rough that my plan seemed to them entirely visionary. I think they all thought I meant well, however, for they generally gave me something, even if it were only a small amount; and when they refused they were usually very pleasant about it.

Occasionally I had a surprise. I had been advised to call on Mr. D. Willis James, who had the reputation of being very generous; but as I did not know him and dreaded going, I had put it off. Finally I went. As I walked up the big brown-stone stoop and rang the door-bell I had anticipations of a reception such as must often be accorded to a troublesome book agent. I was shown into a beautiful parlor, and a kindly, middle-aged gentleman came forward with an outstretched hand to meet me. This was Mr. James. I stood up and tried to explain as quickly and clearly as possible who I was, and that I had come to ask for money to build a little hospital for consumptives in the Adirondacks. Mr. James

smiled pleasantly and told me to sit down and tell him all about it. I imagine I did, and when I stopped for want of breath he put on his glasses and asked me to let him see the names on my book. The subscriptions ran from five dollars to five hundred dollars. He took out his pen and wrote down his name for twenty-five hundred dollars! He treated me as if I had done him a favor by giving him the opportunity of subscribing; walked to the front door with me, shook my hand again and wished me all success. I never saw him again, but his generosity and pleasant reception were long a source of encouragement to me.

I walked home on air! It was my first discovery of the pleasure of successfully begging for others. The fact that there are pleasant experiences to be derived from such a usually unpleasant task as begging money, even when for a good cause, was revealed to me for the first time then, and has been often amply confirmed during an experience of thirty years in the same direction.

Some time after my visit to Mr. James I had an even more cheering episode of the same character. It was at a time in the early struggles of the institution, when there was everything to be done and no money to do it with. I wanted land, and water, and sidewalks, and a laundry, and a hundred things that seemed absolutely indispensable, and yet I saw that all we could hope to do was to meet our annual deficit on running expenses that year. I was so discouraged that in driving

down the hill from the Sanitarium with my wife the week before, I had expressed the desire that some one should put a keg of dynamite under the Main Building and blow the whole thing in the air. At that time I was hoping to get a subscription from Mrs. Charles E. Sprague, of Boston, who had shown much interest in my work, and had she given me two hundred dollars I should have been wonderfully pleased. When I received a check from her I rubbed my eyes and looked at it again, for there seemed to be too many ciphers. I suggested that there must be some mistake in the check, but she said there was no mistake. And yet the check was plainly written for twenty thousand dollars! I asked what she wanted me to do with all this money, and she capped the climax to her princely gift by saying, "Do just whatever you please with it." It is not hard to imagine what pleasure I had in doing as she suggested.

The generosity and readiness with which people have given me money has ever been and is even now a matter of wonderment to me. It is no doubt greatly accounted for by the fact that my contact with peoples' lives has generally been in a relation which often enabled me to be of help to the sick ones they loved, and at a time when they themselves were in trouble. The gifts to the Sanitarium have been in a great measure a tribute to their loved ones, and an expression of their desire to help others in their struggle with

illness. I hope also that gratitude from patients with whom I have had intimate contact through the long struggle of chronic and often hopeless illness, and the appreciation of their friends for what I have tried to do to advise and cheer and comfort those they loved, has had a certain influence in the liberal and constant response my appeals for the Sanitarium have always met. The personal element must enter to some extent into such work, for all appeals to the public, no matter where or how well presented, which have been made at different times in print by friends of the institution, have never met with the least response.

The constancy of the Sanitarium's friends in giving has also made a deep impression upon me now that ill health and enforced withdrawal from active life prevent my coming in contact with new people as I formerly did, making new friends and securing new contributors for the Sanitarium. Truly the old friends have been good friends indeed, for almost all the original subscribers of thirty years ago who are still living continue to send their checks each year for the support of the work.

When we returned to Saranac Lake from our New York trip I had collected over three thousand dollars, and kept on steadily adding to my subscription list; so I felt that by the next spring we would be warranted in making a start and in putting up a little building.

XIII

THE first thing to do was to choose the site. Mr. Riddle favored a beautiful plateau of about eighty acres several hundred feet above the river, and now closely built up as a residential district of Saranac Lake. From my fox-hunting experiences I knew how little sheltered this beautiful site was, for it was swept by both the south and west winds—the prevailing winds—and for that reason I never could stand there in winter while hunting. Just beyond this site, and beyond a jutting projection of the hill, was a little level piece of ground, my favorite fox runway, where I had spent many days while hunting with Fitz Hallock, which was always perfectly sheltered from both the south and west winds. Here the mountains, covered with an unbroken forest, rose so abruptly from the river, and the sweep of the valley at their base was so extended and picturesque, that the view had always made a deep impression upon me. Many a beautiful afternoon, for the first four winters after I came to Saranac Lake, I had sat for hours alone while hunting, facing the ever-changing phases of light and shade on the imposing mountain panorama

at my feet, and dreamed the dreams of youth; dreamed of life and death and God, and yearned for a closer contact with the Great Spirit who planned it all, and for light on the hidden meaning of our troublous existence. The grandeur and peace of it had ever brought refreshment to my perplexed spirit.

This spot always has had a wonderful influence on me, and it is not to be wondered at that I decided almost at once to place the first little wooden building of my proposed Sanitarium on it. After thirty years' experience I can say that I have never regretted it, and the view from the Sanitarium has been one of its most valuable assets.

There are two places in the Adirondacks which have ever been constantly and intimately connected with all that has been best to me in life; one, the old fox runway on the side of Pisgah Mountain, now the site of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, and the other the little churchyard near St. John's in the Wilderness at Paul Smith's. One has for over thirty years been associated with the most strenuous struggles and experiences of my working days, and about the other center all the highest aspirations and the most tender memories of my life and of my dear ones gone before.

Mr. Riddle, Mr. Penfold and Mr. Lea, as well as Fitz Hallock, all agreed with my decision, although Fitz expressed to someone the opinion

THE LITTLE RED

that it was too bad to spoil a good fox runway by building a sanitarium on it.

The guides gave me a most pleasant surprise by purchasing sixteen acres of "Preacher Smith's pasture" (the coveted site) and presenting it to me for the purpose I had in view. The land itself had a most unattractive and rugged appearance at the time, as it was covered everywhere with huge boulders and looked more like a pasture for goats than a building site. These boulders, however, though not at all ornamental, turned out to be very useful, as they always furnished on the spot all the stone I wanted for the new buildings put up each year.

The price of land has not been unfavorably influenced by my building the Sanitarium, for my friends the guides paid twenty-five dollars an acre for this choice site, and the last addition to the Sanitarium property was made by a gift of five acres from Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, of Montreal, for which he paid five thousand dollars.

I had no knowledge whatever of what sort of buildings to plan for such a sanitarium, nor was such information to be found in books then. Although at that time tuberculosis was not looked upon as a transmissible disease, consumptives freely occupying the medical wards in general hospitals side by side with all other non-contagious cases, I felt that aggregation should be avoided, and that segregation, such as could be secured by the cottage plan, would be preferable for many rea-

sons. By adopting this plan an abundant supply of air could be secured for the patient, the irritation of constant close contact with many strangers could be avoided, and I knew it would be easier to get some of my patients to give a little cottage which would be their own individual gift, rather than a corresponding sum of money toward the erection of larger buildings.

I decided to begin with one wing of a main building, with a little sitting-room, a dining-room, a kitchen, and accommodations where the administrative department could be housed, and then to build two small cottages and add to the number of these as time passed. When later the transmissibility of tuberculosis by the tubercle bacillus became generally accepted, I had reason to be thankful that I had from the first adopted the cottage plan.

After securing a site and some crude plans for the proposed humble little structure, I put the building business into Mr. Riddle's helpful hands and turned my attention to the matter of securing someone to run the place. I had no more idea about what sort of a staff I needed or could procure with the limited means at my command than I had about the architectural requirements of a sanitarium for the open-air treatment of tuberculosis. I finally waded in, as usual, and hired M. J. Norton, a man who had been a small farmer in the region, and made an agreement with him for a year for his services in doing the outside

work of the place, and for the services of his wife and two daughters, one eighteen and the other fifteen, to take charge of the housekeeping and inside work. He was also to furnish his horse and cart. Of course none of these people had ever heard of a sanitarium, or had the slightest idea of what it was intended to do, except to furnish board and lodging to a few invalids.

The building of a little rough-board barn and a portion of the main building had progressed sufficiently by the middle of the summer of 1884 to enable Mr. Norton to move his family in and live on the place, and late in the fall Dr. Loomis sent up the first two patients—two sisters, both factory girls; one, Alice Hunt, had pulmonary tuberculosis, and the other, Mary Hunt, had had Pott's disease and now showed slight evidences of pulmonary tuberculosis as well. Dr. Loomis had found someone willing to pay their expenses and had sent them up on this account, as nothing would have been done for them at their home, a crowded tenement. They were both in wretched health, poorly clad to stand the Adirondack winter cold, and were nearly dead with fatigue when they reached the Sanitarium after a forty-two mile drive from Ausable Forks. Mrs. Norton and her daughters took them right into the family circle, my wife got some warm clothes for them, and I examined them and advised them as to what to do, and encouraged them to the best of my ability.

At that time only the foundations and frame of the first little cottage had been built, and the cottage was not completed and occupied until February 1, 1885. In looking at it now it seems rather curious why it should have been delayed so long, for it certainly was a most modest undertaking; but with neither men nor money available, I imagine Mr. Riddle did all that could be done under the circumstances. This first cottage consisted of one room, fourteen by eighteen, and a little porch so small that only one patient could sit out at a time, and with difficulty. It was furnished with a wood stove, two cot-beds, a washstand, two chairs and a kerosene lamp, and cost, as I remember, about four hundred dollars when completed. The money was obtained by Mr. C. M. Lea from a Mrs. Jenks, a lady in Philadelphia.

This humble little building has become somewhat historical now, and has always been known at the Sanitarium as "The Little Red." Humble as it undoubtedly is, it was nevertheless the pioneer cottage in the development of the sanatorium treatment in America, and has stood for a great principle of treatment which will long survive the little building. At present it is kept in repair as a relic, and used as a little museum for other relics connected with the history of the institution.

"Memory and mental imagery" are certainly a wonderful piece of human mechanism, for now,

looking back over the long span of thirty years, I can distinctly see the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium in all its incongruous details, in the midst of its beautiful natural environment of mountains and unbroken forest. The grounds were a rough hillside covered with scant grass, through which everywhere jutted boulders of varying sizes, a few rising four or five feet above the ground. Not a sidewalk, not a path anywhere! The buildings, a small rough-board and shingle barn, one unpainted wing of the main building without any porch, and one small unpainted cottage! The patients, two frail, ill-clad factory girls! The staff, a farmer, his wife and two daughters—all this humble agglomeration situated in an unbroken forest forty-two miles from the nearest railroad! Truly, I must have been an optimist by nature, and the joy of life and youth must have run in my veins then, for I was not in the least discouraged as I viewed my old fox runway, now ruined for hunting purposes. I don't know what Fitz Hallock thought of it, but I am quite sure that under the circumstances he hardly shared my enthusiasm.

Last year I was standing with Dr. Hermann M. Biggs on the porch of the Medical Building, when he made a remark to me which I have treasured ever since:

"Doctor, I think it is the most beautiful institution of its kind I have ever seen!" I am glad Dr. Biggs did not see it thirty years ago.

The mountains now look down on a different scene. The old boulders and the rough pasture have disappeared, and macadamized roads, sloping grass lawns, flower beds and ornamental shrubs have taken their place. The Sanitarium has grown to be a picturesque little village. It comprises thirty-six buildings scattered over the entire hillside between the north and south gates, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The patients' cottages are grouped about the large Administration Building, and other cottages for the heads of departments are clustered together at the south entrance, near which are the stables, barns, and the big fire-proof laundry. In addition to the patients' cottages, there are many other buildings which represent various activities: a nurses' home for the Training School, an infirmary for bed-ridden patients, a post office, a colonial brick and marble library building, a reception and medical building with offices, laboratory and X-ray department, a recreation pavilion for amusements and entertainments, a workshop building where the patients are taught fancy leather work, bookbinding, brass work and frame-making as a recreation and as graded exercise, and a beautiful stone chapel.

I think by this time Fitz Hallock is fully appreciative of the development the institution has attained, and now that neither of us can hunt foxes any more, and all the foxes on the hill have been poisoned, he is quite reconciled to the spoiling of the fox runway.

XIV

A FEW more invalids were beginning to come to the Adirondacks, and while at work in starting the Sanitarium I had been practising more, and had read everything I could find about tuberculosis. In 1882 Koch published in Germany his epoch-making paper on "The Etiology of Tuberculosis," and I read in my medical journals one or two abstracts of the long and painstaking experimental work which had led him to the startling conclusion that a specific germ, the "tubercle bacillus," was the cause of this wide-spread disease. There was every reason why this announcement of Koch's should make a deep impression on me. I was already familiar with Tyndall's and Pasteur's work on the origin of life, and Pasteur had only recently asserted, as a result of his observations, not only that all life came from preëxisting life, but that putrefaction was caused by living germs, which could be cultivated and studied at will. Lister had applied Pasteur's discovery as to putrefaction to surgery, and the results were a startling demonstration of the truth of his conclusions. Lister found that if wounds could be kept free from contamination by germs by the

use of carbolic acid they would heal without any suppuration. I also had read a statement of Pasteur's belief that all infectious diseases came from living germs, and of his work and Koch's on anthrax, a disease of sheep, in which Koch had demonstrated the germ of the disease and cultivated it outside of the body.

This time in medicine was the dawn of the achievements of the new experimental method—a method which was casting so much light on dark places—and the glamor of its possibilities in the prevention and cure of disease took a strong hold on my imagination. If I could learn to grow the tubercle bacillus outside of the body and produce tuberculosis at will with it in guinea-pigs, the next step would be to find something that would kill the germ in the living animal. If an inoculated guinea-pig could be cured, then in all probability this great burden of sickness could be lifted from the human race. Even if this proved impossible, much could be learned as to the best method of preventing the disease, and every fact that could be acquired about this invisible little microbe must prove of immense importance to mankind.

I confided all this to my friend, Mr. Lea, and sorrowfully told him as I could not read German there would be no use of my trying to obtain Koch's paper. He promised to find out from the doctors in Philadelphia what they thought about it—but alas, the physicians in this country

for many years remained calmly indifferent to Koch's discovery, or ridiculed it. When I talked to Dr. Loomis about it he merely said, he "didn't believe much in 'germs'." For several years he persisted in his unbelief, and when I showed him my animals which had died of inoculation with my cultures, he would laugh and say it was a cold night which probably killed them. Finally, however, he became convinced, and when a new edition of his *Practice of Medicine* was printed in which he accepted Koch's theory, he sent me a copy, on the inside cover of which he had written, "Read the article on Tuberculosis. I hope you are satisfied now!"

Though Mr. Lea found the physicians apathetic, he was such a good friend that he gave me one of the pleasantest surprises I ever had in my life. He had a very full translation of Dr. Koch's famous paper made in English for me and presented it to me at Christmas. Surely I never had a Christmas present that meant more to me than that big hand-written copy-book! I read every word of it over and over again.

Koch's paper on "The Etiology of Tuberculosis" is certainly one of the most, if not the most, important medical papers ever written, and a model of logic in the application of the new experimental method to the study of disease. Every step was proved over and over again before the next step was taken, and the ingenuity of the new methods of staining, separating and growing the germs

read like a fairy-tale to me. It took Koch three years to work out and verify his deductions before he published a word, but every word of his paper stands today as it did when he wrote it, and the thirty-odd years that followed have added comparatively little to his great achievement.

I became strongly convinced of the soundness of his deductions and the far-reaching importance of his discovery, and intensely anxious to test his experimental results. But I knew nothing of bacteriology; had never heard the name before. I lived in a remote region which made access to books, scientific apparatus, or other physicians impossible. I had my microscope, however, and I decided the next time I went to New York to devote all my efforts to learning how to stain and recognize the tubercle bacillus under the microscope. I could then test Koch's conclusions as to the presence of the germ in the patients' secretions, and could plan to learn how to cultivate it outside of the body as time passed; but the first thing to do was to learn to find and recognize the germ.

I was so intent on this plan that during my entire visit to New York my time was given to its accomplishment. I consulted all my physician friends as to who could teach me what I wanted to learn, but none of them knew or took any interest. I heard that Dr. George Peabody, whom I knew, was acquainted with a physician who had worked in Koch's laboratory, and when I called

on him he gave me his card and told me to go to see Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, who then taught pathology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The college was still located at the old stand on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, and as I went up the steps many joyous memories of my student days came crowding back to me. In those days there had been no laboratory at the college, but since then pathology had grown in importance as a study, and the trustees had somehow secured a large, dark room, with a high ceiling, next to the drug-store and ice-cream saloon. This place had been in use as a laboratory for some time, and a more gloomy, ill-smelling place can hardly be imagined. Dingy, dust-covered windows let in a little feeble light, but there was no provision for any kind of ventilation. Every kind of pathological specimen, representing every deadly disease humanity is heir to, was constantly brought to this place, and after having been examined was not always thoroughly removed. Students came to make microscopic sections and study them under Dr. Prudden's direction at a long, low table, where a few microscopes were kept.

The most curious arrangement was the sanctum of the Professor. It was reached by climbing up a pair of steps as steep as any ladder, and was a small room perched in the air and partitioned off at a height of twelve feet or more from the laboratory. No doubt in desperation Dr. Prudden had

adopted this ingenious method of obtaining a little privacy for the serious pathological studies he was constantly carrying on and which have made his name famous, but it certainly was a queer outfit. It must be remembered, however, that the scientific side of medicine and the experimental method had not then won the all-important place they now occupy, and the pioneers had of necessity to put up with what facilities they could secure from a conservative Board of Trustees who no doubt thought a laboratory an unnecessary and uncalled-for innovation.

With my card of introduction from Dr. Peabody in my hand, I climbed the ladder and for the first time met Dr. Prudden, who has ever since been a good and most helpful friend to me. Though his striking personality made a most favorable impression on me, I must say he was rather short with me. He no doubt was constantly annoyed by all sorts of applications. Yes, I could come to the laboratory and he would teach me how to stain the tubercle bacillus; I could have one of the microscopes when the class didn't use them; he would ask Dr. Hodenpyl to show me how to make the stains: and that was all. I was bowed down through the trapdoor in the floor, and disappeared down the ladder to the main laboratory.

I got a microscope and a place at the long table. I was given a specimen said to contain the tubercle bacillus, and Dr. Hodenpyl showed me

where the stains were and wrote some simple directions for each step to be taken. Then naturally enough I was left to my own devices, as Dr. Prudden was constantly too busy to do more than ask me at long intervals how I was getting along. I had never done section staining or any similar work, and I certainly was a tyro at it. During the first three days I worked unremittingly, and stained my fingers, my clothes, even my shoes; and if I stained the bacillus I decolorized the specimen either too much or too little, so that the germ remained invisible under the microscope. Several times I became discouraged, and had it not been for a certain amount of natural persistence, and Dr. Hodenpyl's keen sense of humor in criticising and laughing at my failures, I should have fled from the laboratory and never returned.

At first Dr. Prudden took little notice of me, and I hardly dared climb the ladder and disturb him in his elevated sanctum; but after several days had passed and he still saw me at my microscope he asked me to show him my slides, and, no doubt won by my persistence, he sat down beside me and pointed out to me where my mistakes had been. At last I succeeded, and remained that day until late, repeating my attempts on different specimens until I was quite sure I could bring out the bacillus on the slides. Like the pilot who when asked if he knew the harbor, said to the captain he certainly did, for he had been on every

rock, my knowledge had not been acquired easily, but I knew thoroughly what to avoid doing to insure success; and now I could return to Saranac Lake, study some of my doubtful cases by this test, and begin to repeat Koch's work in growing and inoculating the germ.

I thanked Dr. Prudden and departed. The next time I saw him he was established in his spacious laboratory in the new College of Physicians and Surgeons building on Fifty-ninth Street, and the old Twenty-third Street laboratory and the Professor's sky sanctum were but grotesque memories of the past—now forgotten mile-stones in the onward progress of scientific medicine. Dr. Prudden's new quarters seemed to me palatial, and so cordial was the welcome he and his assistants, among whom was my good friend Dr. Hodenpyl, always gave me that in years to come, on every visit I made to New York, many hours of my vacation were spent there. On these occasions Dr. Prudden taught me the principles of bacteriology, and in after years ever gave me his friendly interest, help and advice in my work.

Dr. Prudden and his associates always seemed glad to see me, but it was not till misfortune overtook me that I was made to realize the depth and sincerity of their feelings toward me. In December, 1893, when my house and little laboratory were burned to the ground, I was lying very ill in a New York hotel. My house and laboratory had gone and the outlook for getting over

my violent illness was, I knew, rather hopeless. As I lay sick and discouraged one evening, and my wife was trying to help me pass the weary hours of misery by reading to me, there was a knock at the door and to my surprise Dr. Hodenpyl's tall form, carrying a large mahogany box in one hand, approached my bed. He looked much embarrassed, as he always did when doing someone a good turn, and tried to explain the object of his visit in as deprecatory language as possible. "The boys" at the laboratory had heard of the burning of my house; they knew from Dr. Baldwin my microscope was gone, and that the first thing I should need would be a microscope; so they all "chipped in" and here was the microscope! I opened the case with trembling hands, took out a fine instrument of the best type fitted with all necessary objectives and adjuncts complete, and in the box the following note from Dr. Prudden which I have treasured, as I have the microscope, ever since:

"My dear Doctor Trudeau:

"We men at the laboratory want to make you a Christmas present, and we are so eager in wanting to that we cannot wait till the proper time.

"I don't think we have decided whether we want to do this most because we appreciate the good work you are always doing, in our line and others, or because you have had more pluck than anybody we know, or because you have been so

often helpful to us and made us always glad to have you here, or because—well, the fact is, old fellow, we like you and want you to know it and so here we are in a row, bowing our early Christmas greeting."

I was overcome, and unable to write my thanks or express what was in my heart, and Dr. Hodenpyl to a certain extent, I think, shared my embarrassment. After a few encouraging remarks about my coming to the laboratory soon and trying the new microscope, he bowed himself out of the door with the utmost alacrity.

Dr. Hodenpyl, through much overwork and confinement, broke down in health at one time and had to give up work. He came at once to Saranac Lake, and a six months' stay so restored him that he was able to resume his old position at the college, continuing in good health for many years. In 1909 he was engaged in cancer research work, when he made some observations which raised strong hopes even in his ever-judicious and critical mind. He had succeeded in obtaining striking results in the absorption of cancerous tumors in mice, and his new method promised to do the same for human beings. As he began to see evidences of success in sight he threw himself with all the devotion of his earnest nature and clear intellect into this absorbing work, and his friends who watched him began to fear he would break down under the strain. Their

premonitions proved only too well founded. Early in 1910 he suddenly developed an acute septic pneumonia and died in a few days, a victim to his unremitting zeal and devotion to science. When he died I lost one of my best friends.

The following summer I put my newly acquired knowledge about the bacillus to practical use, and I think the demonstration of the value of the bacillus in the diagnosis of tuberculosis must have appealed most forcibly to such a clinician as Dr. Loomis, and hastened his long-deferred acceptance of Koch's discovery. I remember the first instance of this kind which occurred at Paul Smith's in the summer of 1885. A young college student had come there while on his vacation to consult Dr. Loomis for a slight but persistent cough and some loss of weight and strength. Dr. Loomis was away in camp, and somehow the young man asked me to prescribe for his cough. On examination of the chest I could find nothing positive, but I was so keen about my newly acquired knowledge in staining the tubercle bacillus that I subjected every patient who coughed to this test. To my astonishment I found the germ present in the expectoration, and told the patient he had tuberculosis and should not return to college in the fall, but go West and lead an outdoor life for a time. Naturally his family was much alarmed, for he was a big, strong man and they had had no idea there would be anything serious the matter with him. He awaited Dr.

Loomis's return at Paul Smith's in order to get his opinion. Dr. Loomis, who of course attached no special importance to the presence of the bacillus, examined him thoroughly. He could find nothing definite the matter with his lungs, and said he could see no reason why the young man should not continue his college course, and so he went back to Harvard. Four months later one of my patients at Saranac Lake told me he had just heard that this young man had had a serious hemorrhage in the class-room, and been sent at once to Colorado.

It is curious how slow physicians were in this country to accept Koch's discovery or realize its practical value in the detection of the disease.

As late as in 1890, a young Columbia College rowing man came to Paul Smith's for a troublesome cough he could not throw off, and I detected the bacillus on the first examination and told him he had tuberculosis. He smiled and said I must be mistaken, for he had rowed a good race on the crew that spring, and had just been insured by two of the best insurance companies in New York for a large sum. I made another examination, found the germ and reiterated my opinion. This brought a letter from one of the insurance companies asking me on what I based my diagnosis. I answered that the symptoms were very suspicious, but that the presence of the bacillus, to my mind, was irrefutable evidence of the presence of a tuberculous process as their cause. An

interval followed, then a very nice note came from the insurance company asking me whether, if they sent up one of their doctors, I would show him my method of detecting the bacillus and making such a diagnosis. The doctor arrived: I showed him how to find the bacillus and he departed the next day. Within a couple of days I received a nice note of thanks from the insurance company and a check for one hundred dollars. The patient died several years later of tuberculosis.

I had many opportunities to convince the unbelieving. Dr. D'Avignon had practised medicine and surgery many years at Ausable Forks, and was called upon in consultation and to operate all over the mountains. He was a shrewd, resourceful and skilful surgeon, and thoroughly interested in his profession. On one of his visits to Saranac Lake he called on me and found me in the little laboratory. He asked me about "the germs," in which he had as yet little faith; but he said, "Will you take the trouble to convince me?" I asked him what test he required, and he said, "I will send you five numbered samples, and if you can tell me which ones came from tuberculosis cases and which ones did not, I will believe it all." I agreed, and he left, evidently thinking he had me cornered.

The samples came, with only a number on each one, and I reported on them at once. Three contained bacilli and I wrote him the result and gave him the numbers. A more convinced and enthu-

siastic man than he was when he made his next visit I never saw. He had lost his contempt for "germs," and the little ironical smile he wore on his last visit as he looked at my culture tubes had disappeared. After that when he had doubtful cases he often sent me the samples for examination, and the results left his new faith unshaken.

We had been at Mrs. Evans's cottage since 1876, and had boarded with her for seven years when I decided that, as it began to look as though we might have to live in Saranac Lake for some time, I would build a small cottage and we could have a home of our own. Mr. Lea had just put up a most comfortable house for his wife and daughter, and I bought an acre of ground near the Episcopal Church and opposite Mr. Lea's house. During the summer I built a little Queen Anne cottage and a small stable, and we moved in the fall of 1883. Our children, Chatte and Ned, were growing, and we had to have a governess or a tutor to teach them, and all this made a home of our own much more satisfactory.

When I returned from New York with my newly acquired knowledge as to how to detect the tubercle bacillus, I began at once to equip my small office in the Queen Anne cottage—a room twelve by eight feet, having two small closets at one end—with what simple apparatus I could devise and procure. In this little room I at first kept my microscope and stains and made my numerous examinations of the secretions of

patients, inoculated my guinea-pigs, and began my attempts at making blood-serum tubes. My little home-made thermostat was placed in one of the small closets, and it was there that I first obtained a pure culture of the tubercle bacillus.

These quarters were so cramped, however, that I soon built a little addition off my office, and this became the laboratory in which I worked until the house was destroyed in 1893 by fire originating from my little thermostat. As I knew nothing about the architectural requirements of a sanatorium, so I knew nothing about the requirements of a laboratory; but had the simple apparatus, which consisted of a dry sterilizer and a ridiculous little thermostat, made in the village, and the glassware came from New York.

As I can remember today just how the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium looked when it first began its humble career, I can see equally clearly the room opening from my little office, which was really the beginning of the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis. One side of this room was occupied by a long, high, stationary shelf-table set against the wall under three little half-windows, with shelves underneath the table for glassware, a dry and a steam sterilizer, an oil stove, etc. A little home-made thermostat, heated by a minute kerosene lamp, without any regulating apparatus, stood on a bracket-shelf next to a sink for washing glassware. This sink was as

primitive as the thermostat, as there was no running water in Saranac Lake in those days. At one end on a broad shelf stood a big pail with a dipper and this supplied the water (there was of course no hot water), and the waste from the sink was carried off by a leaden pipe which led to a big pail on the floor, this pail being emptied out of doors when danger of its overflow made this imperatively necessary. At the other window was a small table with my microscope on it, some bottles of stains, and slides in boxes. By the side of this stood a shelf of books, on top of which was always Mr. Lea's precious translation of Koch's paper, to which the Saranac Laboratory has owed its existence.

The "Professor's" equipment was as meagre as that of the laboratory, and consisted only of what he had learned from Koch's paper and the laboriously won knowledge he had just acquired from Dr. Prudden as to staining the tubercle bacillus. As I have said before, I must have been an optimist, for I was much pleased with my little laboratory, and could see nothing but great achievements ahead.

With this humble outfit I began with much enthusiasm, in my imagination, the conquest of the tubercle bacillus, and if I have never come "within sight of the castles of my dreams," I at least have made some progress along the road leading to them and started others in the same direction, for I was, as far as I can ascertain, the first in this country to cultivate the tubercle

bacillus and confirm Koch's brilliant discovery. From the ashes of the little room has sprung the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis, where for twenty years the work of my associates has steadily advanced our scientific knowledge of tuberculosis, and will, I hope, continue to do so for many years to come.

Even in procuring such simple apparatus as I needed I met with many difficulties. The first question to be solved was to get a thermostat in which the high temperature needed for the growth of the germs could be constantly maintained. I had seen only one thermostat for growing bacteria, and that was in Dr. Prudden's new laboratory. This was an imported instrument and had a self-regulating apparatus—a column of mercury turning the gas on or cutting it off, as the heat fell or rose beyond the required temperature. In Saranac Lake in those days, not only had we no gas to heat the thermostat, but we had no coal to keep up the temperature of the room. At night the fire in the wood stove would go out, and on very cold nights everything in the room would freeze hard. I had the tinsmith at the hardware store send for some sheets of copper and make a thermostat, which consisted merely of a small copper box about eight inches square inside of a larger copper box, the space between the two being filled with water heated from beneath by a minute kerosene lamp. A tube allowed a large thermometer to be placed in the inner box, and its readings

to be taken outside as it emerged through a perforated cork at the top of the apparatus.

I soon found this answered fairly well in the daytime, when the temperature of the room varied little, but at night when the fire in the wood stove went out the violent loss of heat in the room soon caused a corresponding fall in the little apparatus. To obviate this I put the thermostat in three or four wooden boxes, each a little larger than the other, and packed the space between these with wool and sawdust. These boxes all had doors, and by opening and shutting these, according to the temperature outside of the house, I could maintain a fairly regular heat in the inner thermostat. On cold nights when the thermometer was below zero I would close all the doors, or leave one or two open, according to the outside temperature. After some practise I grew quite expert in keeping my thermostat near the right heat, and indeed, it was with this little home-made apparatus that I first succeeded in growing the germ in pure cultures outside of the body.

Later I bought in New York a more pretentious, imported instrument, one which was heated by kerosene, and had a rubber diaphragm which bulged more or less as the imprisoned water in the thermostat grew hotter or colder. By operating through a set of levers these variations pushed a brass roller back and forth over the long flame of the kerosene lamp, increasing or decreasing the burning surface and the heat automatically.

I mention this, because it was this ingenious apparatus which went wrong one night some years later, the flame jumped behind the roller, and then grew bigger and hotter until it set fire to the wooden shelf, and at three o'clock one morning burned my house and laboratory to the ground.

In 1884 Mr. George Cooper was sent by Dr. Loomis to Saranac Lake and became a patient of mine. Mr. Cooper and his three sisters belonged to the old New York family of that name, were charming people, and a great addition to our colony. A strong friendship developed between us very soon. He was quite ill when he came and his sisters were perfectly devoted to him, so they cheerfully gave up their beautiful town house on Twenty-first Street, and at first boarded at a nice cottage next to Mrs. Evans's, and afterwards hired the best house they could procure and kept house. In the spring and fall they would return home, but the summers were spent in their camp at Paul Smith's and the winters in Saranac Lake, They took a deep interest in all my work, and were ever ready to help me with generous subscriptions for any object which appealed to them. Mr. Cooper took a great interest in the Sanitarium and in my little laboratory room.

XV

WHILE I was starting my little laboratory and doing experiments all through the late eighties, the Sanitarium was making little progress in its struggle for existence, but nevertheless was growing. The Main Building had been finished and enlarged, and in 1886–1887 two cottages were built; a double one, given by Miss Ella Reed and Miss Folger, and a single one—that is, a cottage for two patients—by Miss Caroline Stokes. In 1887–1888 two other cottages, each for four patients, were given, one by Mr. C. M. Lea and the other by Mr. George Cooper.

I was having many difficulties to contend with. My first serious one was that I had no water supply, and in 1886 Mr. Cooper bought sixteen acres of land on which was a fine spring, and gave the land to the Sanitarium. This answered for drinking water, but as there was no coal and we had no running water, the drainage problem was a constant source of annoyance to me and complaint from the patients. Things did not go well, and I was much discouraged. No one seemed interested in the struggling little institution but my immediate friends, and I fancied they showed

interest only to encourage me. I had no definite idea just what to do and very little money with which to do anything. I could not afford a doctor at the institution, and had to do the medical work myself, driving in summer fourteen miles from Paul Smith's and fourteen miles back at each visit. I had no nurse nor anyone to direct the patients and encourage them. When they were taken acutely ill with complications I had no infirmary to send them to, and no one to carry their meals and nurse them in their cottages. I used to hire lumbermen and guides to care for the bed-ridden men patients, and any old woman I could get to look after the women, and these were very expensive and not very efficient help. In cases of severe hemorrhage these improvised nurses would become panic-stricken and escape from the sick-room, and often no amount of eloquence on my part would induce them to return. On the rare occasions when anybody died I had to come over and take charge of the situation in person, as the entire establishment was thrown into such a panic that I feared they would all desert in a body. The usual complaints about the food were a chronic annoyance, and difficulties about employees were constant. These were dark days; days when I longed for dynamite or an earthquake as the shortest way out of all my troubles! I had to go on, however, and a good hunt would make me forget all my troubles for a time.

Mr. Norton and his family were in charge of

the Sanitarium until the fall of 1888, when they retired to a little home near Saranac Lake and Mrs. Julia A. Miller became Superintendent. The institution was growing less like a big family, and Mrs. Miller had run one of the most successful boarding houses for invalids in town, so that she was well fitted for her duties. She turned out to be a great comfort and most reliable and efficient during those trying years of the Sanitarium's existence. She resigned in 1903, and died at her home in Saranac Lake in June, 1913.

I had another and unexpected helper at this time—Mr. Frank Ingersoll, a medical student. Though very ill, he at once took in the situation and filled a big place at the Sanitarium. The patients looked upon him as a doctor, and no one could have taken a more devoted or unselfish interest in everything connected with the institution. He taught me the first great lesson I learned in the conquest of Fate by acquiescence. Alone in the world, among strangers, poor, stricken with what he knew to be a fatal disease, in constant physical weakness and suffering, he never complained, and forgot himself in helping others. Always cheerful, always helpful, he worked uncomplainingly until his sudden death from hemorrhage. His example taught me a great lesson, and was a great stimulus to me at this discouraging time. If he was not discouraged, why should I be? I shall ever cherish his memory. I only wish he could see the Sanitarium now; but

he has had a full share in whatever it has accomplished and in what it has grown to be.

Many years later—about 1901—while Dr. Lawrason Brown was resident physician at the Sanitarium, another invalid served the institution with much the same spirit as Ingersoll. Ernest Pope, an educated Englishman and an expert statistician, was a very sick man when we decided to take him and let him earn his board at the Sanitarium by helping Dr. Brown with his statistical work of the cases. He asked for nothing but his board and some tobacco for his pipe, and we gave him at his request a little tent-shack to live in. A happier, cheerier and more contented individual would have been hard to find. Poor, alone, stricken with mortal disease, he labored cheerily and helpfully to all about him for several years, when the end came suddenly. He was another excellent example of the conquest of Fate by acquiescence.

With Mrs. Miller and Ingersoll at the Sanitarium things began to look up and run more smoothly. I was doing more practice all the time and able to interest more people, and get some of my patients and friends to give us cottages from time to time.

In 1888 the first fair was held at Saranac Inn for the Sanitarium, and, thanks to the continued interest and devotion of many friends at the Inn, where Mr. Riddle brought the needs of the institution to the attention of the generously inclined

guests, fairs have been held there regularly. When for any reason this has been impossible, a substantial amount has always been raised from tableaux, entertainments, or subscriptions.

The Sanitarium never has had any organized board of lady managers, any regular subscription list, or any auxiliaries pledged to raise money for it. For twenty-five years the two fairs at Paul Smith's and Saranac Inn were the main sources of support for the work of the institution, in addition to what I could raise by personal appeal.

As more money began to come in much progress was made from 1888 to 1890. Mrs. John W. Minturn, Mr. George Dodge and Mr. Nathan Straus each gave a new cottage, and a Free Bed Fund and an Endowment Fund were started.

The charge for board has always been the same for everybody. It was five dollars a week in 1885 and, owing to the increasing cost of living, the more exacting requirements demanded by the development of the methods of treatment, as well as the improvement in accommodations given each patient, it rose gradually to the present rate of eight dollars a week. The deficit per week on each patient increased also, and rose gradually from two dollars a week in the earlier days to between three dollars and a half to four dollars a week at the present time. This has given a deficit of from $12,000 to $29,000 each year to be met out of contributions to the General Fund.

I found, however, that in many instances, in spite of the low price charged for board, some of the patients would become stranded financially before they left the institution. To meet this difficulty in specially urgent cases, I started in 1888 a Free Bed Fund, which I could draw on to meet for a short time the expenses of the stranded patients, and raised six hundred and forty dollars for the purpose that year. This was the beginning of the Free Bed Fund, which for twenty-five years has helped so many who otherwise could not have had the advantages of a stay at the Sanitarium. Mr. Charles M. Lea has been Treasurer of the fund ever since it originated; he, his mother and his sister have taken a special interest in its work and contributed freely each year to its support.

Mr. Riddle's conservative influence induced me also to start an Endowment Fund at this time. I secured one thousand and ninety dollars in cash for this purpose. This was the beginning of the Endowment Fund.

As it began to grow larger I tried to get someone to take the thankless position of Treasurer of this Endowment Fund, but I could find no one. Finally I went to Mr. Harriman and asked him to help me. He said he would go around with me to see Mr. Stephen Baker, at the Bank of the Manhattan Company, and I could ask him myself. Mr. Baker was interested, but said he really had more on hand than he could attend to and I must

excuse him. I told him I only wanted to get an endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars, and when that amount was reached he could turn it over to someone else, and finally he consented. He has administered the Endowment Fund now for about twenty years, and under his skilful management it has grown, in a great measure by accretion, to more than ten times the amount I at first aimed to reach. Mr. Baker seems undismayed by his increased burden, which he bears as cheerfully and efficiently as he does his share as trustee in the management of the affairs of the Sanitarium.

XVI

IN the fall of 1885, as soon as I had equipped my little laboratory-room, I began to work. At first my knowledge was limited to the detection of the tubercle bacillus in the secretions of patients, and my observations to verifying Koch's claim that this bacillus was the cause of the disease and was always found when tuberculosis was present. I made examinations of all my cases, and as a result found only one patient in whom, while the symptoms of consumption of the lungs were present, I could never detect the bacillus. I made a study of this case and proved that it could not be tuberculosis, as the expectoration would not kill animals, while expectorated matter which contained tubercle bacilli always produced generalized tuberculosis in the guinea-pigs. I published this study under the title of "An Experimental Research upon the Infectiousness of Non-bacillary Phthisis," in *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for October, 1885, and this was my first publication from my little laboratory room. I am afraid I have been guilty of many others since!

The thing I craved to do, however, was to suc-

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ceed in cultivating the tubercle bacillus outside of the body and then produce the disease with it in animals. It was the early winter of 1885 when I attacked this problem with great earnestness. I had learned from Dr. Prudden how to make artificial media—beef gelatin, beef agar and other media—but the first growth of the tubercle bacillus direct from animal tissue I knew could be obtained only on solidified blood serum, and then with difficulty. I bought a small sheep for three dollars and a half, and from the sacrifice of this animal I procured the required amount of blood, which, thanks to the pure air and the snow on the ground, remained tolerably free from contamination and was transferred at once to the ice-box to coagulate. I am afraid my associates at the laboratory today would hardly consider the technique I then employed up to date, but after many accidents I succeeded in getting some fair slants of blood serum in tubes.

I made plants on this blood serum from a tuberculous gland removed from one of my inoculated guinea-pigs, and put all the tubes in my home-made thermostat. For the next two weeks I watched the temperature of my absurd little oven with jealous care, and I remember one very cold night getting up in the night and going down stairs to look at the temperature. Many of the tubes turned out at once to be contaminated, and a variety of growths appeared on them; but after ten days I still had four tubes free from

contamination and these looked much as when I first put them in the incubator. On the eighteenth day I thought I detected a little growth in the corner of one of these. With every precaution against contamination, with my platinum spade I removed a little of the suspected growth and rubbed it on a couple of clean slides, dried it and stained it. My first intimation of success was when one or two large masses on the slide refused to decolorize when treated with the acid. I washed the slide, put it under the microscope, and to my intense joy I saw nothing but well-stained culture masses and a few detached tubercle bacilli. I at once planted some fresh tubes from the one I had examined, and I knew now I had pure cultures to work with. This little scum on the serum was consumption in a tangible form. With it I could inoculate animals and try experiments to destroy the germ.

The world has been trying to do for thirty years what I had in view at that time, and is still as far from success as I was then; but to me the future was full of promise. As soon as I had made some subcultures I sent a tube off to Dr. Prudden, as I knew he would be glad to show the students this recently discovered germ which kills one in seven of the human race. I also later sent a tube to Dr. William H. Welch at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, as he had always befriended me and helped me with his advice, and I continued to send them to both

these laboratories whenever they applied for them.

As soon as I had pure cultures I began to inoculate rabbits and guinea-pigs, and started some experiments to try to kill the germ in their tissues by the injection of various germicides, such as creosote, carbolic acid, and other substances known to destroy germs. These experiments of mine all failed, and I found, as I expressed it to the students one day at the College, that "the tubercle bacillus bore cheerfully a degree of medication which proved fatal to its host!"

One of my great problems was to keep my guinea-pigs alive in winter. The rabbits stand the cold very well, but the guinea-pigs require constantly a warm place to live in. As we had no coal, and in winter it froze in every house in Saranac Lake when the mercury fell below zero at night, it became evident I should have to keep my guinea-pigs, as I did my potatoes, below ground. I had a big hole dug in my yard, and its imprint is still visible near where the Saranac Laboratory now stands. I put a kerosene lamp in this little cellar to heat it, and kept my guinea-pigs in boxes on wooden shelves in this place. This, though most inconvenient when the animals had to be handled or treated, turned out to answer fairly well. The rabbits I kept in warm hutches outside.

As I was busy all this time working out the application of the new method of treatment in

pulmonary tuberculosis on patients at the Sanitarium, I naturally began to wonder, if tuberculosis was a germ disease and the germs had already gained access to the body, how a change of climate, rest, fresh air and food could influence the disease. In seeking an experimental answer to this question I decided on the following experiment:

Lot 1, of five rabbits, were inoculated with pure cultures and put under the best surroundings of light, food and air attainable.

Lot 2, of five rabbits, inoculated at the same time and in the same way, were put under the worst conditions of environment I could devise: and

Lot 3, of five rabbits, were put under similar bad conditions without being inoculated.

Lot 1, I turned loose on a little island in front of my camp at Paul Smith's, where they ran wild all summer in the fresh air and sunshine, and were provided with abundant food. Lot 2 and Lot 3 were put in a dark, damp place where the air was bad, confined in a small box and fed insufficiently. The results showed that of the rabbits allowed to run wild under good conditions, all, with one exception, recovered. Of Lot 2, the same as Lot 1, but put in unfavorable surroundings, four rabbits died within three months and the organs showed extensive tuberculosis. Lot 3, uninoculated animals, were then killed and, though emaciated, they showed no tuberculous disease.

This showed me conclusively that bad sur-

roundings of themselves could not produce tuberculosis, and that when once the germs had gained access to the body the course of the disease was greatly influenced by a favorable or an unfavorable environment. The essence of sanitorium treatment was a favorable environment so far as climate, fresh air, food, and the regulation of the patient's habits were concerned, and I felt greatly encouraged as to the soundness of the method of treatment the Sanitarium represented, even though it did not aim directly at the destruction of the germ.

As we look back thirty years it is curious to see how the many widely heralded specific methods aimed at the destruction of the germ in the tissues have proved futile and are now forgotten, and how the simple principles of treatment represented by the first little Sanitarium cottage have survived, have saved and prolonged many lives, and are constantly being applied more and more extensively and intelligently all over the world.

Dr. Alfred Loomis had always been very friendly to me and had always taken an interest in my work, both at the Sanitarium and in my little laboratory. I had a new proof of this when he wrote me in the fall of 1886 that he had presented my name for membership in two societies—the American Climatological Association and the Association of American Physicians; that I had been elected to both, and that he wanted me to write a paper for the Climatological Association which met in

Baltimore the following May (1887). I had never belonged to any medical society or attended medical meetings, but I was much pleased at Dr. Loomis's interest and decided to write a short paper for the Climatological Association, describing the influence of extremes of environment on my inoculated rabbits. In the winter I wrote the paper, which was entitled, "Environment in its Relation to the Progress of Bacterial Invasion in Tuberculosis," and we went to town in May so that I might be present at the meeting of the Climatological Association.

I left my wife and children in New York and went down on the afternoon train to Baltimore with Dr. Loomis. It was the beginning of June, and terribly hot when we reached Baltimore that evening. I hardly slept at all that night. I don't think this was entirely due to the heat, however, as I was beginning to dread the idea of speaking in public before a large audience of doctors, and I am sure this kept me awake. The next day it was just as hot and I could eat no breakfast. I went to the meeting and found a large hall packed with medical men. I sat next to Dr. Loomis and listened to the papers on the program, but it seemed a long session and the dread of having to speak before such an audience increased.

It was almost time for my paper when I began to feel dizzy and faint. I leaned over to Dr. Loomis and said, "Doctor, I feel badly." He

turned around and looked at me and said, "Get up and go out." I tried to, but just before I got to the door darkness overtook me and I fainted. The next thing I remember I was lying on the floor in the hall just outside of the meeting-room, and I could hear the hum of the voices. Dr. Loomis was leaning over me and saying, "Where is your paper?" I gave it to him, and then lay there in a sort of half-conscious state listening to Dr. Loomis's strong voice as he read my paper. Then came loud applause, and soon Dr. Loomis came back and handed me the paper and said, "That was a good paper." Other men crowded around me and shook hands with me, and spoke of the paper and hoped I was feeling all right again. I got on my feet and walked out into the street while somebody held my arm, and I soon began to feel much better.

That was my first experience at a medical meeting and the way I read my first paper. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, but there was no help for what had happened, and I tried to lay my fainting entirely to the excessive heat. I found some comfort, however, later in the fact that my paper was noticed by many of the medical journals in this country, and that abstracts of it appeared in two or three of the well-known medical publications abroad.

When I got back to New York that night I vowed I would never go to a medical meeting again, but I have done so nevertheless on very

many occasions. I was a long time overcoming my stage-fright when speaking in public, and and I am not so sure that I have quite done so yet.

The last time I spoke in public was in strange contrast to my first experience. In May, 1910, I delivered the presidential address in Washington at the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, and although I was very ill and miserable with fever and had to get out of bed to do it, the warmth of the reception accorded me by my professional brethren from all over the United States so overwhelmed me that I was not at all aware of any nervousness, and have looked back on that evening as one of the red-letter experiences of my life.

It was at the meeting of the Climatological Association, where I fainted, that I first met Dr. William Osler and Dr. William H. Welch, and subsequently I came in contact with both of them when I attended the meetings of the Association of American Physicians in Washington, and when our visits to Dr. Thomas's home in Baltimore became very frequent. Both of these great physicians, who had already made reputations which were not confined to this country, took an interest in my experimental work and from the first gave me their advice and support. Dr. Welch, who had worked in Koch's laboratory, took a special interest in my attempts to cultivate the tubercle bacillus, and it was a proud

day for me when I sent him a tube containing a pure culture of the germ for demonstration to the students at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. This I continued to do for several years.

Dr. Osler was also keenly interested in my sanitarium experiment and always gave the obscure and struggling little institution the support of his approval. In the first edition of his famous *Practice of Medicine*, published in 1893, he did not hesitate to refer approvingly to the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium and the principles of treatment it stood for. The support of his great name no doubt did much to attract attention to its work both here and abroad.

When the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in which Dr. Osler was so prominent, was formed, I met him regularly at the early committee meetings, and it was no doubt greatly through his influence that I was elected the first president of this splendid national movement against tuberculosis. It was another red-letter day in my life when, at the first meeting of this National Association, in Washington on May 18, 1905, I stood on the platform with Dr. Osler and Dr. Hermann M. Biggs and addressed the great, earnest body of physicians and laymen before me.

I only hope that the wonderful spirit of enthusiasm and unity which animated that meeting may survive many years, and that selfish motives and medical politics may not prevent this great asso-

ciation from accomplishing its magnificent destiny for the relief of suffering humanity.

When I got back to Saranac Lake, humbled by my fiasco in attempting to read my paper in Baltimore, though I fully resolved never to attempt to read another paper at a medical meeting, I was just as keen as ever to continue work in my little laboratory. For awhile I kept on with the same idea of trying to kill the living germs by antiseptic substances in the tissues of infected animals, and besides I tested experimentally the new "cures" founded on the same principle which were beginning to be advocated in the medical papers for the treatment of tuberculous patients. I tested in animals sulphuretted hydrogen and the vapor of hydrofluoric acid, both of which had been put forward as killing the bacilli and curing the disease, and the result of my experiments proved that sulphuretted hydrogen would not kill the bacilli, even when they were brought in direct contact with it in its undiluted form and for long periods of time; and that inhalations of hydrofluoric acid had no effect in destroying the germs in inoculated animals. I also found that the hot-air inhalations which were proposed as a means of killing the germs in the patients' lungs had no effect whatever in destroying the bacillus. These observations I published at once, and they no doubt helped to relegate these supposed cures to deserved oblivion.

I began to realize about this time that the direct destruction of the germ in the tissues by germicides was a hopeless proposition and, inspired by Pasteur's work on anthrax, chicken cholera and hydrophobia, I sought to produce immunity in my animals by dead germs, or preventive inoculations of substances derived from the liquid cultures from which the bacilli had been filtered. I published the results of this work in the New York *Medical Record* as early as November 22, 1890, describing my experiments in detail, and giving as my conclusions that neither the dead germs nor the soluble poisonous substances derived from liquid cultures of the tubercle bacillus protected rabbits and guinea-pigs against subsequent inoculations.

My publication of this work at this early date seems especially interesting, because it was in August, 1890, that Robert Koch, at the International Congress in Berlin, announced his discovery of a substance which he stated would completely immunize guinea-pigs against subsequent inoculations with tubercle bacilli, and would cure the disease in human beings. He did not give out until January, 1891, that this substance was a boiled glycerin extract of the tubercle bacillus, which he called tuberculin, and which is practically the same substance as my filtrate of liquid cultures of the tubercle bacillus with which I had failed to immunize my animals.

It would be hard to exaggerate the intense

excitement that pervaded the little colony of invalids at Saranac Lake when Koch's first announcement of his specific was published in the daily press, and I had all I could do to prevent several of my patients from rushing over to Berlin at once to be cured. Mr. George Cooper offered to send me to Berlin and pay my expenses, but Dr. Prudden, who knew the conditions advised me not to go and I took his advice.

The first tuberculin I received came in a small glass bulb and was sent me by Dr. Osler, who, with his usual generosity, shared with me the first bottle of the priceless fluid he had just received from Germany. This small bulb, which was supposed to contain a liquid capable of giving life to hopeless invalids, was gazed at with deep emotion by many.

I at once began the injections on a few selected cases at the Sanitarium, and watched the results with keenest interest. Koch had not at that time revealed the nature of his specific. Had I but known that the precious fluid was a glycerin extract of the tubercle bacillus, I could have carried out my observations on a much larger scale, for in my little laboratory many flasks of liquid cultures of the tubercle bacillus were growing.

The bitter disappointment which within a few months followed the failure of Koch's treatment to bring about the miraculous cures which were expected from it was shown very soon in a wide-

spread and violent condemnation of the remedy, and for many years I had the utmost difficulty in obtaining the consent of patients and their physicians to the most cautious use of the injections. Nevertheless, so great was my faith in Koch, so convinced was I that whatever degree of immunization could be produced must be attainable by the poison of the germ or the germ itself, and so impressed had I already become with what I had seen of the specific effect of tuberculin on animals and at the bedside, that I continued its study in the Laboratory and its cautious use in patients who were willing to submit to the treatment. Thus it came about that through many long years, during which the bitter prejudice against Koch's specific remedy continued unabated, tuberculin has been used continuously and cautiously at the Sanitarium ever since Dr. Osler's little vial of magic fluid reached Saranac Lake in 1890.

Today tuberculin is a treatment that, though still on trial, may be said to have won a place analogous to that held by many other vaccines employed in chronic infections. By its intelligent use some of the latent defensive resources of the living organism may be successfully stimulated in chronic cases, when the disease tends to localize and the infected individual is still capable of responding to the stimulation, and an arrest of the onward progress brought about.

To what may we ascribe the fact that tuber-

culin as a specific remedy for tuberculosis has not fulfilled the expectations of its distinguished discoverer? That Dr. Koch at the time of the International Congress had been pressed to make an announcement based on conclusions which he had been obliged to frame on evidence which as yet was insufficient, seemed at first very possible. This can hardly have been the case, later, however, as in his "T. R." paper published in 1897, he reiterates his assertion as to the immunizing effect of the new tuberculin on guinea-pigs in no uncertain words: "I succeeded in rendering a large number of guinea-pigs completely immune, so that they submitted to repeated inoculations with various cultures without being infected." If we look into the animal evidence on which Koch's claims of the immunizing and curative value are based, those of us who have tried to follow in his footsteps are struck with the fact that in his tuberculin communications he departs from the rigid methods of presenting scientific evidence which in his previous work he had always adhered to so strictly, and does not give the details of experiments in immunizing or healing guinea-pigs. In a matter of such crucial importance this is greatly to be regretted, for without such details it is difficult for others to repeat his work and verify his favorable conclusions, and this is the corner-stone on which the value of tuberculin as a specific is founded.

As a matter of fact, up to the present time all

other observers who have repeated my early attempts have failed, as I did, to produce a real immunity in guinea-pigs by any method; and if ever this can be done successfully we may begin to think the great specific, so patiently and ardently sought, has at last been discovered.

In 1908, as president for America at the International Congress on Tuberculosis held in Washington, I had the great privilege of sitting next to Dr. Robert Koch and telling him how excellent his work must have been to enable a tyro like myself, under such unfavorable circumstances and guided only by the accuracy and clearness of his descriptions as gleaned from a pen-written abstract, to repeat all his cultural and inoculation experiments on which his great discovery of the tubercle bacillus as the cause of tuberculosis was based—a discovery of such far-reaching importance to humanity. He seemed much amused at my description of the home-made apparatus and the makeshifts I was obliged to make use of.

XVII

IN December, 1892, a slender and pale young man rang my door-bell one morning and told me he was a doctor, had contracted tuberculosis, and wanted to go to the Sanitarium. Little did I know then how much the coming of this strange young man would mean to me personally, to my work, to Saranac Lake, and to the world at large! He told me his name was Edward R. Baldwin, that he was from New Haven; and when I asked what made him think he had tuberculosis, he quite floored me by his answer: that he had used his microscope and knew he had it. Truly Koch's teaching was beginning to bring practical results. I admitted him to the Sanitarium.

Through many long years of friendly fellowship, through many long years of work side by side, through many long years of physical misery and suffering my debt to Dr. Baldwin has steadily grown, until it has become a debt which I can never hope to repay but by affection and gratitude; a coin in which many debts, I find, are paid to him, because it is a coin he cannot possibly refuse to accept. Riches, fame and praise he

scorns, but he cannot escape the heritage of affection and gratitude he so unconsciously and abundantly calls forth.

Dr. Baldwin had to wait six weeks before he could get into the Sanitarium, as the waiting list which has grown to be a permanent feature of the institution was beginning to develop even then. At my invitation he came to the Laboratory the day after he arrived in town, and offered to help me there in any way. I was overjoyed to find such a congenial companion. A well-educated physician who wanted to work in my laboratory was a find for me indeed; for not only could he help me with the work, but I could discuss my experiments and my problems with him, and this proved to be an unfailing common interest to us both. Dr. Baldwin in those days, of course, knew even less than I did about the new science of bacteriology, and I gladly taught him all I knew; and as gladly does he teach me now the latest advances in a branch of medical science in which he is an expert and an acknowledged authority. Many happy hours did we spend working in the Laboratory together; and now that I cannot work with him any more he brings to my bedside the latest literature, and tells me of the work he and the others are doing.

Dr. Baldwin soon became a more or less constant presence in my little laboratory, and I learned to lean more and more on him until the time came

when I finally turned this branch of my work over to him entirely.

Until Dr. Baldwin's arrival in Saranac Lake I had had no one to discuss my work with, and I had no help of any kind but the manual assistance of a poor Irish patient of mine, John Quinlan. John was a character. He was a most pompous and solemn individual. He had three serious diseases which he bore uncomplainingly—epilepsy, tuberculosis, and a well-known blood disease; but except when he fell in a fit in the laboratory he was able to do light work, and did it most conscientiously. I could always rely upon his doing what I told him to do. He delivered messages to the letter, washed the glass, cleaned the instruments, fed and cared for the animals, kept the temperature regulated in the little thermostat when I was away for a long time; and though solemn as an owl, and a regular watch-dog about keeping people out of the Laboratory, he was always willing and contented to work. I think he had a most indefinite idea as to what I was trying to do and what it was all about, but he kept his counsel. I came in once to find a farmer, who wanted to sell me potatoes for the animals, waiting for me in the Laboratory. He had tried to extract some information from John as to what all the pots and pans and bottles and thermostats meant, but John had considered such a man too much beneath him to give him the least information. Finally the farmer turned

to me and said, "Be you taking photographs?" John never cracked a smile, but I did! One day I sent a doctor from Paul Smith's, who wanted to see some of my experiments, with a card to John. On his return he told me he asked John how the animals got along, and John's answer was, "They do do pretty well, sir, until the Doctor begins to fool with them!" Truly a satire on science, and ammunition for the anti-vivisectionist!

Twelve years had passed since the birth of a baby had blessed our household, when in 1887 another little boy arrived. The prospect of bringing up another baby was not very alluring. Chatte and Ned were now well grown and an addition to our little family could hardly help disturbing long-established habits both of thought and behavior. But Providence plays strange tricks: and it is not always given to us to perceive in today's trial the comfort of tomorrow. The new baby was called Francis, after my brother, and became, as is usual under such circumstances, the pet of the household. And now that death has taken the others, that illness has laid its heavy hand upon me, and advancing years have made us aware that the sun is setting for us and the end of the road is growing rough and dark, the not over-welcome baby, who has become the rugged, six-foot-four man, is our main interest and a good prop to lean on.

As we look out over the stretches of the long journey of life, on which for us

> Pleasure and pain
> Have followed each other
> Like sunshine and rain,

in the far distance we see another baby, Francis's tiny baby boy, his smiling face set to the glowing dawn, starting out over the same road we have traversed, to meet the changes we have met on our pilgrimage.

We are told "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it may have been an "ill wind" for Dr. H. M. Thomas that blew him to the Adirondacks, broken in health, in the fall of 1888; but for the Trudeau family it proved anything but an ill wind. As he drove up from the station his driver almost ran over Baby Francis, who was being pushed by his old nurse "Jeje" in his little carriage; but after Dr. Thomas reached the house he soon dispelled the unpleasant impression produced by the baby's peril, and before many days all the Trudeau family, including Jeje herself, was glad of his coming. This strange young doctor with the red hair was soon quite at home with all of us, and to my wife and to me for twenty-seven years he has been one of our very best friends; a friendship which has been one of the good things to me in life—and his wife is as dear to us as he is. One of their boys is called

Trudeau, and the days spent with the Thomases in their Baltimore home are among the happiest recollections we look back upon.

Soon after his arrival Dr. Thomas was knocking the ball to Chatte on the piazza, helping my wife in the parlor teach Francis his first steps, coasting with Ned on the hills, hunting rabbits with me in the daytime and working with me evenings in the Laboratory. I have had many good friends in my life—no man ever had better—and they have gone deep into my heart; but none quite so deep as Harry Thomas. Surely it is an ill wind that blows nobody good!

Dr. Thomas was sent here by Dr. Francis Delafield, with a brief note ending in a sentence characteristic of Dr. Delafield's summary way of occasionally disposing of a case: "He has red hair and both lungs are involved, so I think there is no hope for him." In spite of this gloomy prognosis, based on two such divergent factors, Dr. Thomas recovered his health completely and has practised medicine in Baltimore, and taught neurology at the Johns Hopkins Medical School ever since.

Many years afterward—in 1904—the same kind of an "ill wind" that blew Dr. Thomas to Saranac Lake was responsible for the coming of Dr. J. Woods Price. It proved to be a balmy breeze, laden with sunshine and cheer and comfort so far as Saranac Lake and the Trudeau family were concerned. Dr. Price's coming has brought

joy to those who are well and been a benediction to the sick, and the health he so quickly recovered he squanders now to cheer and help others. When the dark days of illness press heavily upon me my wife and I turn to him constantly, and never in vain.

XVIII

ON October 3, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson came to Saranac Lake for his health, accompanied by his mother and Lloyd Osbourne, and remained until April 18, 1888. The little village has had perhaps no more illustrious visitor—or at least none in whom the public took a deeper interest—than Robert Louis Stevenson; and Andrew Baker's cottage on the outskirts of the village, where he spent the fall and winter of 1887–1888, has become an object of historical interest. It is now proposed to put up at the Baker cottage some tablet or memorial to make a permanent record of the famous writer's stay here.

It was while here that Mr. Stevenson wrote some of his best essays—*Pulvis et Umbra*, *The Lantern Bearers*, *A Christmas Sermon*, and some portions of *The Master of Ballantrae*.

Mr. Stevenson was my patient, but as he was not really ill while here I had comparatively few professional calls to make on him. He was so attractive, however, in conversation, that I found myself, as it was growing dark, very often seated by the big fireplace in the Baker cottage having a good talk with my illustrious patient.

Mr. Stevenson was very democratic in his ideas, simple in his mode of life, and disliked dress-parade entertainments and the restraints and glitter of society etiquette, as the following anecdotes will show. My friends the Coopers, who lived very handsomely in New York, had surrounded themselves with some of their home comforts. They had brought up their old butler from town, and some silver, and the sisters tried to make the Saranac Lake atmosphere as much as possible like the New York home life to which the sick brother was accustomed. I remember on one occasion I went to dine there with Mr. Stevenson, and Mrs. Custer, the wife of General Custer, was the only other guest besides my wife. When dinner was announced, as we walked through the hall we got a glimpse of the dining-room table, which was set as usual with lighted candles and their colored shades, with flowers, glittering glassware and silver. I thought it a very attractive prospect, but Mr. Stevenson, who walked by my side, took my arm and said: "This sort of thing always gives me stage-fright; does it affect you that way?"

We had a most interesting dinner, as can be imagined. Mrs. Custer and Mr. Stevenson were both well worth listening to. I couldn't help smiling, though, when in the course of conversation Stevenson remarked that a certain acquaintance of his was so timid that he thought he would be "afraid of a mouse." Mrs. Custer said, "O, Mr. Stevenson, I am deadly afraid of a mouse!"

Yet Mrs. Custer's experience on the plains had given ample proof that she was afraid of neither Indians nor death!

All the visitors in Saranac Lake were anxious to meet Stevenson, and I think in order to relieve him of the annoyance of frequent calls, Lloyd Osbourne gave out that the great writer would see callers on Saturday afternoons between four and five o'clock. Our friends, the Cooper ladies and Miss Folger, joined my wife and me on the first Saturday after this, and we all went to call at the Baker cottage together. When we knocked at the front door a voice from within called out, "You cannot come in this way; the wood is up against the door. Go around by the kitchen." So we all filed in through the kitchen to the little sitting-room with the big fireplace, where Mr. Stevenson received us. After awhile Mr. Osbourne asked the ladies if they would have a cup of tea, and as they assented he departed toward the kitchen. Soon he returned, with a broad smile on his face: "I am sorry, but you cannot have any tea; the cook scouts the idea!" And we didn't have any.

We had a very pleasant call, however, and I remained after the others to have a little professional talk with Mr. Stevenson. The visitors all left but one enthusiastic lady, who harassed Stevenson with all sorts of questions; but finally he escorted her to the door and bowed her out. I noticed he shut the door rather forcibly, and

then he strode up to me, put his face very near mine, and said with much emphasis, "Trudeau, it is not the great unwashed whom I dread; it is the great washed!"

Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting-room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we didn't always agree, the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation, has grown on me more and more as the years roll by. It is hardly to be wondered at that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the Laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts, and live in a beautiful, strenuous and ideal world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the Sanitarium with me or see the Laboratory, because to him these were unpleasant things. He evidently felt this, for, after he had written *The Lantern Bearers*, I got him one day into the Laboratory, from which he escaped at the first opportunity with the words, "Trudeau, your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the Devil!" On the other hand, I know quite well I could not discuss intel-

ligently with him the things he lived among and the masterly work he produced, because I was incompetent to appreciate to the full the wonderful situations his brilliant mind evolved, and the high literary merit of the works in which he described the flights of his great genius.

To a temperament like Stevenson's, who shrank from the cruel and inexorable facts of life—disease, suffering and death—which were part of my daily existence, and who lived in an ideal world painted and peopled by his own vivid imagination, I represented, I am afraid, a not very cheerful or inspiring companion. He could not, as I could, look over and beyond these painful associations with which I lived in daily contact at the Sanitarium and the Laboratory, and see, as I did in my ideals, the glorious hope of future relief to humanity from sickness, suffering and death which lay in the study of disease at the bedside, and of infection and germs and sick animals in the Laboratory. This was the light which was so bright to me that I never noticed the smell of oil which overcame Stevenson.

Nevertheless we were excellent friends, and I regret constantly that I didn't make more of my opportunities of intimate contact with a man whose writings have meant so much to the world.

When he left Saranac Lake he sent me a beautiful set of his works which he had had bound with a special binding for me, and in each book he had written in his own hand a verse dedicating

the volume to some member of my family and to me, and even to my dog Nig.

In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he had written:

> Trudeau was all the winter at my side:
> I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

To Mrs. Trudeau he had dedicated *The Dynamiter* in these words:

> As both my wife and I composed the thing,
> Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

To my daughter, *Virginibus Puerisque*, in these words:

> I have no art to please a lady's mind,
> Here's the least acid spot,
> Miss Trudeau, of the lot.
> If you'd just try this volume, 'twould be kind!

To Ned, *Treasure Island*, in these words:

> I could not choose a patron for each one:
> But this, perhaps, is chiefly for your son.

To the baby (Francis), *A Child's Garden of Verse*, in these words:

> To win your lady (if, alas, it may be),
> Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

And to Nig, *Memories and Portraits*, in these words:

> Greeting to all your household, small and big,
> In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!

This invaluable gift, alas, was destroyed when my house and laboratory were burned to the ground in 1893.

XIX

THE arrival of the new baby was a Godsend to us before many years, as sickness, sorrow and death were soon to cast their dark shadow on our household.

Chatte was a strong, athletic girl, with a vigorous body and eyes as black as coal. She was very fond of rowing, tennis, riding horseback and all violent exercise, and had never shown any sign of illness. Ned was slighter, but very wiry and active. We had had either a tutor or a governess for the two children, but when Chatte reached the age of sixteen my wife and I decided she should have more opportunities in her education and in coming in contact with other young people, and so in the fall of 1887 we sent her to a girls' school in New York City.

At first her letters and the accounts we received showed us she was homesick and not very happy, but in January she wrote she didn't feel well and our friends said her appetite had fallen off and that she had indigestion. I laid all this to the confinement of school and city life, but as she did not seem to get any better I began to be anxious, and finally wrote her to come

home for Easter and let me take a look at her. I met her at the train and brought her home, and In ever shall forget the shock her appearance gave me. From a plump, robust young woman she had changed to a pale, listless girl, and as she went upstairs to see her mother I went into my office and shut the door. The terrible truth flashed upon me as I remembered how my brother appeared when he was taken ill and came to see me in Newport. I knew it was the same old story, and I felt stunned and had to wait a long time to get hold of myself again before joining the family circle. I at once made up my mind I must know the truth, and alarm her as little as possible. It was my responsibility and I could share it with no one, so I did a piece of acting that day which I shall never forget, with a smile on my face and a breaking heart; for before night I knew the truth in all its shocking details. And yet no one in the school, none of our friends who saw her constantly, had suspected it! I told my wife at once. I have always told her everything, and we have always borne together whatever we have had to bear. As usual, in spite of the terrible shock, she was calm and hopeful. For some mysterious reason I was much less so. I felt from the first this was the same type of disease my brother had; the type that progresses rapidly and against which treatment is of no avail.

After Chatte's return home my wife and I were drawn closer together than ever by our

common and ever-present grief, as for nearly three years we watched helplessly her young life fade away under the relentless attacks of her disease. To be cheerful and always helpful to her was our first thought, and she tried to spare us by hiding her feelings; but she understood only too well, poor child, the meaning of her symptoms, and the yearning for life and its joy was as strong in her as it ever is in the young. During these sad years of Chatte's struggle for life my wife and I ever lived with heavy hearts, though we tried to show her only smiling faces. It was easier for me, because I had to work. I had to listen to the daily appeals of the sick, I had to keep the work at the Sanitarium and Laboratory going, and to that extent I could forget. But for my wife it was much harder, for she was almost always with Chatte, always trying to guide her in her daily life, amusing her, reading to her, trying to make her forget; and I was lost in wonder and admiration as I watched her through these long, trying years, always serene, helpful and cheerful, though I often knew that her heart was breaking.

The following summer we spent at Paul Smith's, and Chatte was a little better, but after we returned to Saranac Lake the fever gradually became higher and more continuous. In the spring she was so ill we decided that we could not go over to our camp at Paul Smith's as usual, and that I could not leave her as frequently as I

should have to do if I had all the practice at St. Regis and the work at Saranac Lake to look after; so we took a cottage near the Ampersand Hotel and spent the summer there.

To make matters worse at this trying time Francis came down with whooping-cough and I caught it from him, so during all the spring and summer I went about hanging on to anything I could reach when the strangling paroxysms seized me.

Our troubles taught me, however, how many and how good were the friends we had, and there is absolutely nothing they did not offer to do, or actually do, to try to help us. In one instance, a dear friend, Miss Kinney Kirby, actually left her New York home the first winter of Chatte's illness and took charge of the little infirmary at the Sanitarium, ostensibly to relieve me there, but principally that she might be near to help us with our invalid. The following winter, when for a long time Chatte was so very ill, Miss Kirby remained in Saranac Lake and nursed her night and day when we would allow her to. The doctors in New York and Saranac Lake, and especially my good friend, Dr. Baldwin, did all that tender helpfulness could do to help and comfort us.

The last winter of Chatte's life she suffered so constantly that it was a terrible strain to us all. As I worked in the little laboratory I could always hear her constant and harassing cough, and for the last three months of her life my wife

and I were with her for some part of every night. My one consolation was that with drugs I could relieve her when necessary, but it was a terrible strain to withhold the relief when we thought it unwise to give it. She died on the night of March 20, 1893, and after she had gone my wife and I, though stunned by the blow we had been expecting so long, could not but be thankful that her suffering was at an end.

We decided to have the funeral at St. Luke's, and lay Chatte in the little churchyard at St. Regis by the side of the baby, who was sleeping there under a little white cross.

I was worn out mentally and physically, and the night before the funeral I could not sleep. So, although it was quite dark, I got up at half-past five o'clock, went down to my little laboratory and tried to busy myself with things there. At six-thirty I heard the whistle of the train, and I put on my hat and went out for a little fresh air. The snow lay deep over the sleeping village and the street was deserted. It was quite dark, but life seemed to me still darker. As I looked at the gloomy prospect I saw a tall figure walking rapidly toward me, and in a moment my good friend, Dr. Hodenpyl, whom I first met in Dr. Prudden's laboratory, was shaking my hand. He had read the notice of Chatte's death in the paper the afternoon before while at the College laboratory, and had decided to come up at once on the night train, drive over to St. Regis with

us and return to New York from there. He told me he thought other people had come up and gone to the hotel, and after breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Smith, my wife's cousins, who had come to attend the funeral, arrived at the house.

The funeral was at St. Luke's, just across the street, and some of the young men who were Chatte's friends carried the coffin, covered with flowers, from the house to the altar. We started for St. Regis in sleighs as soon as the ceremony was over. The snow was four feet deep on the level and drifted in many places, and the drive over was a trying one. Six strong men had to walk by the coffin and steady it when drifts were encountered by the struggling horses. As we neared St. Regis I could not but go back in memory to the trying trip through the snow from Malone in January, 1875, when Chatte was brought in Annie Gaffney's arms to St. Regis; and she was now being carried in her coffin through the same deep drifts, to the same place, to sleep the "long sleep" by the little log church where she had worshipped all through her innocent young life. These were the surroundings amid which she had lived and which she had loved. I felt she would rest more peacefully under the tall pines than anywhere else, and a great peace seemed to come to me with the thought that "all is well with the child."

When we reached the little log church again we met evidences of the love of those who had

known her in life. Paul Smith and his two sons, Phelps and Paul, now grown to be men, were waiting there with many of the St. Regis guides, to carry the coffin to its last resting place. They had cut evergreen boughs and covered the snow from the church to the grave, so that the little journey was made over this green lawn, and the grave itself was a bed of fragrant balsam and cedar, into which Paul and his sons helped to lower the flower-covered coffin.

My wife and I sat silently as we drove home through the darkness and the deep snow, and I derived some comfort from repeating to myself these words: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

XX

DURING these years so full of sadness to our household, the work at the Sanitarium had steadily progressed. From 1889 to 1894 nine new cottages were built. These were given by Mr. Thomas Stokes, Mr. Nathan Straus, an anonymous giver, K. M. M., Mr. George Dodge, Mr. Wm. W. McAlpin, Mrs. Alfred Loomis, and Mr. Wm. Hall Penfold and Miss Josephine Penfold. An open-air pavilion for recreation, amusement and billiards, was presented to the institution by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, and an infirmary cottage, where the very ill could be taken and properly nursed and cared for, was given by Mrs. John H. Hall. A small five-year laboratory fund was established by two anonymous givers, a library wing was added to the Main Building by the brothers and sisters of Mr. Charles Kahnweiler as a memorial to him, and a large cottage for the Resident Physician was built in 1893.

The acquisition of the Infirmary cottage and the home for the Resident Physician was a great help in the development of the medical work of the Sanitarium. Whatever physician we could

procure had hitherto had a room and his office in the Main Building. This did well enough for a bachelor or for a doctor who made a short stay, but a home for the Resident Physician had become a necessity. I felt much relieved when Dr. Irwin H. Hance and his wife moved into the cottage, and I knew that the patients would be constantly under his medical supervision, and that if he did not get any salary to speak of—three hundred dollars a year—he at any rate had a comfortable home.

The Infirmary, too, was a great blessing and enabled us to care properly for sick patients and nurse them more conveniently. It was this infirmary that my friend Miss Kirby took charge of in 1892. When she asked me if she could take the place I thought it was a mere temporary act of devotion with her which she would soon weary of, and told her so, but said I was perfectly willing she should try it. I called at the Infirmary soon after she arrived, and found her carrying pails and meal-trays, and washing the face and hands of a big Irishman who had hemorrhages, as if she had never done anything else all her life. I began then to think she was in earnest, and indeed she was. At the sacrifice of personal comfort, without money and without price, she did that winter all the nursing of the Infirmary up to the full time of her proposed stay, and was a real help and comfort to me as well as to all the patients she cared for.

Last fall our little new Training School for Tuberculosis Nurses at the Sanitarium graduated its first pupils, and I presented the diplomas. Curiously enough, Miss Kirby, whom I had not seen for years, turned up in Saranac Lake on a visit the day before, so I took her up to the graduating exercises with me. As I spoke to the nurses of the early days of the Sanitarium and the difficulties I had had to meet to get the nursing done, I told them of the lady who had volunteered to come up and nurse the bed-ridden patients at the Infirmary so many years ago, thus inaugurating the nursing at the Sanitarium, of which the Training School was the outcome; and I added, "This lady is with us today and sitting right behind me." Miss Kirby was covered with confusion, but I was glad she could be present and see what had developed from her disinterested work so many years ago.

Our first little Infirmary soon came under the care of Miss Ruth Collins, who presided over it for years, until it became too small for our needs and we moved into the beautiful Childs Memorial, a gift of Mr. Otis H. Childs, of Pittsburgh, to his wife's memory, where the sick have been cared for, with every convenience and in the utmost comfort, ever since. Miss Collins for years presided over the Childs Memorial Infirmary, and did devoted and excellent work there for the sick, who all loved her. I learned much of the practical workings of the gospel of unselfish-

ness from her. Indeed, my associates and subordinates have taught me many valuable lessons in the great things of life.

One morning Miss Collins came into my office and told me she had a favor to ask of me: would I grant it? I said I certainly would if I could. She knew a sick man in the village who had been struggling for three years to regain his health, and now he was failing rapidly; he had not a dollar, he had no friends. Dr. Baldwin had told her he could not live over two or three months. She knew very well I did not like to take hopeless cases at the Infirmary, for it did much to depress others, and such cases could as well be cared for elsewhere. She would put this man in her own room and bed, where he would not come in contact with the other patients, and she would sleep on the lounge in the sitting-room. It would not interfere with her work. I told her to do as she wished, and for three months she slept on the lounge and cared for this poor fellow until he died. When I went upstairs that day I said to my wife, "I used to think I tried at times to do my share for the consumptive, but certainly I had never thought of getting out of my bed and room and caring for months for a dying man while I slept on a lounge!"

As early as 1880 when I sat on the old fox runway and first dreamed of the possibility of building a little institution for tuberculous patients, the only idea I had in my mind was to

help financially the poorer class of invalids who could not afford to stay in Saranac Lake. In other words, I wanted to put within reach of others the same opportunity for restoration to health which I had enjoyed. As time passed and I became familiar with Brehmer's work, I decided to test his rest and open-air methods at the same time that I was helping my patients financially, and thus the two main features in the policy of the proposed institution became fixed in my mind. It was not only to be charitable in its intent, but it was to attempt to arrest and cure the disease as well.

Up to the time I opened the Sanitarium no institution had been presumptuous enough to try to undertake anything beyond offering the consumptive a home where he might be cared for during his last days. For this reason all types of cases, and patients in any stage of the disease were admitted to those hospitals. In fact, it was a general belief that a patient was not to go to a consumptives' hospital until so ill that he could no longer care for himself.

I realized at once that if I was to try to obtain curative results I must confine the admission of patients to incipient and favorable cases as much as possible, and refuse to take the acute and far-advanced ones. This brought me any amount of criticism from physicians who thought I was trying to make a personal reputation for myself for cures by treating only selected cases.

Even now much dissatisfaction and bitterness is shown against the Sanitarium by both physicians and patients when the applicant is refused admission as an unsuitable case. I have learned, however, that unjust criticism is inevitable in this world, and must be borne calmly so long as one's conscience is clear.

In the early days I used to take physicians through the Sanitarium, and after they had visited most of the cottages they would occasionally ask me facetiously if there was anything the matter with any of the people I had shown them. Nevertheless, if there is one thing we have learned since those early days when I framed the policy of the Sanitarium, it is that the keynote of successful treatment is the early detection of the disease. The tuberculin test, the X-rays and the autopsy table all confirm the well-observed facts which prove that after forty years of age most human beings have at some time in their lives had a little tuberculosis and recovered from it without ever having been aware of its presence. After the disease has gone beyond a certain stage, or is of an acute type, sanatorium or any other known treatment may prolong life, but it rarely brings about a permanent or even a satisfactory arrest.

Through all those years when I examined applicants for the Sanitarium, the hardest thing I had to do was to refuse patients admission; but I persisted in so doing, because I knew that the

opportunities which the institution offered for restoring the tuberculous to any degree of health would be wasted unless discrimination and skill in the selection of the cases were exercised. The limitations of sanatorium treatment have been recognized by State institutions and by most sanatoria whose aim is to restore as many patients as possible to a life of usefulness, and separate institutions have been created for the advanced cases.

Refusing admission was ever a sore trial to me, as no doubt it is now to my associates who shoulder the onus of these thankless and unpaid examinations in my place. I used to try to help those whom I had refused, and who usually settled down at some boarding place in the village, by seeing them as often as possible in my office, and at their boarding places, without making any charge. This all grew to be a heavy burden, from which I was relieved in time by Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Charles C. Trembley, Dr. David C. Twichell, Dr. W. H. Jamieson and Dr. Lawrason Brown, and later by Dr. Brown's organization of the Examination Office in the village.

In New York Dr. James Alexander Miller and Dr. Linsly R. Williams have borne for many years the thankless, unpaid and most exacting task of examining patients for the Sanitarium, which involves their refusal of about five out of six applicants, and Dr. Henry James and Dr. Frederick J. Barrett have more recently also

fallen heir to this unremunerative service in New York to the Sanitarium. In other cities, Dr. Francis H. Williams and Dr. Cleaveland Floyd in Boston, Dr. J. C. Wilson in Philadelphia, and Dr. H. M. Thomas and Dr. Louis Hamman in Baltimore, have cheerfully shouldered the same burden to help the tuberculous.

Besides the unpaid services which my associates have ever rendered the rejected cases that cannot gain admission to the Sanitarium, an agency for their relief has for many years done noble work for the advanced cases—a field which few have the courage to deal with. I refer to the Reception Hospital.

In the late nineties I had a patient, Miss Mary R. Prescott, who has long ago become a very dear friend to my wife and to me, and who recovered her health completely in Saranac Lake. With her return to health, her active mind and warm heart chafed under the ease and enforced inactivity of a well-to-do patient's life, and in spite of her restored strength her spirits began to flag and life to seem meaningless to her. I saw at once that what she needed was an active interest of some kind, and as she had ample means, I suggested that she hire a cottage, put a nurse in charge, and start a little hospital of her own, where a few advanced cases, and those who were refused admission to the Sanitarium and needed rest in bed and nursing, could be taken and cared for at a nominal cost. I told her I

Dr. knew Baldwin and some of the other physicians would gladly do the medical work; and thus she would bring relief and encouragement to a class of invalids in sore need of it, for whom little or nothing was being done.

She at once became interested in the plan, hired a cottage, placed a nurse in charge and cared for four patients at first, at a nominal cost to them of six or seven dollars per week. Dr. Baldwin and some of the younger physicians volunteered their services in visiting the patients without remuneration; and this was the starting-point of the Reception Hospital, which Miss Prescott built in 1905. She raised a good share of the funds for building and equipping the institution by appeals to her personal friends, and supplemented this from her own purse. She has herself met the deficit in running expenses ever since, asking the public to help her only to accumulate a free-bed fund for the destitute. Dr. E. R. Baldwin has directed the medical work ever since the institution was opened.

The Reception Hospital is a model of its kind in plan, construction and equipment, with its cheery rooms, its sleeping-out porches, and its atmosphere of home. The devoted souls who preside over this abode of cheer and peace are two Canadian trained nurses, Miss Sophie Hoerner, who took charge of Miss Prescott's first little cottage, and Miss Ethel Mathias. Under their ministrations, many a storm-tossed

and discouraged human being has here found welcome, cheer and good nursing, while the doctors have ever given them most skilful medical care. A certain number of patients, after a time, are found to be favorable for admission to the Sanitarium.

For the Reception Hospital, as for the Sanitarium, there is always a waiting list; and this illustrates the magnitude of the tuberculosis problem.

In the upbuilding and supporting of her admirable charity, Miss Prescott's bank account has been steadily and often heavily taxed; but her unrest and depression have long ago vanished, and her life of helpfulness to others has been full of keen interest, satisfaction and peace.

During these years I did much hard medical work, especially in the summer seasons. When the Sanitarium and Saranac Lake began to attract the attention of the medical profession, I was about the only specialist in Saranac Lake until Dr. Baldwin and some of my other associates became well known, and all the patients, rich and poor, came straight to my house and insisted upon seeing me. At certain seasons almost every train would bring someone who wanted to consult me or wanted to go to the Sanitarium.

Saranac Lake and the Sanitarium were looked upon as a new treatment, and a new treatment in tuberculosis has always been synonymous with a new hope. For this reason both the sick

and their doctors wanted to make a trial of the climate, the Sanitarium, and the new rest methods which I advocated.

So it came about that for several years I was deluged with patients of all kinds. Unfortunately I never was educated to do things with system and I didn't know how; so I just waded in and worked, and did all I could as best I could without any system or in any way limiting my hours. The result was that I no doubt slighted some of the work in my attempt to please everybody and see every patient whenever he wanted to see me. I wore myself out thoroughly. I can even now remember with dread some of the terribly long office hours during the summer months when I came over from Paul Smith's for consultations.

Everybody in the village always had a curious idea that the three months I spent at Paul Smith's were entirely a holiday for me, but nothing was further from the truth. For twenty-five years I did all the summer practice at Paul Smith's and in the camps, and though this was at times pretty strenuous I was glad to have it, as it helped very materially to meet the growing expenses of my family, toward which, of course, the Sanitarium and the Laboratory contributed nothing.

Besides, it was from among my patients at Paul Smith's that I made the friends who gave so largely toward the yearly running expenses of

the Sanitarium as well as toward its growth and development.

On two days each week I went to Saranac Lake for consultation hours in my office, and those two days were active indeed. After doing what was necessary at Paul Smith's, often having to get up at an early hour to accomplish this, my wife and I would start at eleven o'clock in an open buggy (I never had a top buggy), and drive over to Saranac Lake, fourteen miles, often through intense heat or storm, reaching there after one o'clock. My office hour was at two, but often by the time we arrived my waiting room, the piazza, and even the lawn, were frequently occupied by the patients. A hasty lunch, and then five hours of office work! Rich and poor, young and old, were in that waiting crowd, and by seven o'clock I usually managed to see all of them and give them some sort of advice as to their cases and their mode of life. I am sure toward the end of those long hours I must have slighted my work, for I could hardly keep my mind on the patients' cases, and I was numb with mental and physical exhaustion.

The waiting room, which one lady always spoke of as my "menagerie" must have impressed others, for on going into the patients' cottages at the Sanitarium one day I came across an excellent caricature of myself which a patient, the Reverend Mr. Westcott, a brother of the

author of *David Harum*, had drawn. I was depicted sitting behind a high picket fence with a double-barreled shot-gun on my lap, waving back an excited crowd who were all shouting impossible questions at me about their health, while underneath was written, "The Penalty of Fame!" The thing struck me as so funny that I begged it of him, and I still have it as a remembrance of those strenuous office hours.

Of course, through all the monotony, weariness and pathos of the long office hours, I had many interesting experiences, saw many queer people, and learned much of human nature when under the strain of disease, and often of poverty as well. Patients often tried to deceive me and test me in many ways. I remember once I was examining a man, when, after he had removed his clothes, I found his right side painted nearly black with iodine, while only in the left lung could I find signs of disease. I asked him why he had painted his right side when the trouble was on the left. His only answer was a smile and, "Well, I wanted to see whether you would know!"

Many of the women objected to removing their waists and undervests when I examined their chests, and I had to plead with them, when every moment was precious, as to the absolute necessity of their doing so if they wanted me to find out what was the matter. It often taxed my patience when some middle-aged spinster, upon being implored to "remove her things," would unbutton

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the top button of her dress and then refuse to unbutton the next until I had exhausted my breath and eloquence, and ten or fifteen valuable minutes had been wasted before I could begin my examination. Fortunately the thing happened rarely. Then occasionally, though not often, I had the other experience. I remember once a young woman, a reporter for some paper, who came in after office hours were over and wanted to be examined. I was writing at the time, was tired and anxious to get through, so I told her I would examine her if she would step behind me and take off her things quickly. I kept on writing while she began undressing behind me, and when I turned around with my stethoscope in my ears, she had taken off all her clothes!

I remember after one unusually long afternoon I was tired out and irritable. I thought the last patient had been disposed of and I was through, when I looked out and saw a wretched man waiting; so I opened the door, and in no very pleasant tone told him to walk in. He was a tall, emaciated tramp, the picture of the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, and my heart softened. He sat down, put his hands in his pocket and stared at me.

"Be you Dr. Trudeau?" I said, "Yes." "Well now you don't look none like a doctor; you look like one of them bicycle fellows!" The change in my habits from hunter to physician had not yet made me discard the knickerbockers and

leather leggings of hunting days, and it was my costume that called forth his remark.

"Well," I said, "what is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter with me! Why, can't you see I am almost dead with the consumption?"

He was certainly plain spoken. He told me he had been sent to one of the large tuberculosis hospitals of Brooklyn.

"But I looked about me," he said, "and sized things up a bit. There were about fifty sick 'blokes' in that ward, and after I had been there three days and seen many carried out feet first, I realized that that was what was going to happen to me soon if I did not get out of that place, so I lit out. I had heard speak in that ward of you and Saranac Lake, and that you ran a place where people really did get well if they wasn't too far gone, so I made up my mind to strike out for Saranac Lake. I hadn't a cent and I was pretty weak, but I begged enough for a fare to Yonkers, and when I got there I went down the street and rang every door-bell, and begged cold victuals until I got something to eat; but I was soon rounded up and put in the poor-house. When they had looked me over, however, they made up their minds I was likely to die on their hands, and that it would be cheaper to buy me a ticket to the next place and let me die on someone else's hands, so they gave me a ticket and packed me off, and in that way I finally got here. Now what can you do for me, Doctor?"

What a tale! My horse was waiting at the door, so I told this poor fellow I would take him to some cheap boarding place and would see him through until I could think of something else to do. He got in the wagon, and I asked him "What has brought you to this—drink?" "Oh, no, Doctor. I have tried to drink several times, but it don't agree with me."

He never uttered any complaint, but took his hard fate as rather a curious experience. He decided he could support himself by selling fruit; so through my telling of his wants to some of my patients, he got enough money to build a little rough-board shanty on a vacant lot. There he slept on a straw bed, and the hotel proprietor allowed him to come for scraps off the table, on which he lived quite contentedly all summer. He remained eighteen months and improved in health. He supported himself entirely, and was a most interesting and grateful patient. I used to take him about with me in the wagon occasionally while making my calls. One night he suddenly disappeared from Saranac Lake, and I have never heard a word from him since. The only inkling I had of his reason for going was his telling me that he thought it was getting too cold for him, and that he would prefer wintering in the South. I have often wondered how he managed to get South, but I don't doubt he accomplished it.

XXI

THE summer after Chatte's death we spent in our camp at Paul Smith's as usual, and I threw myself unreservedly into the medical work there, at the Sanitarium, and in Saranac Lake. I had not been at all well since Chatte's death. All the summer I was nervous and sleepless, had constant headaches and was tired most of the time; and when we went back to Saranac Lake for the winter I was feeling wretched. Dr. Baldwin was working away in the Laboratory every day, and we were trying experiments in making different kinds of tuberculin then, and studying their effect on animals. I spent much time working there with him, often until late at night.

We went to town, as usual, at the beginning of November. Our little cottage was closed—all but the laboratory end—and Dr. Baldwin, whose house was across the street, worked there daily and kept the cultures and experiments going while I was away. We stopped in New York at a little apartment hotel, where I got accommodations reasonably, and we were engaged as usual in seeing our friends and enjoying our visit, when

one night I was taken suddenly with a violent chill, followed by a very high temperature, and within a few hours I was more acutely ill than I had ever been before. My friend, Dr. Walton, came to see me and called in Dr. Loomis. They got me a nurse, and for a long time the diagnosis was very obscure. I believe they finally decided I had an abscess of the kidney, but it was a painful attack, and although I lived through it I never recovered from it, and it has never ceased to harass and disturb me more or less, so that I have never slept more than an hour or two at a time ever since. At any rate it was something new and was not my lungs this time. I had a good trained nurse from the Presbyterian Hospital, but for weeks the fever continued high and the diagnosis obscure.

It was during the first week of the attack that one morning at nine o'clock there was a rap at the door, and my wife was told there was a gentleman downstairs in the parlor who wanted to see her. After she left the room I wondered who the gentleman could be and what he wanted at that time in the morning. My wife went downstairs, and there she met Dr. Loomis, who said he had just had a telegram from Dr. Baldwin saying my little laboratory lamp had set fire to my house at four o'clock that morning, and that the house and its contents were a total loss. Dr. Loomis told my wife I was entirely too sick to be told what had happened, but he felt she ought

to know. As usual, my wife faced the shock squarely. She said she always told me everything; that if she tried to hide it I would be sure to find out something was the matter, and that she thought it would be better for Dr. Loomis to come in and tell me at once, and finally he agreed.

When the nurse opened the door I wondered why Dr. Loomis had left his office at nine o'clock in the morning, but I could see he looked very solemn and I realized something had happened. In an instant the thought flashed through my mind that Ned, who had gone to Yale, was dead. Dr. Loomis had a telegram in his hand, and as he came to my bedside he said, "Trudeau, I have bad news for you. Dr. Baldwin has just wired me your house was entirely destroyed by a fire originating from the little lamp in the Laboratory; very little was saved." I had expected to hear Ned was dead, and the news was rather a relief than a shock. I said, "I am so glad that is all. We can get another house." Dr. Loomis looked much relieved and soon left.

I thought of Baldwin's responsibility and anxiety, and wired him not to worry about the house or the Laboratory; as soon as I could get well we would build another. In a letter received the next day from him he gave me the details. All was well that night when he left the Laboratory at ten o'clock. He woke at four in the morning to see a red glow at his window, and on looking out he saw the fire coming through

the roof of my house. The little flame in my new thermostat had no doubt jumped behind the roller and set fire to the wooden stand, as the Laboratory burned before the rest of the house. A few rugs and pictures and a little furniture were saved from the lower floor, but everything else was destroyed. Among other things, my precious pen-written translation of Koch's paper, and the set of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, bound specially for me, in each volume of which he had written the autograph dedication to each member of my family and to me.

Telegrams, letters of condolence and cheer, and offers of help poured in for the next few days from many friends. One brief but striking note from my good friend Dr. William Osler, who often had helped, cheered and encouraged me with my work, was characteristic and to the point. This was the entire letter:

"Dear Trudeau:

"I am sorry to hear of your misfortune, but take my word for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the Phœnix trick."

As I read it, little did I realize how soon Dr. Osler's prophecy was to be fulfilled.

Our good friends, the Coopers, called constantly at the hotel, and as soon as I was well enough to see anyone Mr. Cooper came to see me. After talking a little while he looked embarrassed and said:

"I am sorry about the Laboratory and the house, and I want to do something about it. You have no house to go to when you return. I have a lease of the cottage opposite your house; just as soon as you are well enough to go back you can have that cottage for as long a time as you want it. As to the Laboratory, I want you to begin to plan a good stone and steel laboratory; one that will never burn up. Plan it just as you want it, complete, and I will be glad to pay for it and give it to you personally."

Laughing and coughing and bowing, Mr. Cooper then beat a hasty retreat, leaving me overcome by this evidence of his friendly interest in me and in my work. Dr. Osler was indeed a true prophet, for the ink on his letter had scarcely had time to dry when a fire-proof laboratory was assured to me, before the ashes of the burned one were cold! It was the following evening that Dr. Hodenpyl brought me the microscope from the men at the College Laboratory and all this cheered me and encouraged me greatly.

My illness in New York continued a long time, and it was many weeks before I could get out of bed and sit up. Our many friends, among them Mr. Cooper and his sisters, were unremitting in their attentions. The Cooper carriage was at our disposal, and my wife got some fresh air in this way. The Misses Cooper made us promise that just as soon as I could be moved we should all be taken to their beautiful house in Twenty-

first Street, so my wife and I, with Francis and his nurse, were soon established in most luxurious quarters in Gramercy Park, and Francis played in the park all day. No friends could have done more that they did to nurse me back to life, and as soon as I was able to travel, which was quite late in December, we all returned to Saranac Lake and occupied the Cooper cottage.

All that was left of our former home was a chimney stack, the rest having been burned to the ground. Before long, however, my wife and I were planning a new home, and Baldwin and I a new laboratory, both of which my cousin, Lawrence Aspinwall, was designing for us.

We couldn't make up our minds to stop the experiments altogether until the new stone laboratory was built, which would naturally be many months, so I put up a little shed next to my barn. A water pipe was carried to it, a big stove put up, and before very long we had another thermostat and the cultures and experiments were going on as usual. The money for laboratory purposes ran out, but thanks to checks from Mr. John Garrett and Mr. Horatio Garrett and Mrs. Robert Hoe, I was able to get what apparatus we needed, and pay for animals, chemicals, and glassware.

Our house was insured for a moderate sum, but when the insurance men had made their visit to the ruins and had had one or two conferences, the agent called on me and told me I had entirely

forfeited my insurance, first by leaving the house untenanted without permission, and also by leaving a kerosene lamp burning there constantly when no one was in the house. This I expected; and I was much surprised when he added that all over the country my loss had become known, and that much indignation had been shown when it was given out that the insurance companies considered the insurance forfeited, and much sympathy was expressed. He said the insurance companies had decided they would pay my insurance, provided I would write them a note they could publish stating that they had treated me most liberally. This I was very glad to do, and they paid every cent, which was a great help toward building the new house.

XXII

WE moved out of Mr. Cooper's cottage into the rectory cottage in February, and there we remained until the spring, when we went to Paul Smith's as usual. During the summer there I worked hard and my health was very miserable, as I was still suffering from my New York illness from which I recovered very slowly. Indeed, I have never recovered from it; and it gradually wore on my general health to such an extent that the pulmonary symptoms, with the intermittent attacks of low fever, returned, and between the two I have been an invalid for the past ten years.

While at Paul Smith's I did all I could every summer to interest new people in the Sanitarium and keep up the interest of my old friends, for the responsibility of raising the money for the needs of the growing institution and of continuing its development weighed a good deal on me.

It was in 1894 that I first met Mr. Samuel Inslee at Paul Smith's, when he consulted me for a trifling illness. He was a successful business man, with a big heart, ready to help all about him; and as he listened with interest to what I told him about the Sanitarium, I asked him if

he would drive over with me some day and look at it. This he readily agreed to do, and when we reached the Sanitarium he made me show him everything. On the way home he said to me, "What is there that you want that nobody else will give you?" I answered, "We have no laundry, and certainly nobody wants to give me a laundry." He said if one thousand dollars would build a little laundry he would give it, and I was well satisfied with my day's trip with him. We built the little laundry and it served its day; and now, after twenty-one years, we are building another, a cement, steel and slate building, which, with all the needed modern machinery, will cost nearly twice as many thousands as our first little wooden laundry did hundreds; but it will be more than one lifetime before my successors will have to worry about building another.

The next year I repeated my trip to the Sanitarium with Mr. Inslee, and he went over everything in the institution and criticised what he could find to criticise. Then he repeated the same question as the year before, "What do you need most that no one is likely to give you?" and I said, "Water-works and fire protection." "Very well," he said, "I will give them; and in order that you may not have any care about it, I will send my own engineer to oversee the work."

The engineer came. It was found that a trench six feet deep, often traversing hard pan and rock

for long distances, would have to be dug for nearly a mile in order to carry a large main to connect with the splendid water-works of Saranac Lake; but Mr. Inslee paid for it all, and during the summer drove over himself many times and superintended the work. I don't know just what the fine water-works and fire protection at the Sanitarium cost Mr. Inslee, but I know the expense of the ditching and the mains reached the sum of over ten thousand dollars. It has given us an abundant supply of pure water, with all that that means.

The following year Mr. Inslee died suddenly of pneumonia and the Sanitarium lost a good friend. His brother, Mr. Edwin W. Inslee, erected a cottage to his memory in 1897.

When we returned to Saranac Lake in the fall of 1894 we occupied our new house, which had just been completed, and we have lived there ever since.

During the spring and summer of 1894 work had been steadily progressing on the new Laboratory Mr. Cooper was building for me, and by fall it was nearly completed. I facilitated matters somewhat by presenting the land on which it was placed, which was part of my house lot on Church Street. This situation was convenient for Dr. Baldwin and for me; it was central, and it has proved an excellent site in every respect. The building is a most substantial and dignified structure. As nothing but cut stone, glazed brick, slate, steel and cement entered into its composi-

tion, it is absolutely fire-proof and it has not been necessary to insure it. The inside is all finished in white, glazed brick, and it looks absolutely indestructible—as if it were built not for time but for eternity! The Phœnix trick will not have to be repeated soon so far as the building is concerned. It is equipped with fine, self-regulating thermostats, gas, electricity, and every modern appliance for facilitating laboratory work.

No name has been written on the outside of this compact little structure to indicate its uses, but in the inner hall, over the door of the main room, a small brass inscription has been placed, which reads:

Saranac Laboratory
for the Study of Tuberculosis
Erected A.D., 1894.
Presented to
Edward L. Trudeau, M.D.
by
George C. Cooper.

We had no opening ceremonies and never have had any. When everything was ready, Baldwin and I merely began to move the apparatus we already had in use from the little shed near the barn to our beautiful new quarters, and to continue the work we were doing. This was the opening of the first laboratory devoted to the study of tuberculosis in this country.

As the Laboratory was to be purely a research laboratory, we agreed there should be no commercial side to it. In other words, no labora-

tory product would be sold under any conditions; and this rule has been adhered to all these years, during which constant applications have been made from many sources to purchase cultures, tuberculins, serums, etc. If the demand comes from a known source for purely scientific purposes, it is always acceded to and the required material sent free; otherwise the request is refused.

The finances proved a difficult problem for me to meet for a long time, as the Laboratory had no endowment of any kind; but thanks to the help, from time to time, of my friends, among whom were Mr. Horatio Garrett, Mr. John Garrett, Mrs. Robert Hoe and Miss Julia Cooper, I managed to eke out enough money to pay for our animals, chemicals and apparatus, and continue our work, until my good friend Mrs. A. A. Anderson, came to my help. She gave generous checks at first, and finally assumed, twelve years ago, the entire support of my Laboratory herself, and has paid all its expenses each year ever since, to my intense relief.

Little by little other matters in my practice and at the Sanitarium took up more and more of my time, and I was only too glad to place the Laboratory entirely under Dr. Baldwin's direction; and he has given it much of his time, his interest and his work, for many years without remuneration. During the past six years Dr. Allen K. Krause has relieved him of all routine

matters at the Laboratory, and Dr. Krause has devoted his entire time to researches relating to the complex problems of tuberculous infection, and to keeping up the other branches of the Laboratory work.

Apart from the researches which my associates have steadily carried out and published during all these years, the Laboratory has had a strong educational influence on the many physicians who come to Saranac Lake for their health, and has offered them an opportunity for study which has brought them together and created a keen interest in scientific medicine among the numerous doctors here. Physicians who are staying in Saranac Lake, even temporarily, and are disposed to do a piece of work meeting with the approval of Dr. Baldwin and Dr. Krause, have the facilities of the Laboratory placed at their disposal and are assisted in carrying out their work, which of course they are free to publish or not, as they see fit, under their own names.

Besides this, the Laboratory has inspired the formation of a medical society in Saranac Lake, which meets in the building every two weeks during the winter, and where papers are read by some of the most distinguished workers in the field of clinical and scientific medicine, who generously come on invitation for this purpose. These meetings bring all the medical men in the neighborhood of Saranac Lake into contact in a friendly way, give them an opportunity for

free expressions of opinions on medical subjects, and offer on many disputed or obscure topics the best and most advanced instruction obtainable.

Having reached this point will the evolution of the little laboratory room in my cottage continue, and will it some day extend its usefulness by becoming a teaching department for advanced students and specialists? This the future alone can answer.

How much original work my associates have done was revealed most pleasantly to me on my sixtieth birthday, when, after a very pleasant dinner they gave me, they presented me with two most beautiful volumes bound in red morocco, containing seventy papers representing their own studies, which had been published in various medical journals both here and abroad, from 1887 to 1908. These volumes I keep among my treasures, and I prize them more and more as the years roll by.

At the end of the dinner my good friend, Dr. J. Woods Price, in the guise of Father Time, with a long, white beard, and a bottle of chloroform, appeared suddenly to claim me as having passed the age limit of usefulness. Dr. James rose to protest, but Father Time said he would not listen to him, as he was too near the age limit himself and would be prejudiced; but if one of the younger men would speak he would listen. An impassioned and most clever plea to spare me followed, spoken by the late Dr. Albert H. Allen. Father Time

relented, and gave me a big parchment diploma with a huge seal attached, permitting me to continue to live as long as I could; and I have been doing my best to avail myself of his gracious permission.

XXIII

IN the fall of 1892, when Chatte was so ill, Ned went to Yale. Ned was a slender, active boy. He had had four years at St. Paul's School, Concord, and had made a good record there both in his studies and among the boys, among whom he was ever popular and a natural leader. Though slender, he was very quick and athletic, and his proficiency in field sports greatly helped his popularity with his school-mates. He was a wonderful shot with a rifle even when a mere boy, and could throw a snow-ball straighter and harder than any boy in Saranac Lake, thus bringing trouble on his father many times from injured and enraged citizens.

When he came home for Christmas he told me the captain of the Yale base-ball nine had seen him at the station and had said to him, "Now remember, young man, don't throw any snow-balls when you are home." I told him that evidently the captain was considering putting him on the base-ball team; and this proved to be the case, for on his return he was made pitcher on the Freshman team. The next year he pitched second to "Dutch" Carter, the well-known Yale

pitcher, on the University team, and the last year Ned pitched Yale to victory in some of the great intercollegiate matches. I remember once it was the deciding match for the championship between Princeton and Yale, which was being played at Princeton. The score stood 7 to 1 in favor of Princeton when Ned was put in the box. Princeton never made another hit, and Yale won 8 to 7. Even our Princeton friends sent us telegrams of congratulation on that occasion.

I was told by a Yale man that during the last year of his college course Ned did over half of all the pitching for Yale in the intercollegiate games; and yet, though thin, he seemed absolutely tireless. He was so quick that in all the long base-ball battles he participated in he never had the slightest injury, even to his fingers.

He possessed that wonderful gift of a most attractive personality, which made friends for him with everybody with whom he came in contact. He was a Skull and Bones man at Yale and president of his class at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was graduated in 1900.

After his medical course Ned served his full time as interne at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, and then came up to us at Saranac Lake. He intended to settle here and help me with my work, but I did all I could to dissuade him from this. With his wonderful charm, his

very thorough education, and his vigorous health, I saw a much more brilliant future for him elsewhere. I was beginning already to realize the stigma with which the world stamps everything and everybody connected with tuberculosis, and I saw no reason why Ned should voluntarily assume this burden. I was therefore overjoyed when my good friend, Dr. Walter B. James offered him a place in his office in New York City, with every opportunity there for advancement in his profession; and it seemed to me and to all my friends that a very bright future was before him.

I had met Dr. James in my early visits to New York and at the meetings of the Association of American Physicians in Washington. Our acquaintance slowly deepened into a closer friendship, and a better friend than Dr. James has been to me for half a lifetime no man ever had. I found myself writing to him oftener and oftener, and seeking his advice and help on every occasion; and he ever gave me both, and both of the best quality. Every time we went to New York he would set aside from his very busy days time enough for us to lunch together at the University Club, and discuss all my medical and personal problems in Saranac Lake; and the luncheons at the Club grew to be like "the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not," and remained in force as long as I was able to go to New York.

My talks with Dr. James meant much to me, and I always brought from them cheer and much

wisdom, and the joy which comes from close communion with a tried friend; and I am thankful to say this wealth of good things is still ever at my disposal, now in time of need. When I asked him to examine patients in New York for the Sanitarium he readily consented, and in 1895 became a trustee of the institution. The annual meetings have been generally held at his house, and he has ever coöperated with me and helped most efficiently in the administration of its affairs. He is Vice-president of the Board of Trustees of the Sanitarium, and when I am all through with my work there and my place is vacant, it is comforting to think that the destinies of the City of Hope on the hill, which I have labored for thirty years to build, will be in the hands of so good and tried a friend.

Ned had met in Chicago a Miss Hazel Martyn, and had fallen deeply in love with her. She was well known in Chicago and Paris art circles as a talented artist and a very beautiful woman. It was love at first sight, and a violent love affair with Ned; and when she went abroad he left us suddenly, went to Europe, and must have carried the fortress by storm, for he soon returned in the same ship with Miss Martyn and her mother.

The marriage took place in Chicago a few months later. My wife, Francis and I all went to it, and I only repeat what I heard many others say: that a handsomer couple than Ned and Hazel Martyn are not often seen.

We went to New York later to attend a beautiful reception Dr. and Mrs. James gave the young married couple at their home. As I looked at Ned then I could not help thinking what a brilliant future was before him, for in addition to his personal advantages, he had already many warm friends in New York among the very best people there, and his connection with Dr. James gave him a wonderful opportunity in his professional life. I rejoiced then I had not let him assume a more obscure career with his father in the remote little Adirondack village, with its ever-present burden of chronic illness.

How little we can see into the future, and how well it is we cannot! The young married couple settled in New York, and Ned was soon launched into practice and other medical activities through his connection with Dr. James. All winter I thought of him with the utmost satisfaction, when, in the spring, a telegram from Dr. James told us Ned had been suddenly taken down with an acute pneumonia, and urged us to come to his house by the evening train.

Neither my wife nor I slept much that night on the train. We found Ned seriously ill. Then came five terrible days of anxiety, and then the joyous news that the fever had fallen, the crisis was passed, and Dr. Janeway had seen him that morning and said he would recover, and that we could take him to Little Rapids in ten days.

That afternoon he died suddenly of heart clot.

I cannot write about his death. My wife and I passed through days of dazed suffering, which even now it is hard to dwell upon and from which we have never recovered, for life has never been the same to us since.

Through all these terrible, dark days, however, the tender sympathy and love of our friends and his friends shone, and shines even now, like a soft light in the midst of impenetrable gloom. Everyone who knew Ned and knew us tried to show their love for him, and that touched us and helped us bear our own suffering. I cannot write it all, but the full record is written so deep in our hearts that nothing can ever dim it. I hope all his friends know this, for we have never been able to tell them all we felt.

Among many others, Dr. James, Dr. Linsly Williams, Mr. Harriman and Lawrence Aspinwall were with us through all that terrible evening when Ned lay dead in the next room, and they did everything that love and sympathy and helpful friendship could do to steady us and relieve us in doing what had to be done.

The next afternoon at the Grand Central Station we found two cars Mr. Harriman had arranged for, attached to the Adirondack train. In one Ned's body lay, buried under a roomful of flowers and surrounded by his Yale chums, who sat up all night by him as the car sped through the darkness toward the mountains and the little churchyard under the tall pines at Paul Smith's.

The other car was prepared for us and many friends.

The next morning broke clear and beautiful, and as we approached the Church it was evident the whole country had come to show their love for the young man who had lived his boyhood and most of his life among them. Streams of carriages came from Saranac Lake and the surrounding country, and when we reached the churchyard, as at Chatte's funeral, we found Paul Smith and his sons and other faithful friends had covered all the ground from the Church to the grave with flowers and green boughs. The Smith's had thrown open their hotel and provided liberal entertainment all that day for the crowd of people who came. Had Ned been their own son and brother they could not have done more.

But I was to have further proof of the love and esteem in which he was held. A few days later I started out to collect and settle all the bills for the funeral. Everywhere the answer was the same. There was no bill. What they had done, they had done to show their affection for him. This was repeated everywhere, from Paul Smith and his sons, who arranged for the funeral, opened the hotel and provided for a crowd of guests at St. Regis, to the livery-stable men and even the poor hackmen in Saranac Lake, who refused to take money for what they had done—not for money, but to show their affection for him.

XXIV

FROM 1894 to 1904, when life had been so filled with sorrow and work for me, the Sanitarium had taken up much of my time and had steadily continued to grow and develop in every department. In those ten years nine new cottages had been built by the following persons: Mr. Jacob H. Schiff; Mr. Edwin W. Inslee, in memory of his brother, Mr. Samuel Inslee; Mrs. Sol French, in memory of her father; Mrs. A. A. Anderson; Mrs. Walter G. Ladd; the Reverend E. A. Hoffman, in memory of his son; a memorial cottage to Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, given by her friends through Mrs. W. P. Northrup; a memorial to her son, by Mrs. John N. Robins; and a memorial cottage to Miss Lillie Lewis, given by her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Phoenix.

With the experience gained as to the requirements of these little buildings, we had steadily developed new features which rendered them more and more comfortable, and more and more suited to open-air methods, especially as far as making sleeping out possible and easy for every patient, according to the prescription of the physician. They also changed from small, cheap,

temporary structures to larger, permanently built little homes, equipped with electricity, open fireplaces, bath-rooms, and sleeping-out porches for every patient.

After the first ten years a gradual process of evolution, not only in the growth but in the character of the institution, had steadily developed and continued in every department, and this process has aimed at perfecting what was acquired and making it more permanent rather than toward mere expansion.

In 1896 the wooden Main Building, which had several times been altered and added to, was torn down entirely and a large stone and shingle structure, of ample proportions to anticipate the future growth of the institution, was erected. This was designed by Mr. J. Lawrence Aspinwall, who afterward planned many of the buildings and has ever given me practical assistance in the development of the plant. The main office, the parlor and a central dining-room were on the first floor. In the two upper stories were comfortable rooms for offices for the physicians and members of the administrative and service departments, and large dormitory rooms for a few patients. In the same year Mrs. Frederick Baker gave a beautiful stone chapel, where religious services have been held for the patients ever since.

That year Mr. Frederick Baker, who was staying for a short time at the Ampersand Hotel, consulted me professionally. He was a pleasant

gentleman and we got along admirably together. I showed him the Sanitarium and, I imagine, told him a good deal about it. That evening as I was leaving his room after a call he said to me: "Mrs. Baker is coming up tomorrow; why don't you take her up to the Sanitarium; I think it might interest her."

This was a happy suggestion. I took Mrs. Baker there, and when she asked me what I wanted I told her a little chapel of some sort for the patients to worship in. The architects, Mr. Coulter and Mr. Aspinwall, did the rest by drawing such an attractive plan of a little rough stone church that Mrs. Baker at once decided this was just the kind of gift she would like to make as a memorial to her son. I heard afterwards that on the following Christmas, in talking over her investments with Mr. Baker, she said she thought the best investment she had made during the year was the little chapel at the Sanitarium; and it has continued to be a good investment ever since.

I have never been able to make up my mind as to which of the two little churches is the more attractive—the log church at Paul Smith's or the little rough-stone chapel at the Sanitarium; but both are remarkably well adapted to their surroundings.

It seemed wiser not to have the Sanitarium Chapel consecrated, so that ministers of all denominations could hold services in the little

edifice. For many years services have been held there for the patients by clergymen of all denominations, who freely give their time to the institution without money and without price. Many celebrated ministers have officiated there, and some who were not ministers at all. One of the most impressive services I ever heard there was one afternoon when I drove Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell up in my cutter to a little impromptu missionary service at which a Catholic missionary priest and an Episcopal minister, both patients, gave their experiences as missionaries, and Dr. Grenfell followed, describing the joy of practical missionary work for his fellow men on the coast of Labrador.

The increasing number of patients had for a long time outgrown the Hall Infirmary and more room and improved accommodations were greatly needed, when in 1901, principally through the influence of Dr. Lawrason Brown, Mr. Otis H. Childs gave the Childs Memorial Building as a memorial to his wife, and it proved to be a most timely and welcome addition to our resources for treating bed patients. The Childs Memorial Building was designed by the late Mr. Wm. L. Coulter. It is a crescent-shaped structure, of light yellow brick and rough stone, with a slate roof, and is, inside and outside, one of the most attractive buildings on the grounds. The view from the porch on which the patients' beds are pushed out is one of the most beautiful mountain views in

the Adirondacks, and for those who are so unfortunate as to require bed treatment it would be hard to find a more attractive place to carry out the doctor's restful sentence.

At my suggestion an effort was made by my friends to increase the growth of the Endowment Fund so as to correspond with the growth and extension of the plant, for I realized that the permanency of the institution must greatly depend on the Endowment Fund. The first thing to do was to let the interest of the fund accumulate, and try to raise enough each year by appeals to meet the running expenses, and this policy was carried out for twenty-five years; so that the Endowment Fund has grown as much by accretion as it has by subscriptions and bequests. In 1897 it had reached the sum of fifty-seven thousand, three hundred and sixty-two dollars and thirty-two cents, and that year a bequest from Miss Cooper raised it to one hundred and seven thousand, three hundred and sixty-two dollars and thirty-two cents; and in 1903, through a special effort made by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, who wrote personally to many of her friends, seventy-eight thousand, four hundred dollars was added at one time, and the Fund by 1904 reached the sum of two hundred and ninety-nine thousand, eighty-three dollars and sixty-five cents.

Thus in twenty years the Sanitarium was built and paid for, the large deficit on running expenses was met each year—a deficit amounting at times

to as much as twenty-nine thousand dollars in one year—and an Endowment Fund of nearly three hundred thousand dollars accumulated.

The first Resident Physician at the Sanitarium was Dr. Henry Sewall, who, with his wife, occupied one of the first little one-room cottages during the winter of 1889 or 1890. After a few months' stay he went to Colorado, where he took up his residence permanently, and has made a name for himself which is well known to the medical profession all over the United States.

In 1891 Dr. Irwin H. Hance came to the Sanitarium. At first he had only a bed-room and no office, but in 1894 the Doctor's cottage was built and he moved in with his wife, and became Resident Physician until 1896, when he went into general practice in Lakewood, New Jersey. His advent was a great help to me, as he relieved me greatly of the medical responsibility of the institution, which I had had to bear practically alone up to that time. His personal interest in the patients and their problems was also a great help, and he gave the institution efficient and devoted service for four years for the absurd salary of three hundred dollars a year—which was also a great help at that trying time of its existence.

The question of the efficacy of the simple methods we employed at the Sanitarium to guard against infection of the buildings was all the time coming up, and I felt as if some evidence based

on facts would be most desirable. At my suggestion Dr. Hance undertook a set of experiments to obtain evidence on this all-important matter.

He collected the dust from a measured surface of the walls of all the buildings, and injected a sample from each building into a separate lot of guinea-pigs. This was a most delicate test, as the presence of very few living bacilli in the sample would in time inevitably be revealed by the development of tuberculosis in the susceptible little animals. The dust proved free from bacilli in all the buildings, even in the Infirmary, which had constantly been occupied by the most advanced cases. In one cottage, however—my original little cottage—a patient had been reported twice for being careless with his expectoration, and the inoculation made from the dust of this cottage proved positive in three out of the ten pigs injected. This evidence demonstrated the efficacy of our simple methods of dealing with all infectious material when rigidly enforced.

Dr. S. W. Hewetson took Dr. Hance's place for a year; Dr. W. H. Jamieson was resident physician from 1897 to 1899, and Dr. Charles C. Trembley from 1899 to 1901. All these gentlemen gave the work their interest and devotion.

In 1901 Dr. Lawrason Brown became Resident Physician and remained in charge of the medical department of the Sanitarium until 1912. During the ten years of his stay he steadily developed and perfected the methods of treatment and

the rules which govern the details of the patients' medical supervision at the institution. The present high medical standard of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, and at many institutions which have followed its lead, is due in a great measure to the influence of his untiring and efficient work.

The essential factors of the sanatorium method of treating tuberculosis I had labored to demonstrate practically, in the face of much opposition and many difficulties, with such devoted medical help and with such limited resources as I could secure throughout the first fifteen years of the Sanitarium's existence. It took all my energies for many years, however, merely to keep the institution afloat long enough to demonstrate by practical results the great truths for which it stood. These were all generally accepted and permanently established when Dr. Brown became Resident Physician, but the methods were crude, the discipline imperfect, and the records incomplete. The simple and efficient rules of discipline, the thorough instruction of physicians, nurses and patients, the accurate medical reports and the exhaustive post-discharge records of all patients since the institution started, the Medical Building with its facilities for the careful study of all cases on admission, and another scientific laboratory, all sprang into life as a result of Dr. Brown's insistent efforts for efficiency and continued progress. In addition, he found time to

establish and edit for nine years *The Journal of the Outdoor Life*, which has rendered such far-reaching service in the crusade against tuberculosis.

As I had been only too glad to turn over the Laboratory in Saranac Lake to Dr. Baldwin, it was an immense relief to me to place the medical department of the Sanitarium entirely in Dr. Brown's hands, since soon after his arrival my health and my capacity for work began steadily to fail.

In 1912 Dr. Brown opened his office in the village and devoted his entire time to practice and consultation work; but he still retains his connection with the Sanitarium as consulting physician, and I still have his friendly counsel and help to turn to.

Mrs. Julia A. Miller was Superintendent from 1885 to 1903. I owe her a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid for her faithful service to the institution at a most difficult period of its existence.

When Mrs. Miller retired Miss Marguerite de Longue, who for some time had been Mrs. Miller's most trusted assistant and was thoroughly familiar with every detail of the Superintendent's department, became Superintendent. Soon afterwards she married and became Mrs. Charles R. Armstrong.

It is hard to express my indebtedness to Mrs Armstrong for her long years of devoted work.

When she assumed control the institution had developed so rapidly that matters in her department were in a most chaotic condition, and the management of the finances, the buying of provisions, the securing of servants, the care of the buildings were all matters in which I could not give her the least assistance, but which she carried through for me with the utmost economy and efficiency. Few outside of a tuberculosis sanatorium can imagine the difficulties to be met by the Superintendent in finding employees not terror-stricken at the idea of working in a sanatorium; in the securing of efficient service for insufficient wages; in meeting the complaints of patients, who all want to select their own rooms, cottage-mates, places at the dinner table, etc.; in reconciling the demands of the various departments and saving waste in every direction; but I knew some of the difficulties of the position by observation. Through long years of struggle with these and other problems, Mrs. Armstrong's one aim was ever the interest and advancement of the Sanitarium, and no sacrifice on her part was too great to meet the demands made upon her. In 1912 she broke down and retired, and the place of Superintendent was taken by her husband, Mr. Charles R. Armstrong, also a former patient, while she still retains her interest, and voluntarily oversees the grounds and directs the landscape gardening, with results which speak volumes for her efficiency and good taste.

Her mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders, and though I have been so ill for the past few years as to be mostly confined to my room and bed, the consciousness that my friend Mr. Armstrong is the Superintendent, and the knowledge that the institution has the benefit of his watchful, disinterested and skilful oversight, has ever been of the utmost comfort and relief to me.

XXV

FITZ Greene Hallock and the hunting had had little part in all these strenuous years of work and sorrow. Fitz had taken a position as head game-keeper on Dr. W. Seward Webb's great game preserve, but on the rare occasions when I saw him I knew, lucrative as his position was, there were many things about it that were trying to him. In our talks we agreed that if he ever could manage it, he would find some little secluded spot in the woods where we could go and have some quiet hunting and fishing trips together. Finally the project materialized, and Fitz told me Dr. Webb had offered to sell him a small hunting place called Little Rapids, and that it was just what we wanted.

Little Rapids was a hunting lodge on the southern border of Dr. Webb's great preserve, and had been occupied by one of Dr. Webb's game-keepers. The place comprised twelve hundred acres of forest land; the Beaver River ran in front of the little cottage, over some beautiful rapids; there was a lake nearly a mile long on the place, and the hunting and fishing were excellent. Not a road or a path led to it, but the railroad was within a stone's throw of the little clearing by the

Rapids, where the cottage was located, and, if the train could be stopped, made the place easily and quickly accessible from Saranac Lake.

Fitz said he was going to give up his position with Dr. Webb, and that to retire to such a wild little spot, look after the game, and hunt and fish with me when I could come down, had been a dream of his for a long time. The price asked was not excessive and we decided, if I took two shares and Fitz one, that with two other members we could manage the expense. My friend Mr. William Hall Penfold, took one share, and another friend, Mr. J. W. Van Woert, another share, and so we bought Little Rapids in 1899. For fifteen years I always had a place to run away to from the ever-present tuberculosis problems at Saranac Lake: a place where I could rest and fish and hunt with my friends and my sons, and live over with Fitz the same old life in the woods we both loved so well.

I am afraid to describe Little Rapids, because my description might seem extravagant; but it is just an ideal little hunting lodge, and a most beautiful aggregation of stream, lake and forest, peaceful in its lonely and wild beauty, and accessible, yet remote, from the busy world. I think some of the happiest days of my life have been spent there with my wife, my sons, who loved the place as much as I did, our friends and my old friend Fitz Hallock, amid the quiet stillness and beauty of the great forest.

Little Rapids is sold now, and these golden days have gone, never to return again, I know; but the recollection of them I still have to dwell upon, and not even time can rob me of that.

> Over the past, Heaven itself hath no power;
> What has been, has been and I have had my hour.

When Mr. Van Woert died Dr. James bought his share and Fitz sold his to Mr. Harriman; and these good friends, who had little or no time to give to amusement and Little Rapids and never went there, nevertheless divided the expense of the place for years because they knew how much I loved to go. Indeed, all my friends have ever helped, in sorrow and in joy, to make life as happy and as easy as possible for me.

As my strength failed rapidly of late years and my capacity for walking grew less and less, Fitz's ingenuity to make it still possible for me to hunt and fish at Little Rapids, and yet not make the fact of my growing limitations too evident to me, touched me deeply. I always did my best to respond and keep up our old traditions of fishing and hunting together for old time's sake, though I was often physically unfit. The first time I became aware that Fitz had noticed my walking powers were rapidly getting limited was when I found he had cut little paths all through the old hunting grounds, removing the brush and logs. and making it much easier for me to walk. I questioned him about this, but he merely said

that we could walk with less noise on these little paths than through the brush heaps and shrubs.

The next fall when I came down for my hunt it was late, and the forest floor as usual was covered with dry and crackling leaves, which as a rule make it almost impossible to get up to a deer without alarming him. As I followed Fitz stealthily I noticed there were no leaves on the little paths he took me on, so that we made no noise; and when I asked him how this happened he said that during the week before I came down he had brushed away all the dead leaves from the paths where he was going to take me, so that we could walk quietly and have a better chance for a shot. When I could walk no more at all, he made a chair in which I could be carried everywhere to the old runways in the woods, and we had some good hunts and killed some deer in spite of our handicap, until I became too ill to go to Little Rapids any more.

My health was failing steadily, and I was growing less and less able to do the general practice at Paul Smith's, as well as my increasing consultation work during the summer months. It was in 1901 that my good friend Dr. James Alexander Miller first came into my life, and his advent, besides relieving me of work at Paul Smith's which I was unfit to do, soon brought me all the help and comfort of a good friend. Dr. Thomas had joined me at Paul Smith's dur-

ing the two preceding summers, and helped me by doing most of the practice there during the crowded season. After Dr. Miller came I gave up everything but my consultations at Paul Smith's and Saranac Lake, and soon learned to lean on him and depend on his wise counsel and his friendship in many matters, and these, I am thankful to say, are still ever at my disposal.

Dr. Miller became examiner in New York City for the Sanitarium in 1904, and in spite of the pressure of constantly growing medical responsibilities, he still gives the institution the benefit of his skilled advice in the thankless task of examining applicants for admission and selecting suitable cases for treatment. He is a member of the medical board of the institution, which will, I hope, long have the benefit of his interest and wise counsel.

From 1904 to 1914 the growth and development of the Sanitarium in buildings, resources, and new activities, continued steadily and on a growing scale. Five new cottages were built and one rebuilt and improved, three for patients and three for homes for the heads of the various departments. The three patients' cottages were all most permanent and complete yellow brick structures, containing every improvement for the end to which they were designed, and individual sleeping-out porches on which beds could be pushed at will. One was given by Mrs. Max Nathan; one as a memorial to Mrs. Mary C. Wheeler, given

by her children; and one in memory of Hobart Moore was presented by his father and mother. In addition, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Moore gave twenty-five thousand dollars as a fund to meet the deficit in the running expenses of the cottage, thus entirely relieving the Sanitarium of the expense of its maintenance.

The necessity for furnishing homes for the heads of the various departments had become an urgent need if the services of good men were to be permanently made available to the institution, and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss filled this need by giving me a check for ten thousand dollars, with which attractive little homes were built at the south entrance for the Superintendent, the Bacteriologist, the Radiographer and their families.

Many new buildings were added to the plant of the institution as they were called for to meet the needs of its growth and development. A beautiful colonial library building was presented by Mrs. Charles H. Mellon as a memorial to her husband. A little post office building was also added to the plant. Mrs. William H. Bliss gave an addition to the Main Building to enlarge the dining-room capacity and otherwise improve that beautiful structure.

The acquisition of the Reception and Medical Building at the Sanitarium is an excellent example of the vicissitudes of begging money and of the value of indirect influence in obtaining it. In 1905 Dr. Brown and I were both most anxious

to place the medical work of the Sanitarium on a higher plane by obtaining a specially planned building devoted to the medical and scientific department; but alas, such a building would cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

About this time the Reverend Alexis W. Stein broke down in the great work he was doing in Cincinnati, and came to Saranac Lake acutely ill. In my attendance upon him a strong friendship developed between us, and I soon found I was tying my horse at his door and running up to sit on the porch and have a good talk with him and Mrs. Stein much oftener than was necessary to meet the medical requirements of his case. Their little boy fell ill and died, and the tragedy of it all brought us closer together than ever.

I talked over almost everything with Mr. Stein, and, among other things, my desire for a building designed to establish a scientific department at the Sanitarium. At that time I had a very ill patient, the wife of a wealthy New York man, and after her death he told me she had requested him to do something for my work at the Sanitarium, and asked me what I needed most. I told him about the medical building, and he ended by agreeing to give twenty-five thousand dollars for such a building, which was to be made a memorial to his wife. I returned home in high spirits, and began, with Dr. Brown's assistance, to get out the plans. Bitter disappointment was in store for me, however. This generous gentle-

man within two weeks was taken ill with appendicitis, was operated upon, and died two days after the operation. I had no proof of his gift but his spoken words to me, and I had to begin all over again trying to secure the needed twenty-five thousand dollars somewhere.

I had confided my disappointment to my friend Mr. Stein, and a few weeks later, while I was visiting him on his porch, he turned to me and said, "Doctor, 'silver and gold have I none, but such as I have' I am going to give you. When I was in the ministry a lady parishioner of mine told me if I ever wanted money in any good cause to call upon her and she would be glad to respond. I am going to write her and ask her to give you your medical building." I thanked him, but when I got home I felt it was very doubtful whether his good offices in my behalf would meet with any success. A few days later, however, my telephone bell rang and Mr. Stein's voice said, "I have a check for twenty-five thousand dollars for you whenever you care to call for it", and in this indirect way did the Sanitarium finally get its beautiful Medical Building. The donor remained anonymous, and the building was given as a memorial to her sons.

This was not the only service the Reverend Mr. Stein rendered the tuberculous invalid. At my request, while very ill himself, he wrote for *The Journal of the Outdoor Life* two articles, one entitled, "An Insight," and the other, "The Con-

quest of Fate," which carried cheer and encouragement to hundreds of invalids all over the country, and will long continue to speak their messages of courage and hope from one who was an inspiring example of the victory of the spirit through years of trials and physical suffering. His example and friendship have ever been among my most precious memories.

The acquisition of the Reception and Medical Building provided a home for the scientific department and raised the standard of the medical work of the institution. The lower floor is devoted to the reception of incoming patients, who spend a week there under observation until they have been thoroughly examined and their cases studied, and they are then distributed to the cottages on the grounds. The upper floor is given up to physicians' offices, throat-room, examination-rooms, library, and laboratories, while the entire front basement, which, owing to the slope of the hill, is on a level with the ground, is occupied by several rooms devoted to a most complete X-ray plant.

Every department had to grow to match the growth and development of the others, and in 1909 the old barns and sheds were all pulled down and a pleasing modern structure, with every convenience for stables, wood-sheds, and coal-sheds was built on land which had been acquired and donated by Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon at a cost of five thousand dollars.

In 1909 Mrs. Walter L. Goodwin erected a workshop building for the use of the patients, which was designed by Mr. Aspinwall and is a most attractive structure. Every convenience for bookbinding, brass work, leather work, basket-making, photographing, framing and decorative work is provided, and an instructor is always at hand to teach and help the patients. Mrs. Goodwin each year meets the cost of maintenance of this most useful and helpful addition to the resources of the Sanitarium's patients. Apart from the value of the instruction they receive, the relief from the monotony of institutional existence makes Mrs. Goodwin's gift a most welcome one to the patients and the management.

The next activity undertaken by the institution in its development was to educate as special tuberculosis nurses some of the young women patients in whom the Sanitarium treatment had arrested the disease, and thus fit them for an independent career of usefulness which does not especially endanger their health. In 1912 Mrs. Whitelaw Reid donated a substantial nurses' building to start a training school, as a memorial to her father, Mr. D. Ogden Mills, and two classes have already been graduated from this school as special tuberculosis nurses.

It is a far cry from the old women and guides I used to hire to do the nursing of the bed-ridden in the first years of the Sanitarium, to a graduating class of thoroughly trained nurses such as I had

before me when I handed the diplomas on both these occasions to the graduates. Not only has the Sanitarium restored these young women to health, but it has fitted them for a career of independent usefulness in which they are likely to remain well. Truly this has been "worth while." These nurses readily find employment in Saranac Lake, or take up institutional work elsewhere.

Mrs. Reid also in 1913–1914 gave the Sanitarium an entire up-to-date X-ray plant, which is now doing excellent work for the patients there and the community as well.

The administration department had long had to struggle with insufficient accommodations that had become outgrown, and in 1912 this need was met, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, by the erection of a service building which had been planned by Mr. Aspinwall to meet the growing requirements of the institution. This most useful and practical building, containing several cold-storage rooms, which can be kept at any desired temperature, an artificial-ice plant, dining-rooms and accommodations for the employees, has done much to perfect and facilitate the work of the service department.

Substantial and dignified stone and iron gates at all three entrances were presented by Mr. William Hall Penfold just before his death, and completed by his brother, Mr. Edmund Penfold.

From 1904 to 1914 the yearly deficit in the running expenses, varying from $18,902.58 in-

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1907 to $29,047.29 in 1913, was met as usual, principally by yearly subscriptions and donations.

The growth of the Endowment Fund during the past ten years has kept pace with the growth and development of the plant and other new activities assumed by the institution. In 1905–1906, principally through the interest and efforts of Dr. Walter B. James and Mr. E. H. Harriman, $82,400.00 was added to this fund, while it grew steadily each year by accretion, so that in 1914 it had reached a little over six hundred thousand dollars. And yet I had told Mr. Stephen Baker, when I induced him to take the fund twenty years before—and I thought then the institution never would grow beyond its limited capacity at that time—that all I asked him to do was to look after the fund until it reached fifty thousand dollars. It is well that there is apparently no prejudice in his mind against "big business"; and there cannot be, for the growth of the Endowment Fund has been greatly due to his painstaking and wise management of its investments.

The problems to be met at the Sanitarium have entirely changed as the years have rolled by. For the first twelve years all my efforts tended solely to prove the usefulness of such an institution by the actual results obtained in the treatment of patients. In view of the varying manifestations and course of this protean disease, sufficient proof to convince a skeptical public, and a still more skeptical profession, of necessity required a very

long time to obtain. To keep the institution in existence long enough to demonstrate its value by the results on the patients treated, occupied all my energies for the first twelve years, especially as the securing of the necessary funds was dependent on my efforts. Had it not been for the generous support of my friends, and for the devoted services of my associates and co-workers in both the medical and administrative departments, and even among the employees, it is doubtful if all the difficulties which constantly arose from the remoteness of the region, the severity of the climate and the limitation of the finances would not have overwhelmed me.

The services rendered to the Sanitarium by everybody connected with its management, including the trustees, the examining physicians, the resident physicians, the superintendents and their helpers, the nurses and even the employees have always been underpaid or not paid at all. It was this service of love which carried the day in those trying years of the Sanitarium's struggling existence, and of late years it is this same spirit in all who have helped with the work that has built up the institution to its present state of material and financial permanence.

It would be impossible for me to express here my thanks individually, and I can only do so now collectively to all; but, as I said, I think it very likely that the discouragements and difficulties of the early days would have overcome me and

made me give up the struggle had it not been for all the devoted help of my friends and associates in the work.

We are told that great is the truth, and that it will prevail; but at times it is a slow process. For the first six years of the Sanitarium's existence not the slightest notice was taken of it. In 1891 Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch opened his institution at Sharon, Mass., and, within a few years, had emphasized the value of sanatorium methods by obtaining good results in so unfavorable a climate as that of the country near Boston. In 1895 I was much encouraged when a committee was sent to Saranac Lake by the Massachusetts Legislature to investigate the Sanitarium. This Commission reported favorably on the results obtained and the methods of treatment upon which they were founded. Appropriations were voted by the Massachusetts legislature, and the State Sanatorium for the Treatment of Incipient Tuberculosis was built and its doors were opened in 1898—the first State institution of this character. By that time the value of sanatorium treatment was becoming generally recognized, and institutions were beginning to be built all over the country. By 1909 three hundred and fifty-two private and State institutions were in operation, one hundred and two of which had sprung into existence during that year.

Now that for some time the sanatorium treatment has been fully recognized and accepted as

the best method for arresting tuberculosis, our efforts at the institution of late years have been devoted toward the improvement of the plant so as to make the buildings more convenient, better adapted to the needs of the work, and more permanent in construction; to the perfecting of all methods of diagnosis and treatment, while studying new methods that promise improvement along these lines; to the developing of new activities, such as the workshop, the laboratory, the X-ray department and the nurses' training school, and to looking forward in the future to providing teaching facilities for advanced students.

The aims of the institution should now be not so much growth in size as perfection in methods and helpful activities, and spread of advanced knowledge. Science and philanthropy must in the future as in the past be the watchwords of the Sanitarium work, and along these lines it should continue to progress steadily. The degree of perfection and usefulness it attains will depend upon the spirit of its workers and the financial support of its friends and the public.

XXVI

THERE is one more red-letter day in my life which I want to record in this little book—the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sanitarium's existence, on the afternoon of February 15, 1910. The date of the proposed celebration had been deferred several times, because I was confined to bed and would have been unable to be present; but the preparations for the great event, which I got up from bed to take part in, had been carefully kept from me, and no man ever had a more wonderful surprise. There is so much I should be tempted to write about in describing the events of this day that I am going to confine myself to quotations from a description written in shorthand by an eye-witness and published in the *Adirondack Enterprise* at the time:

"The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium by Dr. E. L. Trudeau was celebrated at the sanitarium on Tuesday afternoon, February 15, 1910. The function was in the form of tableaux and pantomimes, representing the dream of Dr. Trudeau, who, while fox hunting over ground now occupied

by the many buildings of the sanitarium, pictured in his mind's eye some of the remarkable things which have since been accomplished. . . .

"Between three and four hundred friends, patients and former patients of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, gathered at the institution. . . .

"The pantomimes given in the amusement pavilion portrayed the growth of the sanitarium from the hunter's dream, when the idea crystallized in the mind of Dr. Trudeau, to the present day. They included guides, workmen, physicians, benefactors of the institution, and former and present patients.

"The audience gathered in the hall and at the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Trudeau, gave them a welcome that will probably live long in their memory. . . .

"The keynote to the tableaux was sounded in the brief prologue given by David C. Twichell, M.D., who planned and arranged this part of the entertainment. He said:

"'The effort has been made in these tableaux to reproduce actual conditions as they existed and, as far as possible, to have the actual persons on the stage who participated in the scenes portrayed.' . . .

"Tableau I.—'The Huntsman's Dream' showed Dr. Trudeau, impersonated by Dr. Charles C. Trembley, and Mr. Fitz Greene Hallock, a guide, and friend for many years to Dr. Trudeau. Mr. Hallock in person was on the stage, wearing the

huntsman's clothing and equipment of thirty years ago, when he piloted Dr. Trudeau through the woods and over the hills about Saranac Lake. The scene was the ground on which the present sanitarium stands, then a famous fox runway. The young physician, dressed for the hunt, falls asleep at the watch-ground and dreams a dream, which the tableau presents in pictures thrown on the screen by the stereopticon. The first portrays the earliest sanitarium building as it appeared in 1885, and this progresses into the scene of 1886, with more buildings, but only a ghostly forecast of the sanitarium of today. The three following pictures were the unfolding of the dream into the scenes of 1900, 1903, and finally into the great panorama presented by the institution of today. . . .

"In Tableau II was shown the 'Work Begun.' Among the characters presented were Mr. D. W. Riddle, treasurer and devoted friend of the sanitarium since its founding, and L. Kelly, who helped to dig the foundations and who was outside superintendent of the institution for many years. A large number of others were shown, hurrying along the work of building and founding the sanitarium. . . .

"The scene of Tableau III was laid in Dr. Trudeau's old office, and pictured the great variety of applicants for admission to the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium. The types were true to facts, for among the early applicants were a

Chinese and an Indian, besides many other nearly as curious and unexpected patients, who sought to recover from tuberculosis of the lungs of which they were victims.

"Other tableaux followed.

"Dr. Trudeau consented to say a few words at this point. He walked upon the stage leading by the hand Mr. D. W. Riddle and Fitz Greene Hallock, and the three men formed the historic group of the three pioneers of the institution. He introduced himself and escorts as 'the three pioneers in the antituberculosis work in Saranac Lake.' The reception they received was extraordinary. Dr. Trudeau spoke with great feeling.

"His address follows:

"'Ladies and Gentlemen:—How can I find words to express suitably my feelings on such an occasion as this? Twenty-five years ago I dreamed a dream, and, lo, it has come true, and we are here today to commemorate the realization of this dream.

"'When I came to the Adirondacks thirty-five years ago the outlook for my accomplishing anything in life seemed to be hopeless indeed. I was an exile in a country which was both remote and inaccessible. I had only an indifferent medical education; indifferent as compared with that of today. I had only ordinary intellectual attainments. Now you may ask how it was, in spite of these difficulties, I accomplished what has been done here.

"'The first asset I had, which carried me through better than anything else, was a good wife—the best wife that any man ever had; and through the long years of discouragement and struggle she has always furnished both inspiration and encouragement. And then I had an unlimited fund of enthusiasm and perseverance, and I had faith; that kind of faith that sees the goal and is blind to the obstacles; faith in myself; faith in my power to do something, no matter how little, for a good cause; faith in my friends—and that faith has been reflected on me so that they have poured their money into my lap all these years for my work; faith in the future, here and hereafter.

"'Now that I have come to the end of the road, what more could I ask than to be permitted to stand with you here today and see the realization of my dream; to look into the faces of my friends of the pioneer days, who had faith in an enthusiastic young doctor, and show them that their faith was not misplaced; to stand here and see those who have been connected with this work for so many years—doctors, nurses, and those in the administration department—and who have borne for me the heat and burden of the day, and by their self-sacrificing devotion have made this great work what it is? And what is better than to see all about me those whose lives have been saved and prolonged, and to know that this saving and prolonging of life, because of what we

have striven to do here all these years, has reached across the continent and brought hope and life to those who hitherto were hopeless?

"'I thank all of you who have prepared this beautiful celebration for me; I thank you for the honor you have done me; but this honor and every other honor which my fellow-men have seen fit to accord to me, I cast at the feet of one who deserves them much better than I do, because without her I could have done nothing—my good wife.' . . .

"Following Dr. Trudeau's address the scene changed to the parlor of the Sanitarium, whither all made their way and where the reception to Dr. and Mrs. Trudeau took place.

"A book, a beautiful example of the binder's art, made by Miss Marion Sloan at the sanitarium workshop, and containing congratulatory cards from one thousand former patients whose lives have been prolonged by the treatment at the Sanitarium, was presented to Dr. Trudeau by Dr. E. R. Baldwin. . . .

"In presenting the book of congratulatory cards to Dr. Trudeau, Dr. Baldwin said:

"'Dr. Trudeau—ladies and gentlemen:—In behalf of the committee which has arranged this celebration, I desire to thank everyone who has participated in it, and especially those of the old patients and friends who have so eagerly and spontaneously seized this occasion to give homage to Dr. Trudeau. . . .

"'It is an event deserving of far more eloquence than I am capable of rendering to you. Consider, if you will, the contrast in these twenty-five years: only the modest equipment here and two patients, while it is estimated that over 117,000 received care in this country last year. Today there are 386 sanatoria and hospitals which owe their inception directly or indirectly to Dr. Trudeau's influence. . . .

"'Dr. Trudeau, this occasion would be incomplete without an expression from the many former patients of this institution, who could not be present, but who desired to send their greeting to you. The committee has therefore invited all who wished to send such a message, to do so in a way that could be presented to you as a souvenir of this event. To this end cards have been prepared, upon which the sentiments of your patients have been written by them and placed in this volume.

"'I have the great pleasure and honor to present it to you in behalf of the graduates of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, who take this means to rise and call you blessed.'"

The book, one of my most prized possessions, contains one thousand cards written by patients who had recovered their health at the Sanitarium, expressing gratitude, each in his own way.

Truly, did any man ever have such a reward for work, the very doing of which was an ample reward!

During all these years it has not only been at the

Sanitarium and the Laboratory that the tuberculosis problem has had to be met, but the village of Saranac Lake has been constantly called upon to adapt itself to new conditions, which have transformed it from a guides' settlement to a busy town and much-frequented health resort. For thirty years an ever-increasing number of invalids have been steadily settling down in Saranac Lake, and the town has now practically developed into a cottage sanatorium on a large scale in order to meet the requirements of an ever-growing invalid population from all classes of society, from the affluent to the penniless. For the rich it now affords beautiful and even luxurious homes, which have been designed and built with a special view to the hygienic care and requirements of the invalid, and for carrying out with the greatest convenience and comfort the open-air method of treatment in the rigorous climate of these mountains. These features are to be found more or less developed even in the more humble boarding places which abound in the town.

An efficient Board of Health has instituted modern methods of guarding against infection. Rules and regulations to that effect are exposed in public places and enforced in the town, and disinfection and fumigation of rooms recently occupied by the sick is made compulsory. These measures have apparently been efficient.

The dread of infection which has been so played upon as to make the average individual terror-

stricken at the idea of coming near Saranac Lake has been practically demonstrated to be a gross exaggeration, for the death-rate from tuberculosis among the native residents—and what is still more, among the twelve hundred or more school children of Saranac Lake—is less than the death-rate among adults and children in most similar towns in the State. Children are much more susceptible to tuberculous infection than adults, and the risk in Saranac Lake cannot be much greater than elsewhere, or it would soon become very apparent among the school children.

This is especially convincing when we consider the death-rate among very young children under five years of age. These are the most sensitive material to the presence of tuberculous infection that we know of.

The State Health Supervisor, Dr. J. A. Smith, tells me that only twenty-four deaths have occurred in Saranac Lake of tuberculous meningitis in children under five years of age during the past eighteen years. Thirteen of the twenty-four were children who had tuberculous parents, from whom they most probably contracted the disease. In one case the state of health of the parents was doubtful. This would leave only ten cases during the past eighteen years in children who had healthy parents.

These figures speak for themselves and cannot well be ignored. I would recommend them to the consideration of unthinking and terror-stricken

laymen, as well as to physicians. How little those who so often speak disparagingly of Saranac Lake, because it harbors so many invalids, know of the burden of human misery, not its own, which this small and remote town has carried and ministered to as best it could for so many years! The selfishness, cruelty or stupidity of terror-stricken relatives and friends which urges a poor and hopelessly ill consumptive, without money, to come to die in so remote a region, among strangers, only adds loneliness and many discomforts to his unfortunate lot, and an additional burden to the ever over-taxed charity of the town.

My associates and the residents of Saranac Lake have not been unmindful of the poor invalid who comes here to struggle for health, sorely in need of advice and assistance. Through the formation of the Society for the Control of Tuberculosis, inaugurated by Dr. Lawrason Brown, an intelligent and well-organized effort is put forward to help all invalids and strangers in need of advice and assistance. This Society, under the management of Mr. F. L. Fairchild, has done noble work for many years; a work which, though it may not be blazoned among the annals of great accomplishments, efficiently represents the practical application of the great gospel of unselfishness to one of the most crying needs of stricken humanity. A beautiful feature of Saranac Lake and its problems is that in the meeting of

these, which the world turns from with dread and discouragement, the visitors who have taken up their residence in Saranac Lake find life here satisfying, filled with interests, and surrounded by an atmosphere of friendliness, good feeling and cheerfulness which is not found to the same degree anywhere else.

As I look back on my life, ever since that day in 1866 when my brother came to me sick at Newport, tuberculosis looms up as an ever-present and relentless foe. It robbed me of my dear ones, and brought me the first two great sorrows of my life; it shattered my health when I was young and strong, and relegated me to a remote region, where ever since I have witnessed its withering blight laid upon those about me, and stood at the death-beds of many of its victims whom I had learned to love. Of late it has condemned me to years of chronic invalidism, helplessness and physical misery and suffering.

And yet the struggle with tuberculosis has brought me experiences and left me recollections which I never could have known otherwise, and which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies! While struggling to save others, it has enabled me to make the best friends a man ever had.

From my patients who have recovered I have learned much, and this contact with them has brought me rewards which are priceless to me now. To look about me on those whom I have helped

in the hour of need, and, even though in a very slight degree, to have been instrumental in restoring many to health and active lives of usefulness, and to feel daily their gratitude and love, is a joyful heritage indeed, which endures in a world where all else passes away, and which brings some contentment and peace in hours of physical misery and discouragement.

To see the Sanitarium, which I have taken part in creating, daily extending a helpful hand to hundreds at a time when help may mean health, cheering, saving and restoring life, is indeed a reward far beyond all material rewards the world has to offer.

But there are other experiences, which relate to those patients at whose bedsides I have stood, who have undergone long years of enforced physical and mental suffering, and often grinding poverty as well, while they fought a fight which was from the first doomed to be a losing one for them; and their experiences have shown me glimpses of the spiritual in man, and brought me a larger and more precious message than even the gratitude and affection of those who have recovered. From these I have learned that the conquest of Fate is not by struggling against it, not by trying to escape from it, but by acquiescence; that it is often through men that we come to know God; that spiritual courage is of a higher type than physical courage; and that it takes a higher type of courage to fight bravely a losing than a winning

fight, especially if the struggle from the first is evidently a hopeless one, and is protracted for years.

These patients represent the sort of victory Mercié tried to immortalize in his wonderful statue, "Gloria Victis", which he was inspired to create in 1871 after the French nation had been crushed by Germany. The statue represents a young gladiator who has just received his death blow while facing his foe. As he falls, his broken sword still in his hand, the figure of Victory, with great outstretched wings, swoops down and carries him upward in her arms.

The victories the world acclaims and rewards are the victories of success and achievement and triumph over the material forces of the universe; but the victories of the spirit, the victories of the vanquished, it takes little heed of. And yet the record of the ages shows that such victories require the highest type of courage, have been as enduring as any material achievements, and still speak their great message to the higher life of man, with a clearness which neither time nor the acclaim of the successful conquerors in life can dim.

Speak, History—who are Life's Victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say;
Are they those whom the world calls the victors
Who won the success of the day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans
Who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst?
Or the Persians and Xerxes—his judges,
Or Socrates?—Pilate or Christ?

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The statue of "Gloria Victis" typifies many victories I have seen won in Saranac Lake by those whom I had learned to love, the victory of the spirit over the body; the victories that demand acquiescence in worldly failure, and in the supreme sacrifice of life itself as part of their achievement; the victory of the Nazarene, which ever speaks its great message to the ages.

As typical of struggles with which I was familiar, long struggles in which even the gloom of death could not smother the triumphant note, and which had taught me that the Spirit of God may dwell in man—a precious message indeed—Mercié's statue was always my favorite statue, and I tried long to secure a copy of it; but failing in this, I had a small photograph of it framed which stood on my desk. One afternoon in December, 1913, two ladies, both strangers to me, sent up their cards. They had a sister in Saranac Lake and had called to ask me some questions about the place. One of them at once noticed the little photograph of Mercié's statue on my desk and asked me about it, as she said she had seen the original. I told her what it had meant to me, and that as I could not procure a small reproduction of the statue, I kept this little photograph on my desk. After a few moments of pleasant talk the ladies departed, and two weeks later I received from Gorham's a fine bronze statue of the "Gloria Victis", with a beautiful note stating that the three sisters—two of them artists

—were so happy to feel that it was their privilege to find a copy of the statue, "Gloria Victis", which had meant so much to me and which I desired to own. They were sending it to me with their best wishes.

Truly, life is full of beautiful surprises, and the miraculous advent of the bronze "Gloria Victis" to Saranac Lake, where so many of the victories it typifies are fought and won, should be a fitting mile-stone with which to end this long journey.

And now that my life, like this little book, is near its end, and both are a tale that is told, I am looking back quietly over the long years which have passed so quickly. Dr. Richard Cabot, to whom my gratitude, as well as that of many others, is due for writing his last book, tells us convincingly that the things men live by are "work and play and love and worship." Well, if this be true—and it surely is—I have indeed had a full life; full of the joy of play, and the struggle and zest of work, and overwhelmingly full of human love—a wealth of love which has endured, and is still making life precious to me every hour; full of the aspirations and ceaseless strivings of the spirit for expression in worship, ever groping to know God, and ever sustained through long periods of gloom by too swiftly fading glimpses of the Heavenly Vision.

Certainly all this is to live, and I have lived a full life and must be content to await patiently the end of the great Mystery of Existence, clinging

to the faith to which I have ever clung, surrounded by good friends, and cheered by all the recollections of everything life has brought me and the great lessons it has taught me, which make the sunset for me glow with unusual warmth and brilliancy. After all, I can truly say

With their triumphs and their glories and the rest,
Love is best.

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